Oct. 10, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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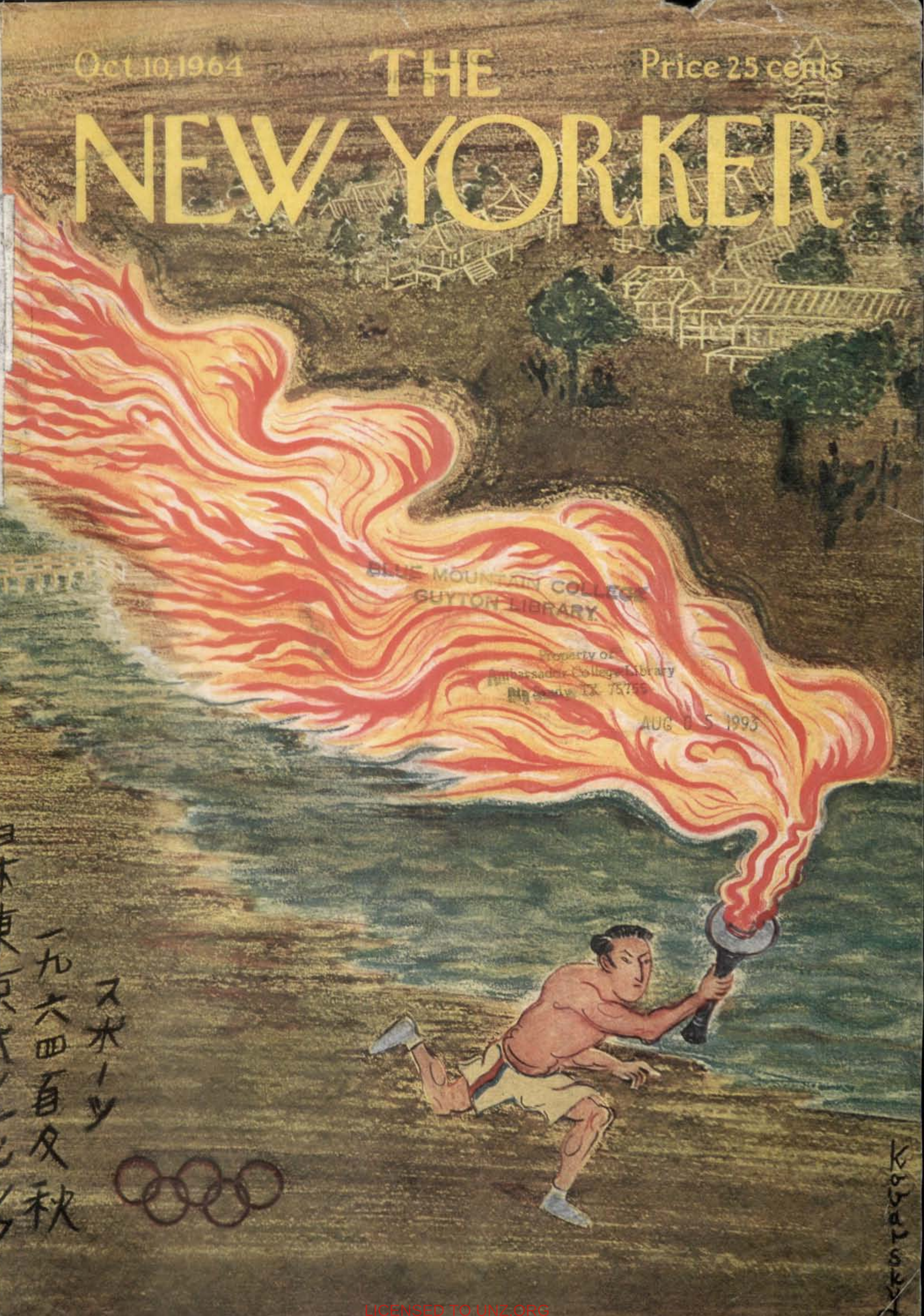
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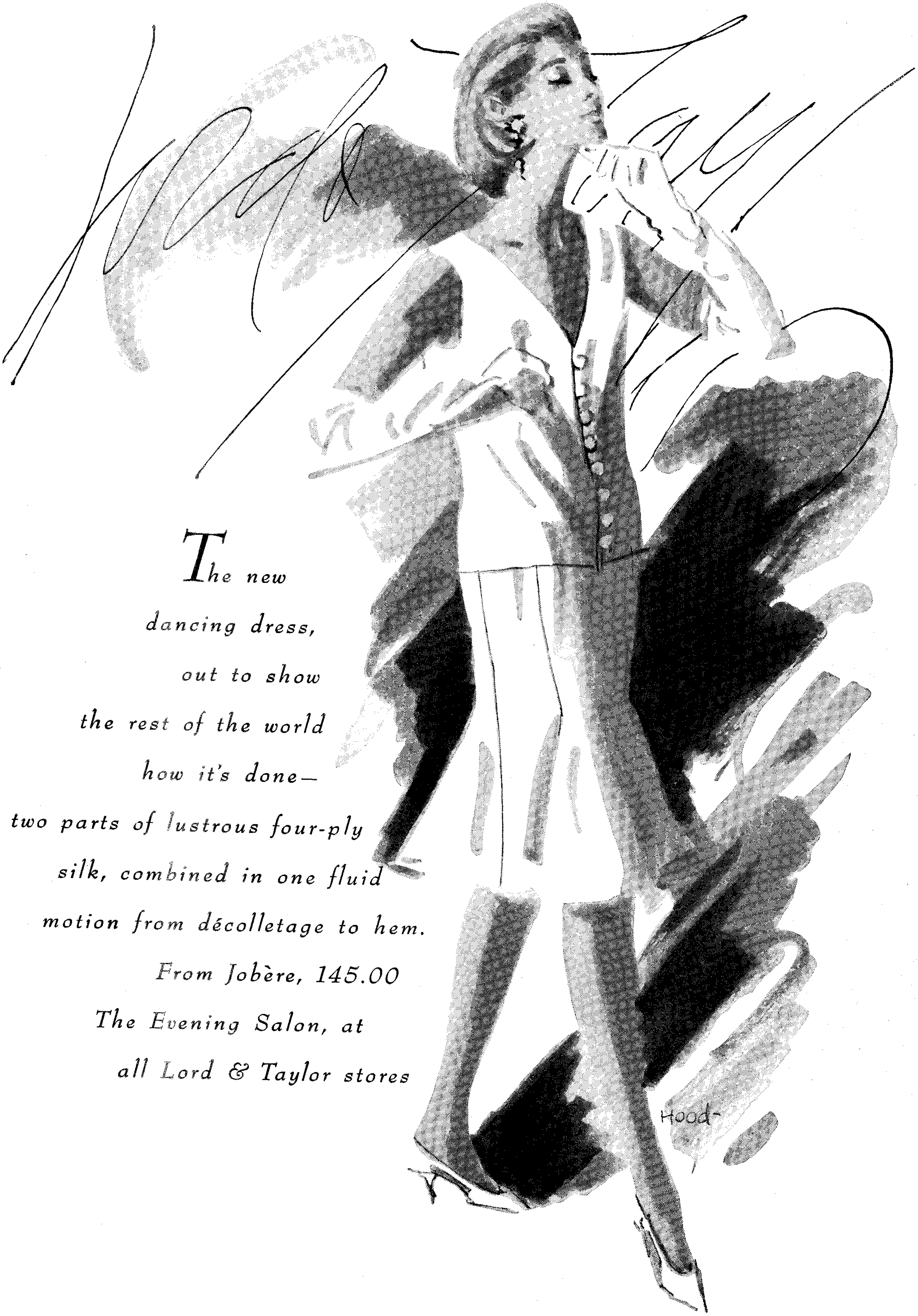

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—Droll stuff having to do with a freewheeling scientist's attempt to conform to the standards of a stuffy corporation. Fred Clark is splendid as the scientist, and he has plenty of help from an excellent cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce by Muriel Resnick about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter lend her admirable support. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Committee—A funny octet doing the sort of extemporaneous things that Nichols and May, et al., made popular. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Analysis—An obfuscated attempt at farce by the novelist Saul Bellow. Sam Levene tries hard to make sense of a washed-out comedian who is reconstructing his life psychoanalytically, but he doesn't get very far. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Frank D. Gilroy is the author. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Traveller Without Luggage—An old fable of ennui—circa 1937—having to do with a victim of amnesia who doesn't know whether a grisly family that takes him in is really the one he wants. Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock do their best. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: An account of a young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy, which was President Garfield's favorite. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Beekman Place—Samuel Taylor's new comedy, starring Fernand Gravet, Arlene Francis, and Leora Dana. Directed by the author and presented by Stevens Productions, Mr. Taylor, and Bonfils-Seawell. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Joseph Stein did the adaptation. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin and Kay Medford. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—All about the way things were when the War to End Wars was in progress. Sardonic would be the word for this one, and so would hilarious. The cast, directed by Joan Littlewood, is laudable. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING: The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. Ronnie Welsh will succeed Mr. Hickman on Monday, Oct. 12. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Cambridge Circus—A farcical London revue with music, written and performed by six men and a girl, including Bill Oddie and Jo Kendall. A presentation of S. Hurok and David Black, in association with Jay Julien and André Goulston. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Physicists—A comedy by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, adapted by James Kirkup, with Robert Shaw, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, George Voskovec, and Martyn Green. Staged by Peter Brook and presented by Allen-Hodgdon and Stevens Productions. Opens Thursday, Oct. 8. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; *opening-night curtain at 7:20.* Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—A play by Lorraine Hansberry, with Rita Moreno, Gabriel Dell, and Alice Ghostley. The director is Peter Kass, and the producers are Burt C. D'Lugoff, Robert Nemiroff, and J. I. Jahre. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 10. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 12. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama, "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. After Sunday, Oct. 11, no performances until Tuesday, Oct. 20.)

The Alchemist—This production, under Stephen

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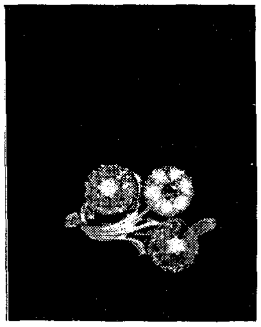
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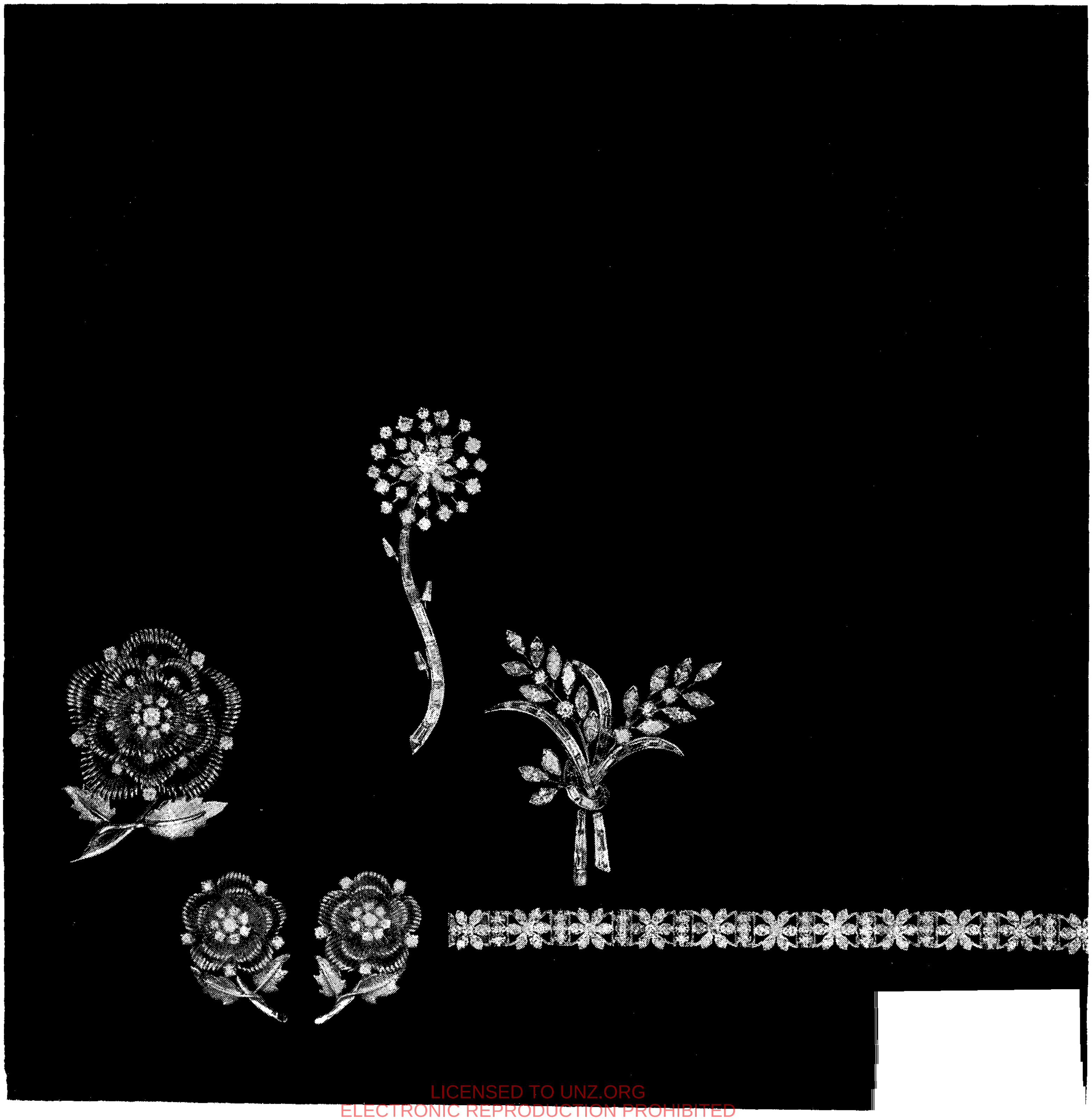

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Porter's shrewd, strong direction, bounds along the surface of Ben Jonson's masterful satire and is often funny. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Showcase Theatre—"The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 15-17, all at 8:15.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K. too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and The American Dream—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gogo Loves You—Anita Loos's musical (based on a French comedy "L'École des Cocottes") with a score by Claude Leveillee, lyrics by Gladys Shelley, and a cast headed by Judy Henske and Arnold Soboloff. Preview Thursday, Oct. 8. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 9. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, Oct. 15.)

Kiss Mama—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio, and an agreeable straight one by Julius La Rosa. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—James Earl Jones in the New York Shakespeare Festival's production. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus—Lou Antonio and James Ray in the Christopher Marlowe drama, directed by Word Baker. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Serenade," "Irish Fantasy" (New York première), "Ebony Concerto," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Clarinade," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Donizetti Variations," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Bugaku," "Apollo," "The Cage," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 11: "Swan Lake," "Clarinade," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 11: "Donizetti Variations," "The Cage," "Irish Fantasy," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 13: "Interplay," "Dim Lustre," "Meditation," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "Raymonda Variations," "Apollo," "Ebony Concerto," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Apollo," "Ballet Imperial" (company première), "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Bugaku," "Piège de Lumière," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Interplay," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Paul Taylor—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

National Ballet—The company from Washington presenting "Swan Lake," "The Catalyst" (New York première), and "Four Temperaments." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Martin, who can persuade one that he is built entirely of patent leather, is in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The songs he sings are made of the same stuff. On Monday, Oct. 12, he will be succeeded by Anna Maria Alberghetti, a small, beautiful, and high-pitched troupial, as well as by John Bubbles, of the venerated hotfoot team of Buck & Bubbles. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of the important brokerage houses to establish itself in midtown. Ticker tape is dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler waves a reasonably magic wand at a fiddle. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13-14, Marty Napoleon will sit in with the Rubins.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a plaza with Roman antecedents, I Cavalieri di Roma supply, from eight to one every night but Sunday, music that can be danced to by Americans but that never loses its Roman stripe.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Alex Geraldo, the resident guitarist, does, though; he disappears on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Kay Starr is now doing the singing. Emil Coleman's big, sturdy band and Mark Monte's gadflies play around the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs cut classes every Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. Sundays are silent.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's fount of inspiration yields

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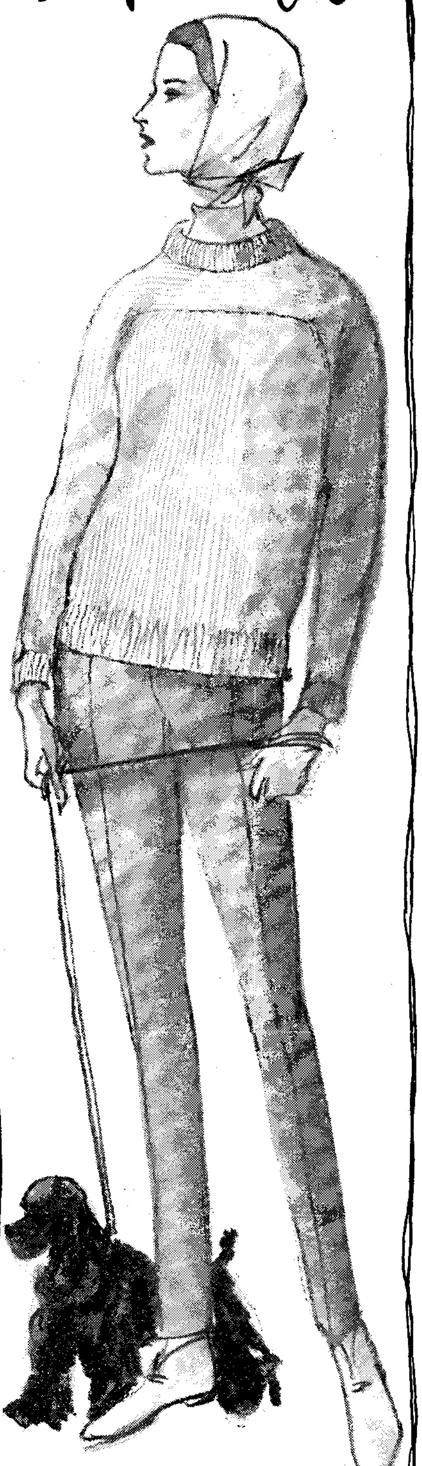

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

balm of Gilead, milk, and honey, on which his big band diets all evening long; Quintero's crew has looked upon Latin music, found it good, and plays it even better. They are in the Maisonette. Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Both of these establishments are shut Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The broken-field running on the dance floor, which gets machine-made music that is as chipper as the hand-made stuff, is one of the seven wonders of the modern world; the stage set is among the seven wonders of the ancient world. Eight to four is the deal.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Outdoor sports, boy and girl, take the floor from around eight until a fair piece past midnight every evening underneath the same stars they use in Heaven. An indoor rink is ready in case of rain, hail, and blizzards.

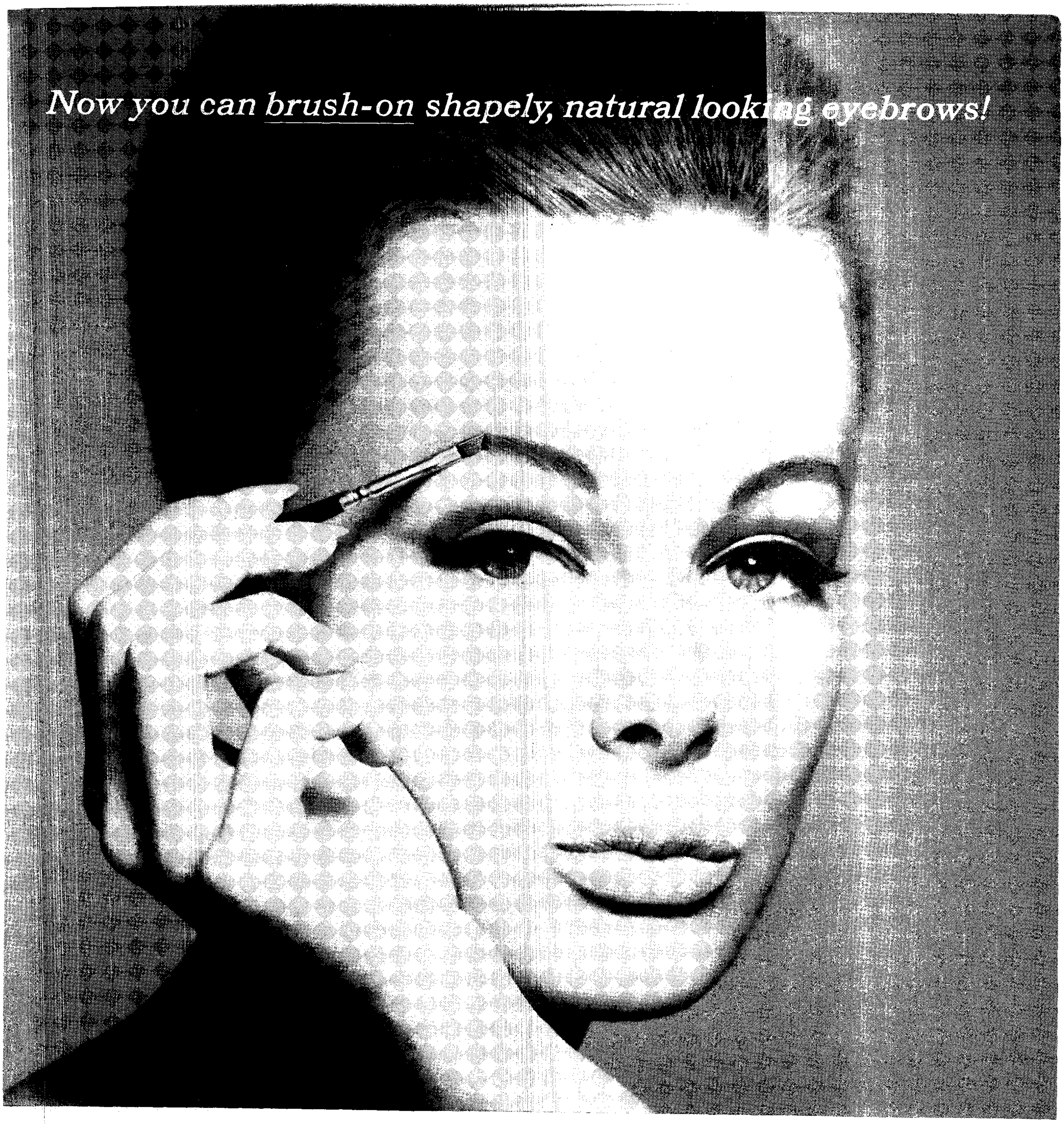
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Gordon and Sheila MacRae are horsing around at dinner and supper. The materials with which they work are the makings of a common, or garden, variety act, but their special skills turn a great deal of it into something vastly superior. The best of the Meyer Davis bands, run by Emery Davis, and a group run by Horace Diaz are perpetually on duty. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist has been ruled off this course.) The music, both Latin and local, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-forty-five to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, Tuesdays at eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music are sometimes from Italy, sometimes from Broadway. Right now, they should be coming from "My Fair Lady." Beginning on Thursday, Oct. 15, they will once again come from the tiny Italian opera troupe led by the mellifluous Aldo Bruschi. Dancing Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, playboy of what remains of the Western World, is applying supercharged technique to both piano and lyrics in a scene taken from a terribly fashionable spa—quite possibly this summer at Marienbad. He checks in at ten-thirty, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The fifty nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The trappings of this medieval banqueting hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, two other office workers do the job. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio begins at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A vivid scene of our childhood, still with the candy-stripe décor and a *temps-perdu* feeling of worldliness. Angelo's subdued little band inhabits the south end of the pavilion, and Bobby Gosh, new boy in town, sings in early-morning style to his own piano. The music starts off at nine. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Continuous and contented piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth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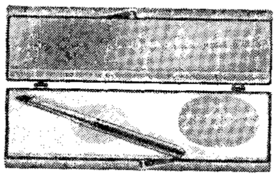

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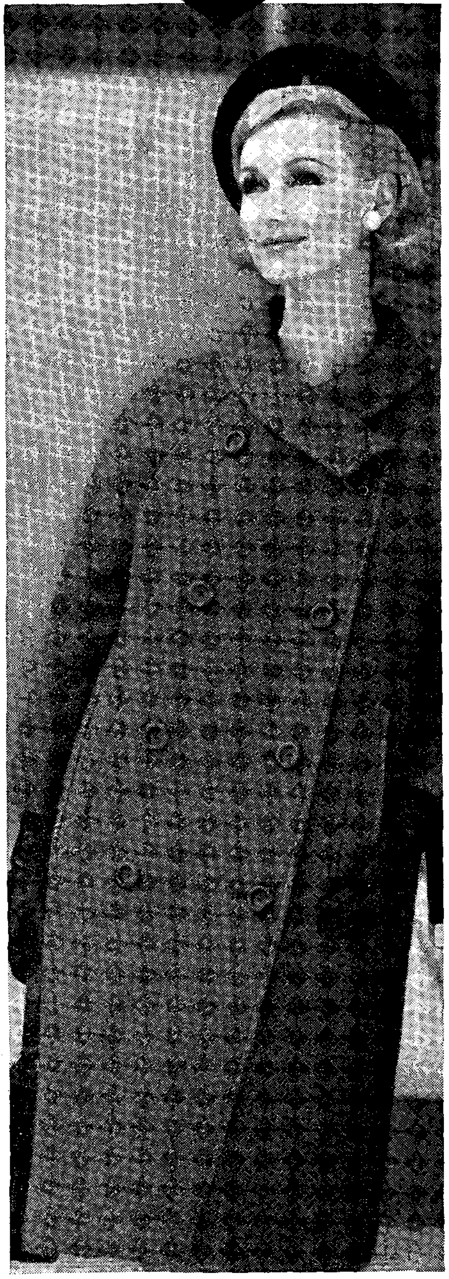

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. From seven to nine, Daphne Hellman looks picturesque and sounds celestial as she gently coaxes a harp into melodiousness. On Saturdays, Joyce Rosenfield takes her place. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A small but vocal set of pedestrians, guitars in hand, make one circuit after another of a plaza in which the dining, like the music, has more than a touch of Latin America. The circuit riders function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there are, from one to nine, several perpetually travelling troupes of singers and dancers from wherever Spanish is spoken. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The music in this counting-house parlor is strawberry jam, which comes from the piano of George Feyer, who intersperses homemade jokes among his chords. He is on duty from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's trio produces casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL-5-2070): Time and tide operate on the Roman calendar, and the tide bears along a set of violinists who seem never to want to go home. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a split-level living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is the word, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The captain's bar of a well-appointed small cruise ship, with—from nine-thirty until one—guitar of American (not Anadulsian) persuasion by Al Valenti. He is not around Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): When the roll is called up yonder, it will be answered by Edlee, Darlene, Judi, Tanna, Barbera, Uli, and the rest of the Latin Quarter girls with the wonderful names and wonderful figures. On earth, their companions are the Wazzans, a swatch of acrobats who jump to death-defying conclusions, and Sophie Tucker, her sonic boom, and her soporific (and sophomoric) philosophizing. On Wednesday, Oct. 14, she will be replaced by Van Johnson, perennial boy wonder, and a lively one. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Damita Jo is ululating mighty battle cries with the assistance of a thoroughly cowed band; Ahmad Jamal's threesome is wandering through no-man's land; Bernie Allen is the bang-bang humorist. On Thursday, Oct. 15, a new arrangement: Buddy Greco, who does lots of pop tunes lots of good turns, and Shecky Greene, whose jokes are conformist. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 14. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The bird in the cage is now Eydie Gorme—a talking bird as well as a warbler who doesn't mind piping away far into the night. A busy floor show surrounds her, and it runs heavily to girls. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, part of it done by the foursome of Erskine Hawkins. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies of '65" is a euphemism for burlesque, but burlesque with bigger, prettier, livelier girls than ever before, not to mention better singers, belly dancers, and strippers, two splendid comics (Irving Benson, Jack Mann), and a remarkable pantomimist, George Carl. Twice a night is the rule during the week, three times on Fridays and Saturdays.

CABARETS

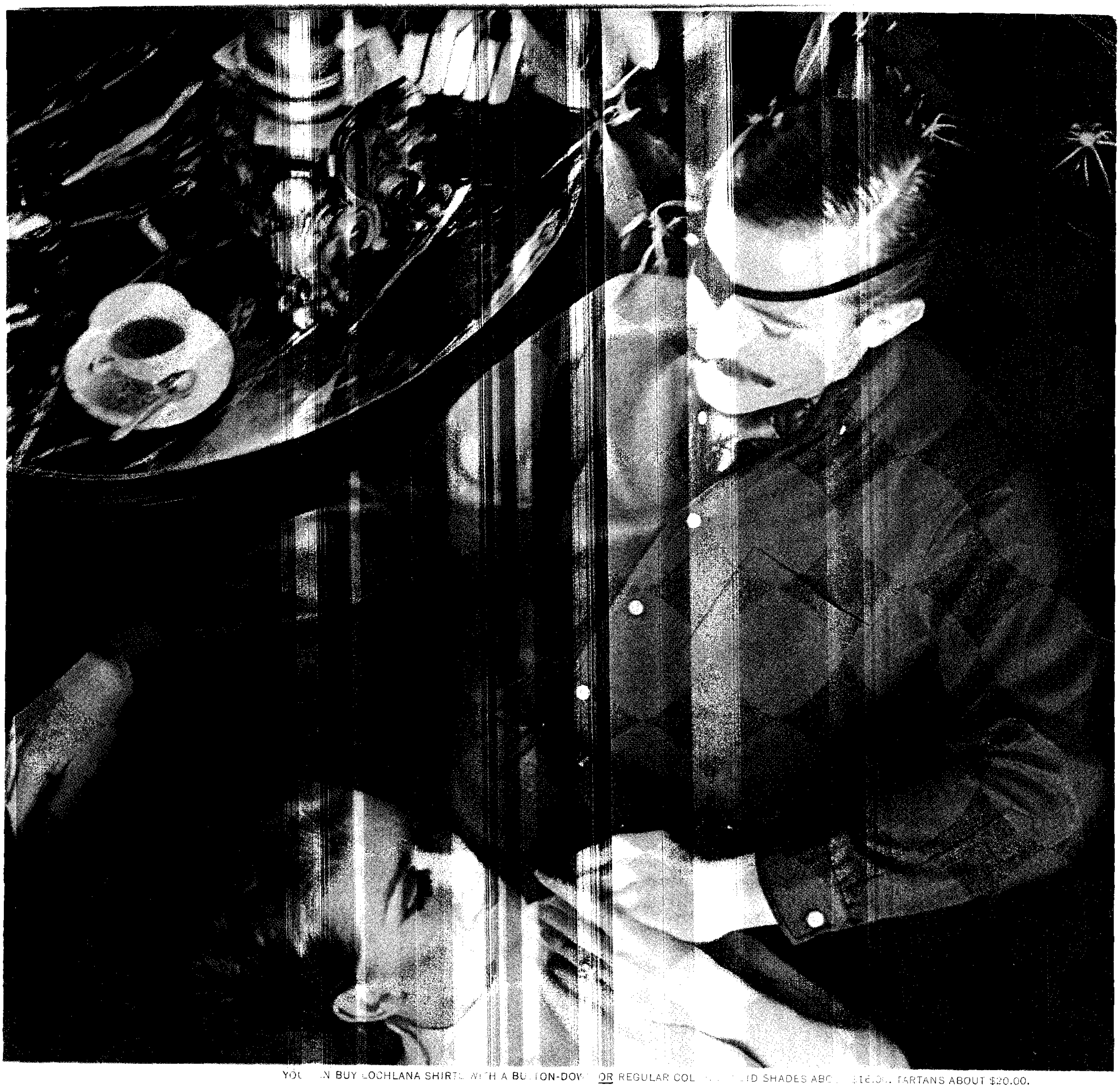
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk has gathered his wits about him (such as Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson) for another season, another revue, another directing of slings and arrows toward the world's outrageous foibles and frailties. The title is "Bits & Pieces, XIV," and the hour of truth comes at nine and eleven-thirty. The pit band is again the pianos of Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Inexhaustible cheer, augmented by a very busy assortment of Latins intent upon a hoof-and-mouth floor show, to say nothing of a puppet act too clever to be believable. They appear at dinner and supper every night except Sundays when there is one show at ten-thirty and also tea dancing in the afternoon. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing that "The Game Is Up," a new miniature revue, does is to restore R. G. Brown and his keen sense of the preposterous to our night life. His principal companions are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who have their moments, too. The sketches run the gamut from fair to first-rate. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Wistful, otherworldly Anthony Holland and trenchant Bob Heller are now collaborating with Barbara Dana in "A View from Under the Bridge," the local revue, which means that the fun is in three good pairs of hands. They get going at eight-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **STROLLERS CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Libby Morris, who is *outré* or ominous as her lyrics demand, is the jaunty music-hall character now onstage. She comes from Canada via The Establishment, the disestablishmentarian London night club. Marian McPartland's progressive trio frolics on its own and with Miss M., who appears at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A call to arms (mostly loving) is issued by Felicia Sanders in a voice filled with command decision; Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara do playlets indicating that domesticity is on its way out; Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn play double piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Diosa Costello, still working hard at being tropical-torrential, is singing at nine-thirty and twelve every night but Monday. There is dancing during the evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Billy Taylor, forswearing the life of the disc jockey, is among us again to play his plentiful piano. He has a trio, and so does Mose Allison. Their up-and-up music can be had on Sunday afternoons, beginning at four-thirty, as well as every evening but Monday. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Hugh Masekela's band, which plays the newest new African jazz (the Masekela trumpet has both a jubilee sound and a mourning Miles Davis sound), and Gloria Lynne, who adds fuss and feathers to most of her arias, are around every night but Monday, and Gerry Mulligan's quartet, sheer sound for the pleasure of it, is around Fridays and Saturdays. Mondays are assigned to visiting performers. On Sundays, and between Tuesday and Thursday every week, Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, just out of Cambridge University, employ their own bootstraps to lift the art of spoofery to a high level. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Those who sing at their work on this coffee plantation are usually folksters, and this is true of the current Pilgrims, a triad of above-average voices. On Wednesday, Oct. 14, they give way to Danny Meehan, whose well-chosen ballads are all one-man ballets, too. Other characters, nearly all deserving newcomers, are always present. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace perpetually



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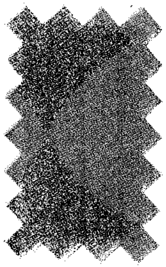

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on the verge of blasting. Assault-and-battery noise prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Lionel Hampton's clamorous band and Red Allen's firebrands take over. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Bud Powell's piano can become fragmentary, but there are always enough pedestals and plinths to tell us what miraculous edifices he has in mind. His threesome and Herbie Mann's ode-to-the-Caribees band take turns. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. On Tuesday, Oct. 13, Art Blakey's vociferous Jazz Messengers will replace the Mann act. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): It's nearly the last chance to observe Lucky Thompson, the landmark whose posse includes Hank Jones, Richard Davis, and Mel Lewis. for on Friday, Oct. 16, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn bring their neatly organized band back home. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, bravely keeps on trying. Five sidemen assist him in his staggering projects. Bland, blithe, and buoyant is the mood of the noble Teddy Wilson and his trio. Mondays, a quartet headed by David Amram hangs out instead. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing piano, indulges herself in many a flight of fancy. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, also leans toward self-expression. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti are the administrators. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Bill Evans feels deeply about every note he coaxes out of his piano, and he must be studied with care; Oscar Brown, Jr., feels deeply about these more or less United States of ours, and his songs are often about their togethernesses and their apartnesses. Nightly except Mondays is the schedule. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko keeps changing the cast of his steeped-in-tradition band, but it is plausible that among his current crop of assistants you will find Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, wearing his elder-statesman toga at a jaunty angle, conducts a rataplan band (Sidney de Paris is also in it) that declares its faith in the past. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—Paintings; through Oct. 24. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

BEN-ZION—"Judges and Kings," a new set of eighteen etchings; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (FAR, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—"Man, Beast, and Nature," a showing of oils and drawings;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Nov. 14. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Bomar—Semi-abstractions of nature; through Oct. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Paintings; through Oct. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Pachita Crespi—Impressionist oils; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Crespi, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John Held, Jr.—Linoleum-block prints; through Nov. 1. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

David Hockney—Acrylic landscape and figure paintings by this English artist; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.) . . . ¶ A series of sixteen twentieth-century "Rake's Progress" etchings, together with eight of the Hogarth eighteenth-century engravings; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Genichiro Inokuma—Paintings by a Japanese artist living in New York; through Oct. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Zubel Kachadoorian—Figurative oils; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky—Oils and watercolors (1903–42); through Oct. 24. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Kupka—Paintings and gouaches (1909–47) by the Czech-born School of Paris abstractionist; through Oct. 24. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Metal relief sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gaetano Pompa and Gustavo Foppiani—Paintings by two Italian artists; through Oct. 24. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Peter Saul—Paintings; through Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Stella—Drawings; through Oct. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice de Vlaminck—Thirty gouache illustrations done in 1945-46 for Marcel Aymé's novel "La Table aux Crevés;" through Oct. 24. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz—"Improvisations of New York," a show of paintings and drawings from the early part of the century; through Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Wayne Williams—Welded-metal figures and animal sculptures; through Oct. 24. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Among the exhibitors in a show of pop art called "American Supermarket" are Jasper Johns, Bob Watts, and Andy Warhol; through Nov. 7. (Open Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 8-10, until 8.) . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by George L. K. Morris, Isami Doi, John Storrs, and other artists on the gallery's roster; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **grand central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of oils and watercolors by a hundred and twenty artist-members, among them Robert Brackman, William R. Leigh, and Robert Philipp; through Oct. 22. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by five artists who live and work in Maine—William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Hans Moller, and Waldo Peirce; through Oct. 31. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Adolf Dehn; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **deitsch**, 24 E. 81st St.: "Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Oct. 31. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by Magritte, Matta, Joseph Cornell, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Amedeo Modigliani, Germaine Richier, and Paul Jenkins; through Thursday, Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Calder, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Klee, and Daniel Brustlein (to mention a few); through Saturday, Oct. 10.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **thaw**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, among them Daumier, Gauguin, and Gris; through Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **time & life exhibition center**, Rockefeller Center: A travelling loan exhibition of fifty facsimiles of Byzantine frescoes (Biblical scenes, legends, and secular compositions) from Yugoslav churches; through Oct. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by the French modernist Pierre Bonnard; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Four aluminum sculptures and a selection of silk-screen prints by the British artist Eduardo Paolozzi; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Painters and Sculptors As Printmakers," a survey of works done since 1950 in all graphic mediums by a hundred artists from twenty countries; through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of more than three hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, and prints by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925); through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the French abstractionist Albert Gleizes (1881-1953); through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Drawings done within the past twenty years by American artists, including Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Tobey; through Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its hundred and fifty-seven miniatures; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"West Side Artists—New York City," a display of eighty paintings and sculptures by as many artists, among them John Koch, Theodoros Stamos, and Herbert Ferber; through Nov. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolian Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 17—Monday, Oct. 12: A new production of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Lynn Owen, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolae Herlea, Carlo Bergonzi, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Mildred Miller, George Shirley, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17: A new production of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Diaz, and Robert Goodloe. (Evenings at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: The première of Lee Hoiby's "Natalia Petrovna" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8: A new production of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "Boris Godunov" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30: "La Bohème." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 9, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3 (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto); and a Bach-Bruchner program on Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 16, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).

JAPAN PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Akeo Watanabe conducting this orchestra from Tokyo in its first appearance here, with Toshiyo Eto, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Georg Solti conducting the first in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting—With Janos Starker, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ A Purcell-Stravinsky program, with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and the Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; and Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

ISRAEL NATIONAL YOUTH SYMPHONY GADNA—Shalom Ronly-Riklis conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here. With Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting, with Nora Caperan, piano, and William Wolff, bass-baritone. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

SOCIETÀ CORELLI—Italian string orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

JUDITH RASKIN—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The Borodin Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

ABBEY SINGERS—A group of five, in a program of songs from five centuries. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

RAVI SHANKAR—Sitarist, with Alla Rakha, tabla, and N.C. Mullick, tamboura. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF SERKIN, ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, AND LESLIE PARNAS—Piano, violin, and cello, in the first in a series of three programs presenting Haydn's

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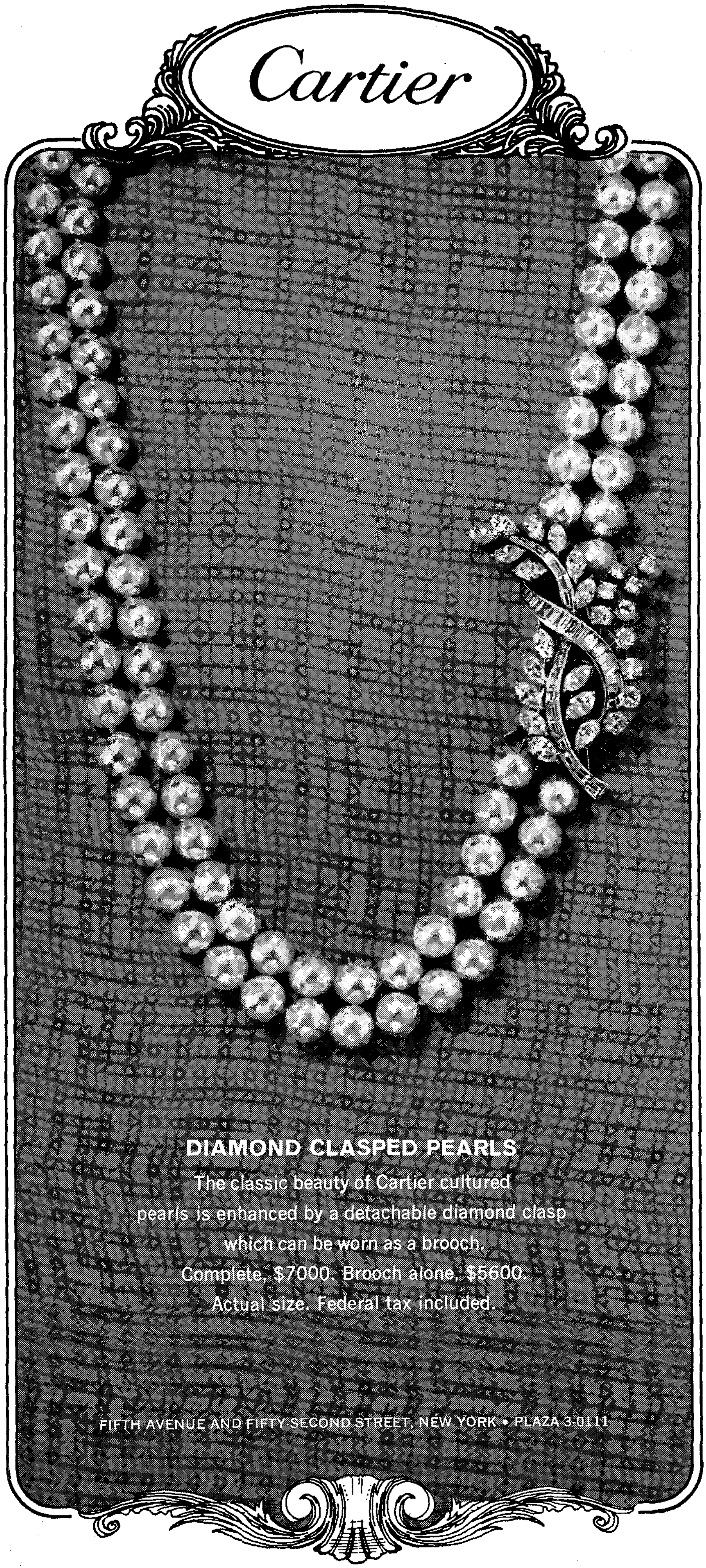

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Wilhelm Kempff—Piano, in his first appearances here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program; and Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Copenhagen String Quartet—In its first appearance here. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8:40.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Festival Winds—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Stan Getz's quartet and João and Astrud Gilberto. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. St. Louis Cardinals. The second game, Thursday, Oct. 8, in St. Louis; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games at Yankee Stadium, Saturday through Monday, Oct. 10-12. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to St. Louis for final games on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Joey Archer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 10: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 17: Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—At Shea Stadium—Saturday, Oct. 10: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17: Jets vs. Houston Oilers. (Games begin at 8.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 10.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 17.)

Polo—Final games of the season, Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 10; the Manhattan Handicap, Monday, Oct. 12; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 14; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 12, through Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Friday, Oct. 16, through Thursday, Nov. 12.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 17, at 10.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **ISRAEL NATIONAL YOUTH SYMPHONY GADNA:** Shalom Ronly-Riklis conducting, with Miriam Field, violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.) . . . **AMATO OPERA SHOWCASE THEATRE:** "The Barber of Seville," Monday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, Oct. 17. (319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 17, at noon and at 2:30.) . . . **CONCERTS FOR CHILDREN:** "Music for the Dance," the first in a series of six offerings, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **NICOLO MARIONETTES:** "The Emperor's Nightingale." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Messages from Space." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—A half-million objects to woo the collector, including New England corner cupboards, a Cape Cod sea chest, decoys, trade signs, patchwork quilts, iron toys, weather vanes, and paperweights. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 12-16, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 17, from 1 to 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of fall flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 14, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 8-10, at 1:45: French, Venetian, and English furniture and decorative objects; from the collection of the late Alice Gelder. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 1:45: Presidential autographs and portraits, belonging to Lindley and Charles Eberstadt.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 3 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 10, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NOTE—Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 86th Street, starting at noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Best Man—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 13.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

Fail Safe—This serious version of the "Dr. Strangelove" theme is a first-rate thriller, with Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—Stephen Boyd, Sophia Loren, Alec Guinness, and Christopher Plummer in a costume drama of unimpeachable implausibility. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 14.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—An omnibus of gags—verbal and visual, good and bad. The impeccable and very funny Jack Lemmon is a participant in most of them. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Oct. 14, tentative.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Oct. 13.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 12, at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Let's Talk About Women—Vittorio Gassman is the star of this Italian comedy about an inexhaustible and nearly always invincible womanizer. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—Married love and muddled life in Montreal, with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Night Watch—How to escape from prison, in fifty or so not at all easy lessons. A French picture, directed by Jacques Becker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 10.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific thriller about a right-wing plot to take over Washington and, indeed, all of us. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 11-13.)

Topkapi—A band of clever thieves (Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley) and a born bungler (Peter Ustinov) steal gems and crack jokes in old Istanbul. Directed by Jules Dassin. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two little girls named Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and quite a big boy named Peter Sellers having a merry time in Manhattan. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 14.)

Yanco—A delightful and never sentimental fairy tale about a small Mexican boy who lives only for music. Ricardo Ancona is perfect as the boy, and his director, Servando Gonzalez, believes in keeping the camera in its place. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 13.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 14.)

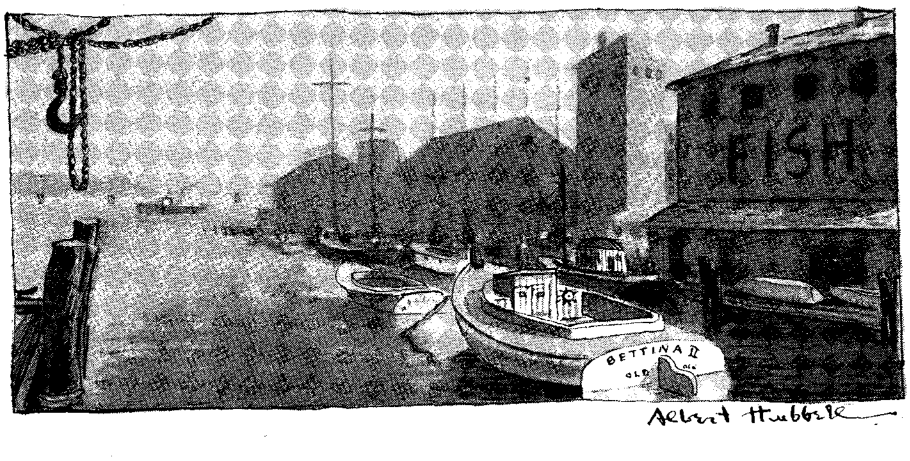
REVIVALS

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 8.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 8.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 9-12.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 13.)



The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 11-13.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy life of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 12.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting Oct. 13.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 13.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 12.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 14.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Oct. 12.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Oct. 13.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 9.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 13.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Oct. 12.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 14.)

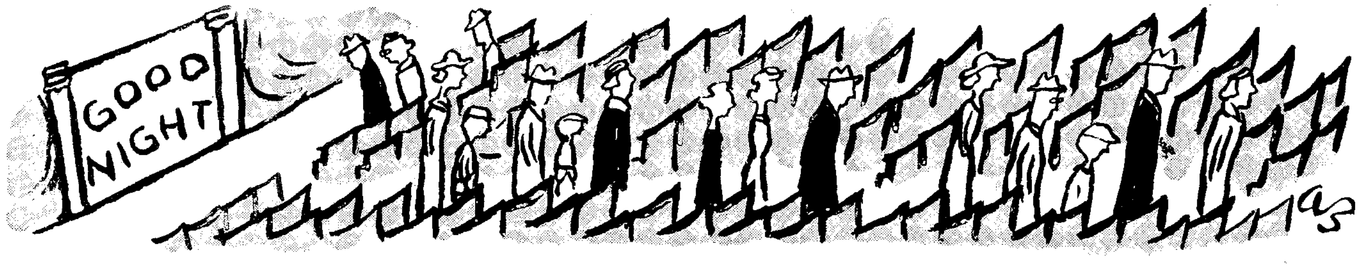
A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 14.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 11-13.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through Oct. 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Carl Dreyer"—Through Oct. 10: "Master of the House" (1925), a silent film, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 11-14: "The Bride of Glomdale" (1925-26), a silent film, with Danish subtitles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 12: "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.
From Oct. 13: Theatre closed.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
MARY POPPINS.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
CLEOPATRA.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Four Days in November," a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
FAIL SAFE.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Saga of the Vagabonds" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 13: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.
From Oct. 14: "The Lively Set," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin; and "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 13: **ONE, TWO, THREE**, revival; and "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.
From Oct. 14: "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 13 (tentative): "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
CLEOPATRA.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 12: **LIMELIGHT**, revival.
From Oct. 13: "Nutty, Naughty Château" (in French), Monica Vitti, Curt Jurgens.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Four Days in November," a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Oct. 11: **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival.
Oct. 12: **THE 400 BLOWS** and **JULES AND JIM** (both in French and both revivals).
From Oct. 13: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 14 (tentative): "Der Rosenkavalier," revival, a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 13: "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.
From Oct. 14: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 13: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.
From Oct. 14: "The Lively Set," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin; and "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
FAIL SAFE.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 8: **THE EASY LIFE** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Oct. 9-12: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi.
From Oct. 13: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 10: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Dimka" (in Russian).
Oct. 11-13: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**, revival.
From Oct. 14: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 13: **YANCO**, a Mexican film; and "The Duel" (in Russian).
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Only One New York," a documentary film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 13: "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey; and "Gold for the Caesars," Jeffrey Hunter.
From Oct. 14: "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn; and "The Third Secret," Stephen Boyd, Richard Attenborough.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 10: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis; and "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.
Oct. 11-13: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," revival, Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From Oct. 14: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Macbeth," Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 6, and 9.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 13: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**
From Oct. 14 (tentative): **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 12: **RICHARD III**, revival.
From Oct. 13: **HENRY V**, revival.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Macbeth," Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 6, and 9.)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Oct. 11: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Oct. 12: "The Soft Skin" (in French), Jean Desailly.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 8: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
From Oct. 9: **MONSIEUR VERDOUX**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 13: "The Secret Invasion," Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 14: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "Two for the Seesaw," revival, Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 8: "Dr. Knock" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "The Eternal Return" (in French), a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
From Oct. 9: "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand; and "The Doll" (in Swedish), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 13: **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Oct. 14: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. (at the latest) to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks at Fountain of Planets at about 9:45 P.M. . . . ¶ Fair closes for season Oct. 18.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Fewer people are going to the Fair these days, but the popular exhibits are still crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's *good* restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at eight-thirty in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens, at about 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

American Express Pavilion—Besides travel and financial information and a Western Union office, American Express offers a model of the Fair whose buildings light up as they are referred to in a recorded narration. Since more than one building at a time lights up, however, and since the narrator speaks of some exhibits that are no longer operating, and mistakenly says that the Unisphere is visible from all parts of the Fair, the display is not as useful as it is meant to be.

American Interiors—Included in the commercial exhibits in this large pavilion is a great deal of furniture and paintings to go with it; numerous soft-drink and candy machines; a display of paintings and sculptures sponsored by the National Art Museum of Sport, Inc.; and a handy display of reclining chairs to sit down in and go to sleep. Admission fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Hall of Free Enterprise—There are many ants imprisoned in glass cases in the Hall of Free Enterprise, forced into symbolizing strong, intelligent, industrious inhabitants of a "perfectly planned economy" who lack, however, the ability to make and use tools. "Forty million years of no progress," a sign says. "Do you believe in free enterprise, or would you rather be an ant?" There are other informative exhibits, too.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Japan—The Japanese Pavilion is filled with industrial exhibits, including large numbers of miniature television sets. There is also a model space ship that can be sat in, with controls that can be maneuvered.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Jordan—The displays include archeological objects, a model of the Old City of Jerusalem, and fragments of Dead Sea scrolls.

New York City Building—It costs ten cents to ride in a vehicle equipped with helicopter sound effects around a highly detailed model of New York City while the voice of Lowell Thomas describes the city in suitably dramatic tones. The building also contains samples of the exhibits of city museums.

New York State Pavilion—The exhibits include a short movie projected onto six screens set in a circle along the walls. The subject of the film is the attractions of New York State, and though the circular technique is interesting the effect is to make the audience dizzy. Admission twenty-five cents.

Thailand—The pavilion itself is a replica of an eighteenth-century Buddhist shrine, and the exhibit includes artistic and agricultural displays and Thai musical instruments.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Bourbon Street—This sprawling exhibit, sometimes called the Louisiana Pavilion, contains a series of snack bars, a dancing chicken, an unopen French restaurant, a doll museum, several sidewalk artists who charge three dollars for a profile and five dollars for a full-face portrait, and a bar where the frug and the monkey may be danced until 2 A.M.

Carousel Park—A dreary area at the foot of the Amusement Area bridge. The carousel costs twenty-five cents a ride.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Poupées de Paris—An elaborate puppet show, but the barker luring the customers in at the top of his voice prefers never to use the word "puppet." Shows at 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, and 10:30. Adults two dollars, children one dollar.

Santa Maria—An authentic replica of Columbus's flagship, which shows, among other things, how much shorter people were in those days. Adults one dollar, children between 6 and 18 fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a delightful place to have dinner, especially at a table overlooking the courtyard, where the Royal Watusi dancers and drummers of Burundi perform four times a night, starting at about 7:40 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Central America and Panama—Although only coffee and buns are available, there are few pleasanter places at the Fair than the small outdoor café at this pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

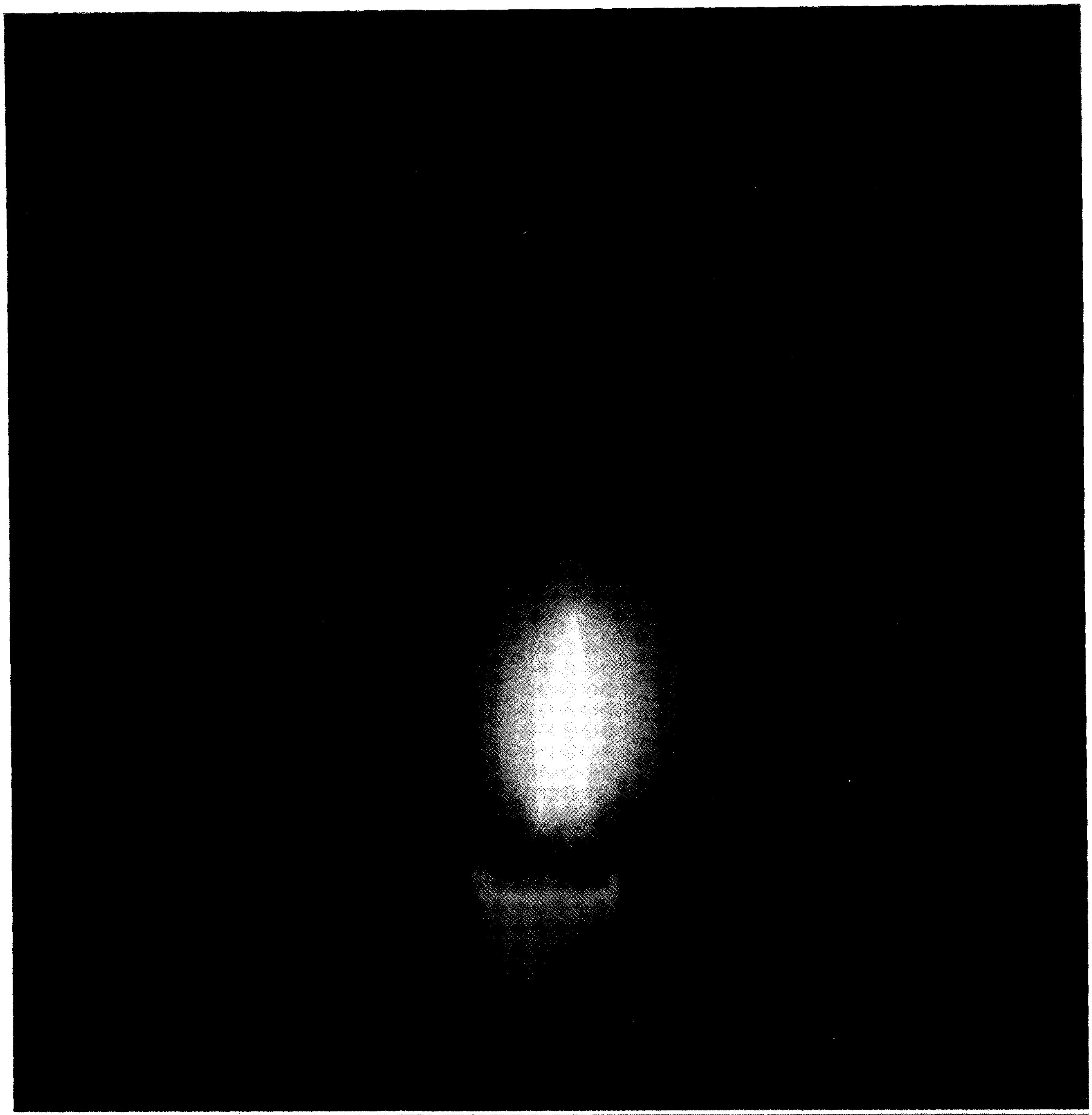
Minnesota Pavilion—The restaurant serves an extensive but unexciting smörgåsbord for $3.75. More exciting dishes may be added for more money.

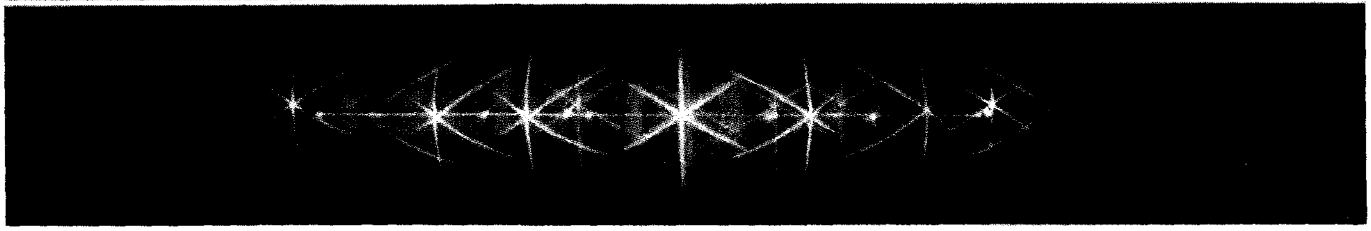
Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and there are accompanying Moroccan night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food; no reservations. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food; for reservations, call 888-7320. The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices.

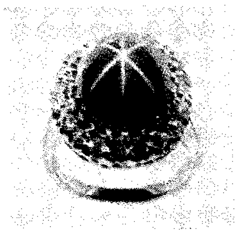
Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.





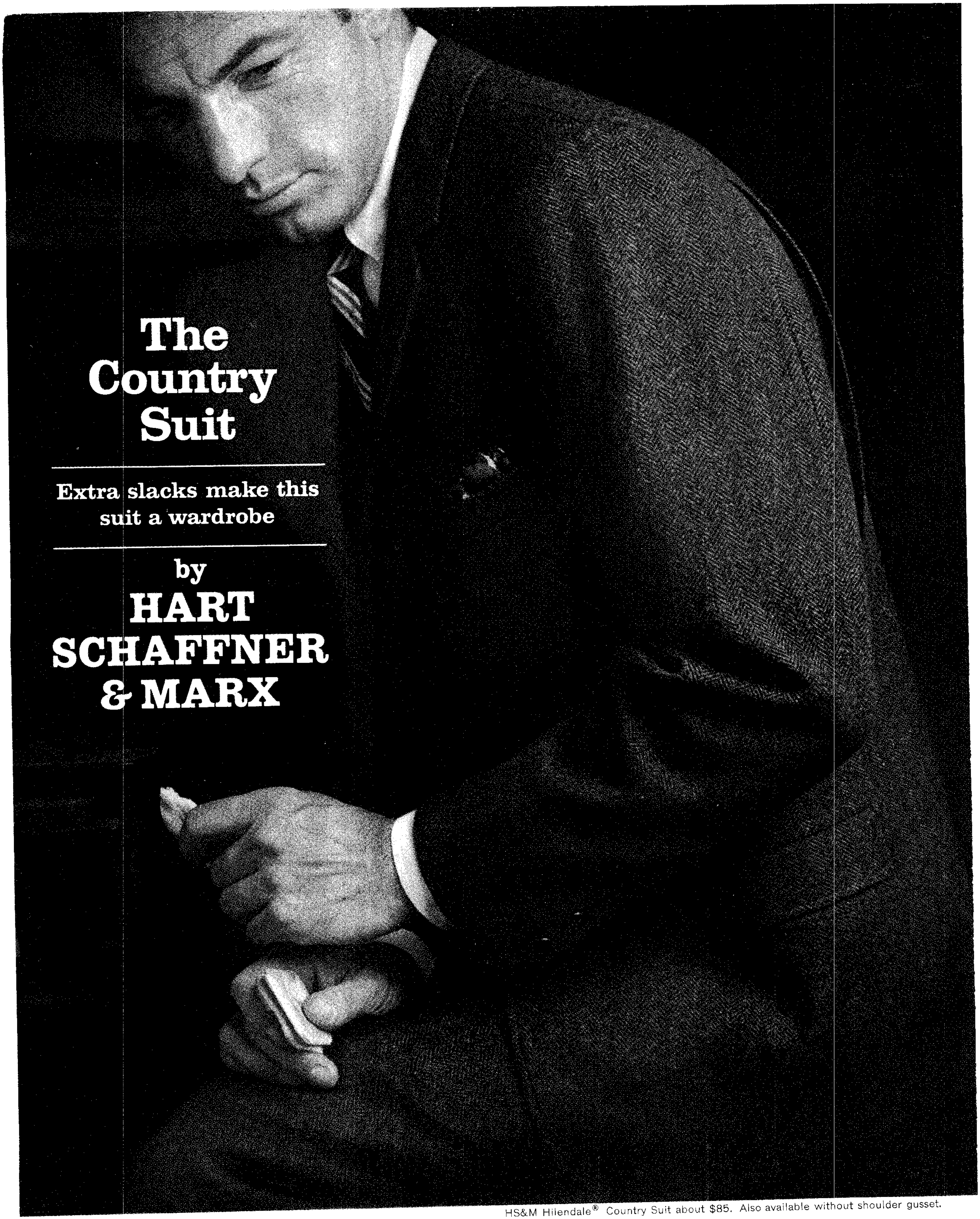
Light is the secret of life in a 'Linde' Star

The more the flame of the candle dances, the more the Star dances. A 'Linde' created Star comes alive in the light instantly. Its Starlight motions travel with the light, responding to every source of light. It blazes brilliantly under a bright flame, shimmers softly when lights are low. The most elegant settings have a special enchantment when they hold the color-in-motion of the Star that lives. Available in four fascinating colors: lively red, misty blue, shell white, honey black, starting at under $100.



Cluster ring, 'Linde' Star
circled in diamonds, approx. $500 FTI

'Linde' is a registered trademark of UNION CARBIDE



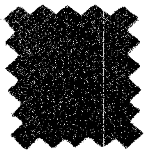
The Country Suit

Extra slacks make this suit a wardrobe

by

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

HS&M Hilendale® Country Suit about $85. Also available without shoulder gusset.

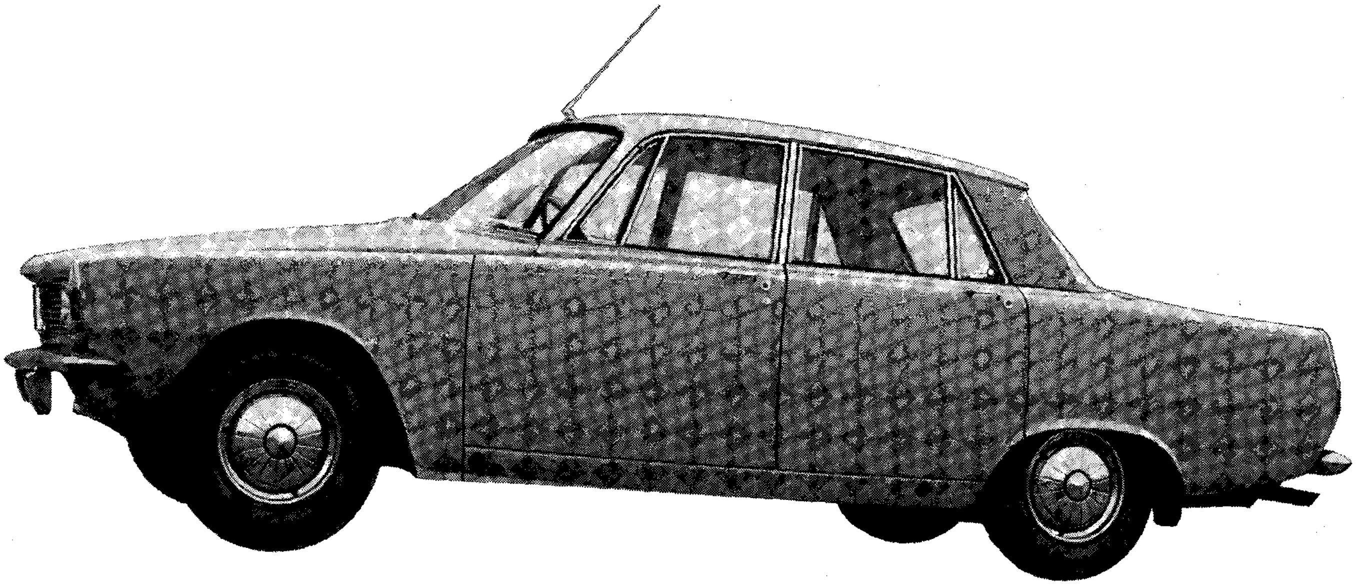


Take slacks of solid color, add to the tweed jacket above, and you have a wardrobe. At home in town and country.

That gusset in the back gives you a new sense of freedom. Out of sight when you're at ease. Easy-swinging comfort. Feels light on your shoulders because it's soft, smooth Hilendale® tweed, woven exclusively for us by Worumbo.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring keeps you looking trim. Take "underbasting," for example. Two parts are first joined with soft white thread for exact placement. Then finally sewn with hundreds of tiny stitches. Later, the soft, white thread is removed. Outside it seems like there's no seam at all.

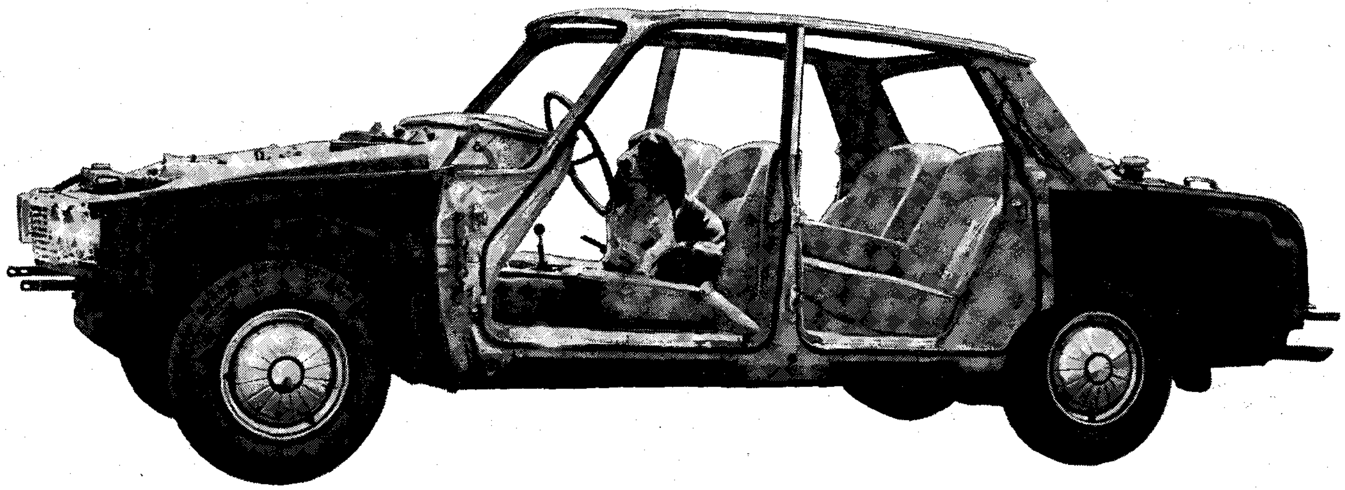
And happily, you don't have to leave town to enjoy your new Country Suit.



IF THE ROVER 2000
IS SO REVOLUTIONARY
WHY DOESN'T IT
LOOK FUNNY?

Please turn page.

(Continued from previous page)



IT DOESN'T?

NO. Not when you consider that if you took the body off an ordinary car it would look at best like a soap box racer.

Actually, the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan doesn't *have* a body—a shell with seats stuck on top of a separate frame.

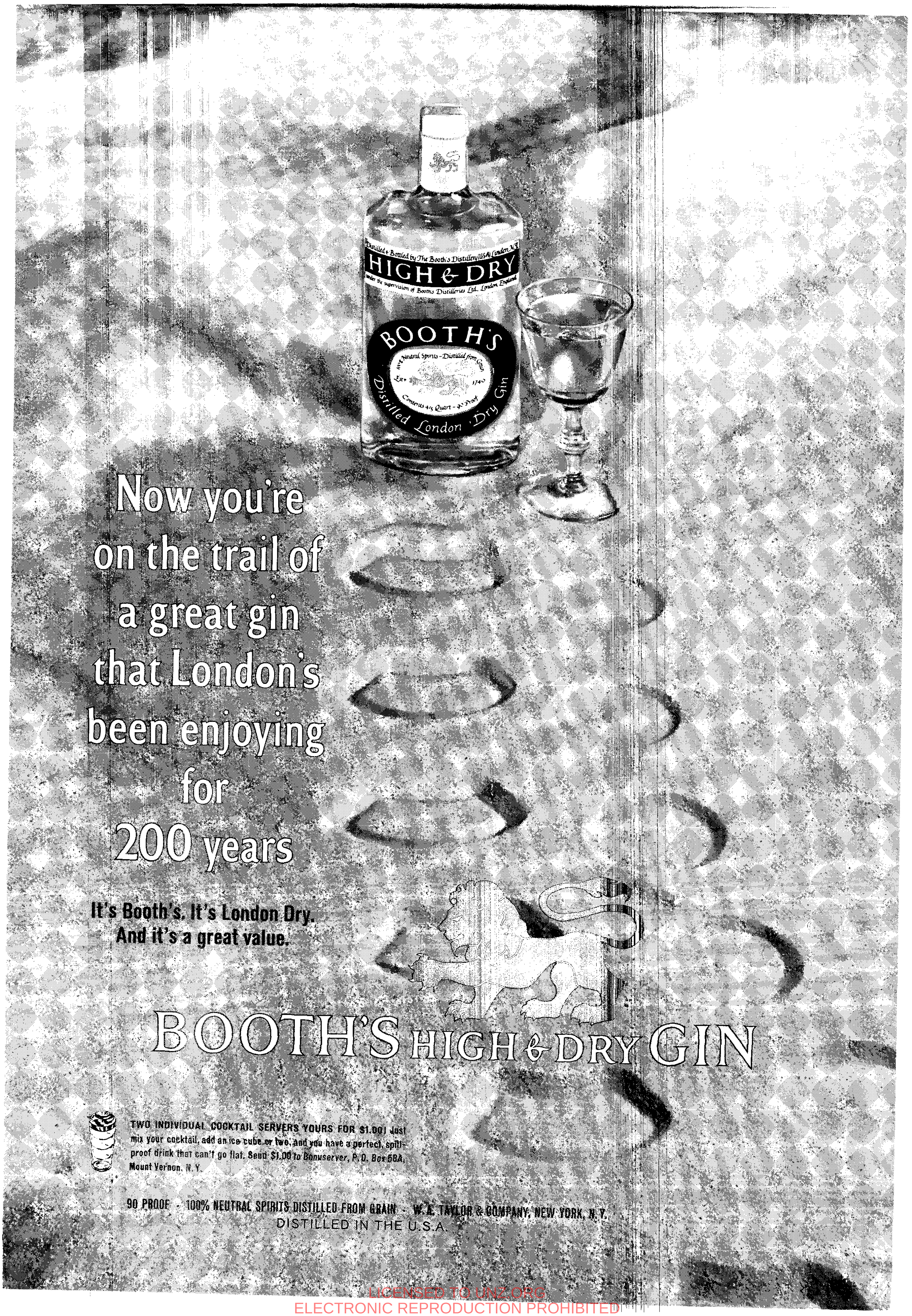
The Rover 2000 *is* a body, the way you are, a total organism.

It is built as a single steel unit—immensely strong and safe—and is tried out immediately, as is. (Imagine driving an ordinary car without its body. Where would you sit?) Only after it passes some rather nice tests of its *astounding performance and safety*, does it get its "body": 19 beautifully fitted panels. If the 2000's beauty is only skin deep, it is some skin.

Also: 1) If you bang up a panel you can replace it cheaper and faster than usual body repair: 2) You save money on mechanical repairs because the man can unbolt any given panel and get to the works underneath.

If you'd like to know more about why the 2000 is *so revolutionary* (we've only scratched the surface) ask your Rover dealer, or write us.

© 1964, The Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd., 405 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17; in Canada: Mobile Drive, Toronto 16, or 156 W. 2nd Ave., Vancouver 10


Distilled & Bottled by The Booth's Distillery (USA) London N.J.
HIGH & DRY
under the supervision of Booths Distilleries Ltd. London England
BOOTH'S
Neutral Spirits - Distilled from Grain
Est 1740
Contents 4/5 Quart - 90 Proof
Distilled London Dry Gin

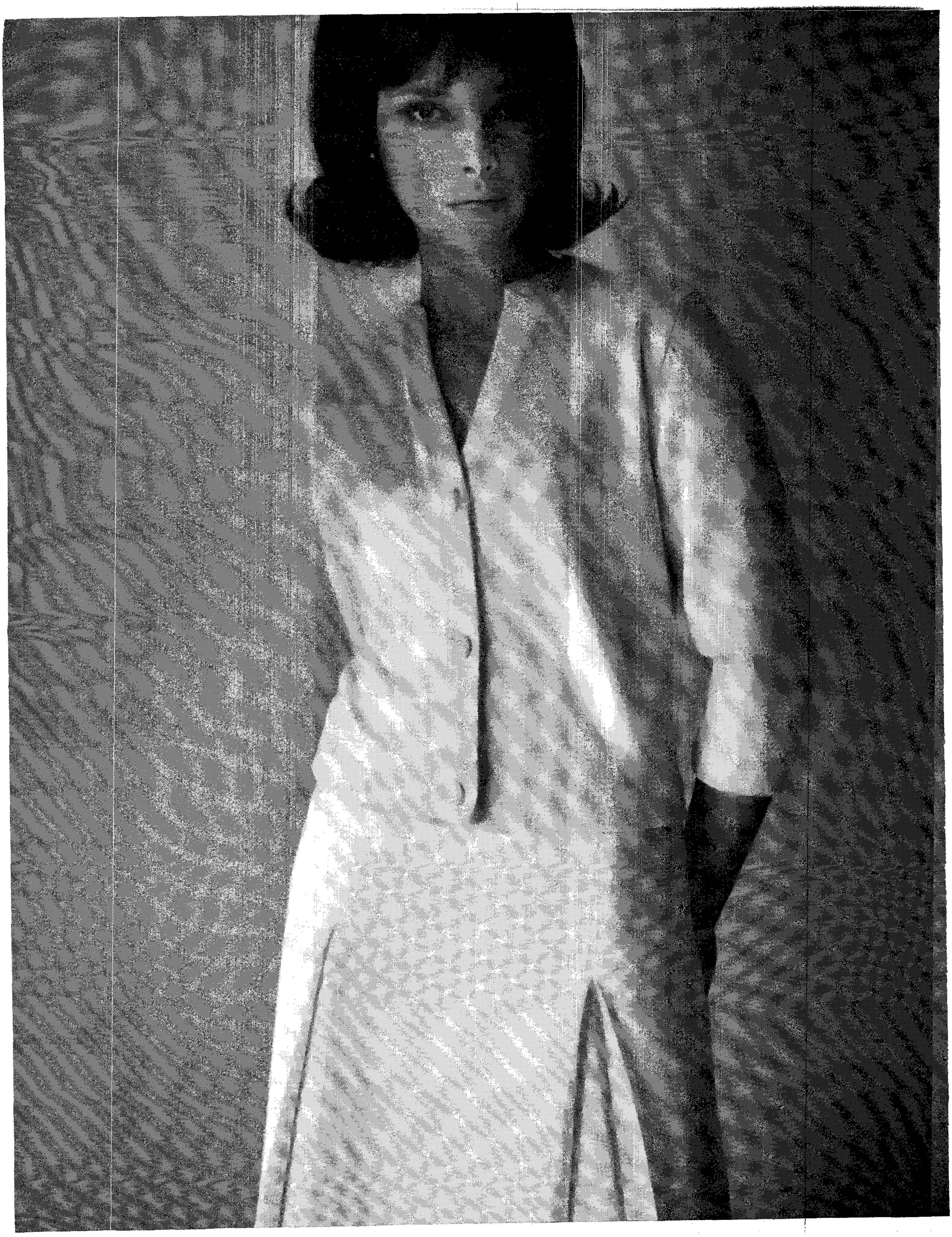
Now you're on the trail of a great gin that London's been enjoying for 200 years

**It's Booth's. It's London Dry.
And it's a great value.**

BOOTH'S HIGH & DRY GIN

TWO INDIVIDUAL COCKTAIL SERVERS YOURS FOR $1.00! Just mix your cocktail, add an ice cube or two, and you have a perfect, spill-proof drink that can't go flat. Send $1.00 to *Bonuserver, P.O. Box 68A*, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

90 PROOF · 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED IN THE U.S.A.



Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

Fully fashioned two-ply dressmaker cardigan in Caprice, Hadley's own *luxurious* blend of lamb's wool and angora rabbit hair. Easy flannel skirt to match. Pale yellow, pale blue, sweet pink, pale beige or white. At Gus Mayer, all stores; Berkeley's, Fresno, California; H. P. Selman, Louisville, Kentucky; Levy's Memphis, Tennessee; Al Rosenthal, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York, 10018.

. . . introducing

Diorling

Christian
Dior

. . . the new perfume of Christian Dior

Made in France

Scotch®
BRAND
DOUBLE

Good-bye thread-up problems!

FREE REEL
WITH THE PURCHASE OF ONE ROLL OF TAPE AT THE REGULAR PRICE
Scotch
BRAND
TRIPLE LENGTH

FREE long-roll bonus! A self-threading reel with purchase of 7″ roll of double or triple length tape!

No more tape fumbles, even with boxing gloves on! Just lay tape inside this reel, start recorder—and watch the reel thread-up automatically. Takes any tape thickness or leader tape. Releases freely on rewind. Get one free in the special pack shown. Just purchase a regular 7″ reel of either double or triple length "SCOTCH" Brand Recording Tape (up to 6 hours recording time at 3¾ ips). See your dealer.

BONUS
3
3
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

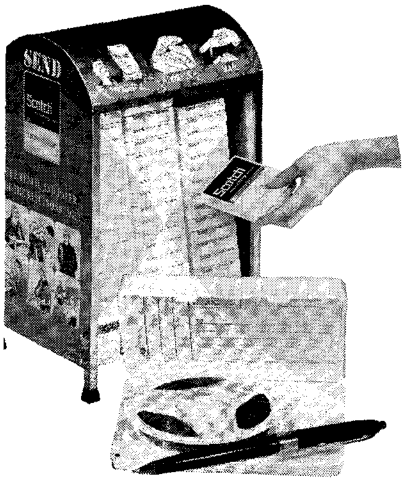
Hello new mailing ease!

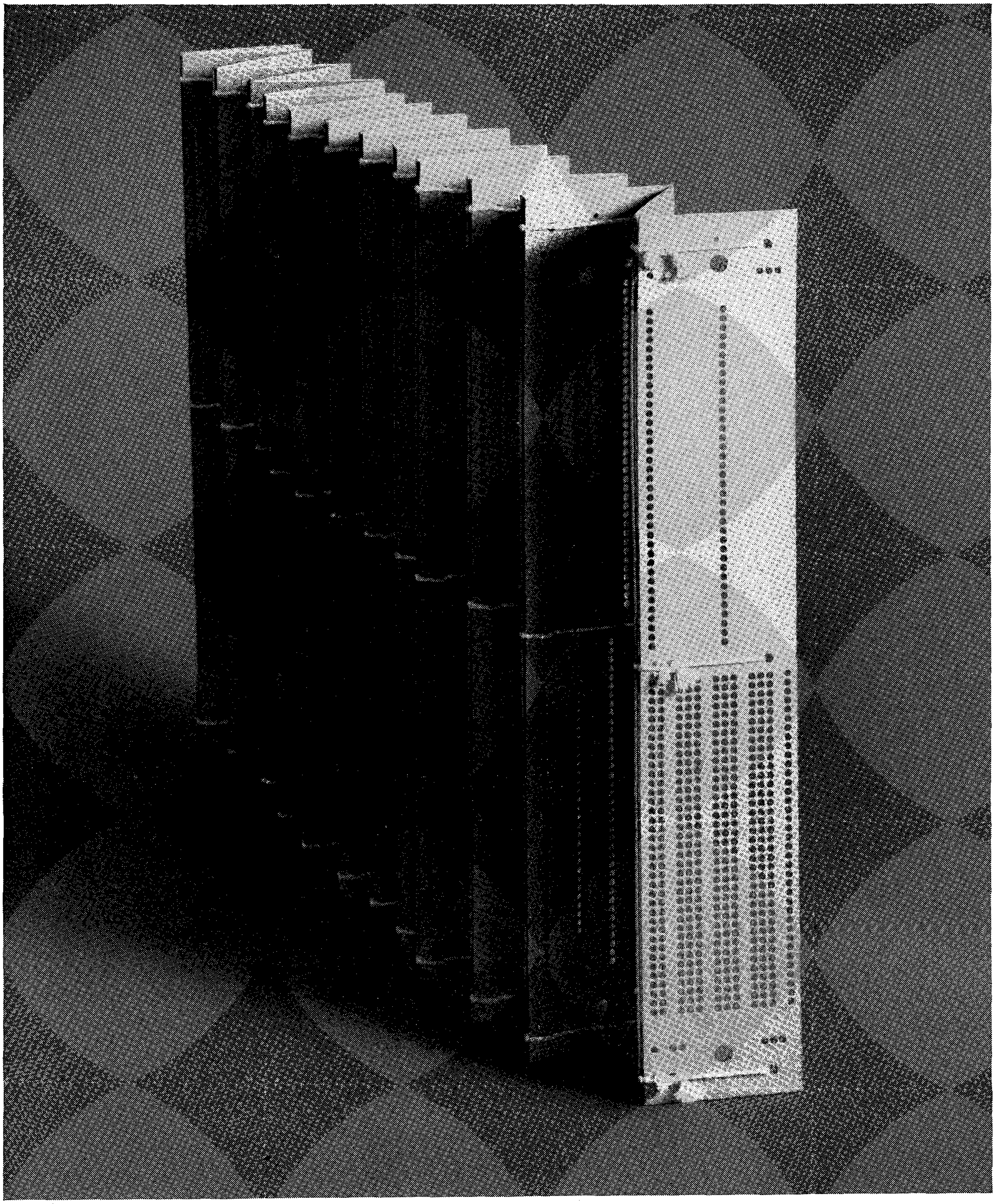
FREE short-roll bonus! New heavy-duty plastic mailer with each "Living Letter" tape!

New high-strength dust-free case for "Living Letters" makes handling, storage, mailing of taped correspondence the easiest, most secure ever. Conforms to new postal regulations. Address label included. Built-in post holds reel securely. *And the reel is new, too*—fits all reel-to-reel recorders. Only 3" reel available that holds full 600′ of triple length tape (an hour recording time at 3¾ ips). 150′ and 300′ lengths also offered. Look for the new "mailbox" display at your dealer.

Magnetic Products Division 3M COMPANY

"SCOTCH" AND THE PLAID DESIGN ARE REG. TMS OF 3M CO., ST. PAUL, MINN. 55119. ©1964, 3M CO.





This is our fabric memory. It goes back to Adam.

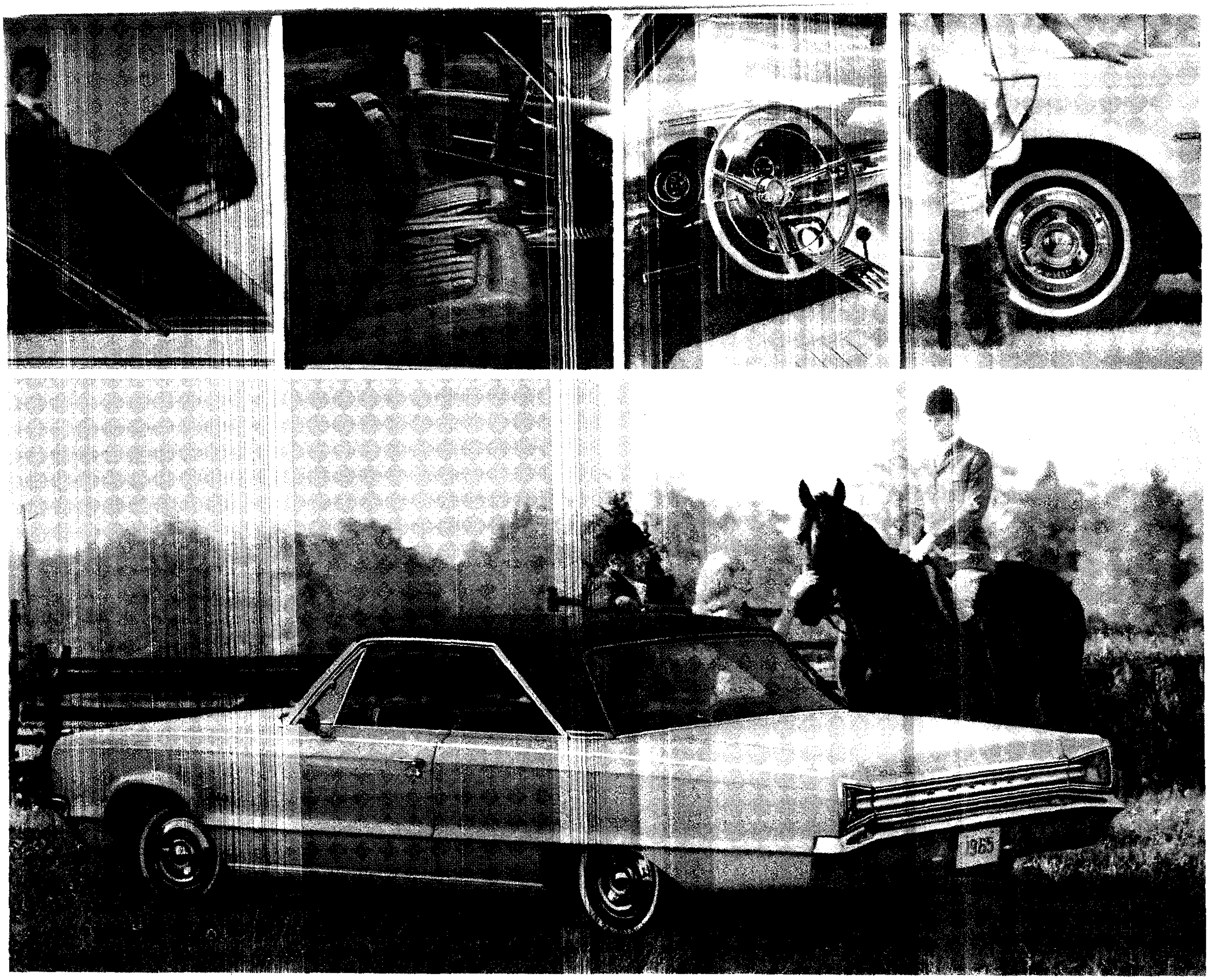
These are jacquard cards. A guide to stringing one of Schumacher's looms to weave an Adam-designed damask. We first wove this fabric in 1889. We last wove it two weeks ago.

We hold on to our loom cards. That's our fabric memory. And we have 75 years' worth, ready to go into production at the drop of an order blank. As far as we know, Schumacher is the only American mill that can pull off such a trick.

Would you like to see our Adam fabric? Along with the thousands of other less ancient fabrics, carpets and wall coverings at Schumacher? Visit our showroom any time. Whether you're looking for inspiration, or have an actual job in mind.

Schumacher

F. SCHUMACHER & COMPANY, 58 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 18./SHOWROOMS: 939 THIRD AVENUE



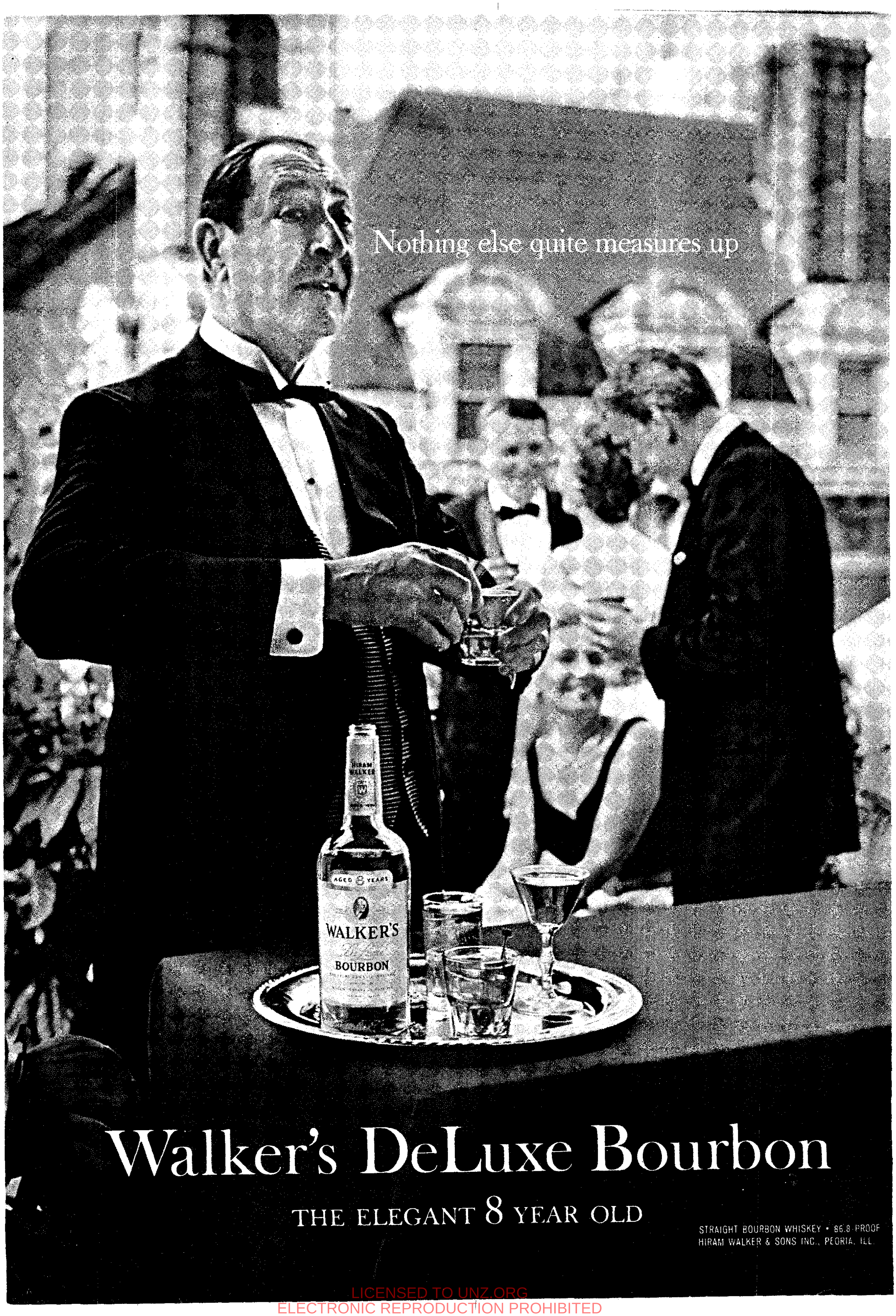
Monaco!

Saddleup . . .
a new thoroughbred
from Dodge.
Rides well in any set.
Excitement? Standard equipment.
So are deep foam bucket seats.
Deluxe wheel covers.
And full-length center console.
Plus . . .
one of the world's great horse shows
(it takes place under the hood).
Tired of riding
with the same old crop?
Well, now that you've found Monaco,
relax . . .
the hunt's over.
You sly fox, you.

'65 Dodge Monaco

DODGE COMES ON BIG FOR '65 • DART • CORONET • POLARA • CUSTOM 880 • MONACO

DODGE DIVISION **CHRYSLER** MOTORS CORPORATION


Nothing else quite measures up
HIRAM WALKER
AGED 8 YEARS
WALKER'S
BOURBON

Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

If all you want is the time, all you need is a $10.95 drug store timepiece.

If you want a watch, get a Hamilton.

There's really nothing in between.

In this efficient day and age, you can get practically all the time you . . . or anybody else . . . needs right at the corner drug store.

Surprisingly accurate time

(tick
tick
tick) for $10.95.

Are we cutting our own solid gold throat?

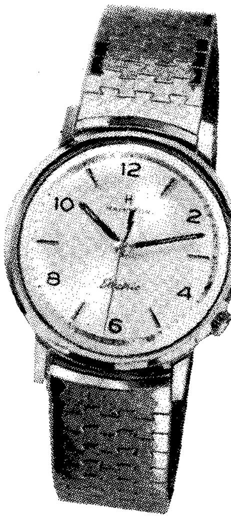
No.

We make Hamilton watches for people who are looking for more than just

(tick
tick
tick)

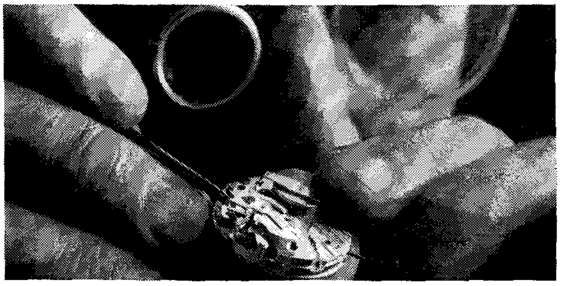
Possessive people. To be blunt, perfectionists.

Take this Nautilus Electric, for instance.



NAUTILUS ELECTRIC, STAINLESS STEEL,
$65.00 PLUS TAX.

Remember, it was Hamilton who made the world's first electric watch. We're the experts on the subject. But we don't take our expertise for granted. No sir. In the crafting of this single Nautilus Electric we stop dead in our tracks two thousand one hundred and thirty nine times. To check it.



Two thousand one hundred and thirty nine times.

How close can you get to perfection?

We say, without the pride you take in perfection like that, all you're getting is just the time.

(tick
tick
tick)

And you can get that at the drug store for $10.95.

Be honest. $10.95...or a Hamilton. There's nothing in between.

Go one way or the other.

Just time. Or a watch.

$10.95. Or a Hamilton.
There's nothing in between.

Get time from a timepiece, but if you want a watch get a HAMILTON

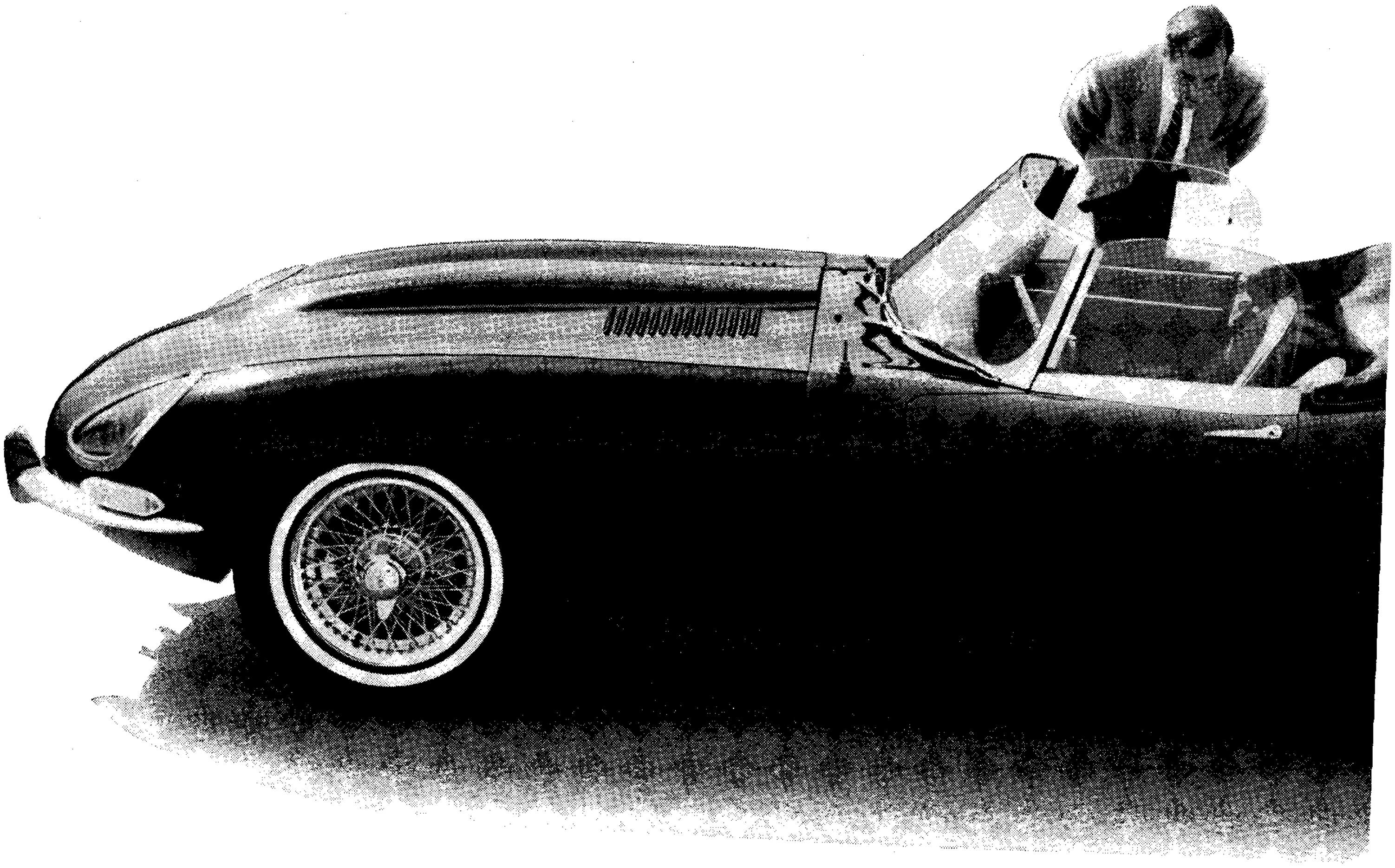
ASK YOUR HAMILTON JEWELER FOR THE "NFL PRO-FOOTBALL HANDBOOK."
HAMILTON WATCHES ARE SOLD BY JEWELERS IN THE U. S., CANADA AND 45 OTHER COUNTRIES. HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

If you think DAKS
refer only to those
extraordinary British trousers,
you're missing half the pleasure.
DAKS also signify
extraordinary British sport jackets,
now imported in
special lightweight versions.
If you love tweeds,
prepare to give your heart away.
Sport jackets from $90
Trousers from $35

DAKS®

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. IMPORTED BY DAKS U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK

Jaguar Cars, Inc. New York



To the man who thinks he can't afford a Jaguar, the different breed of cat.

People are often surprised to learn that a Jaguar XK-E is priced lower than they supposed. For well under $6,000 you can buy a sportscar that looks and performs like it cost twice as much. What's more, it is easier to buy a Jaguar XK-E today than ever before, on terms certain to be convenient to you.

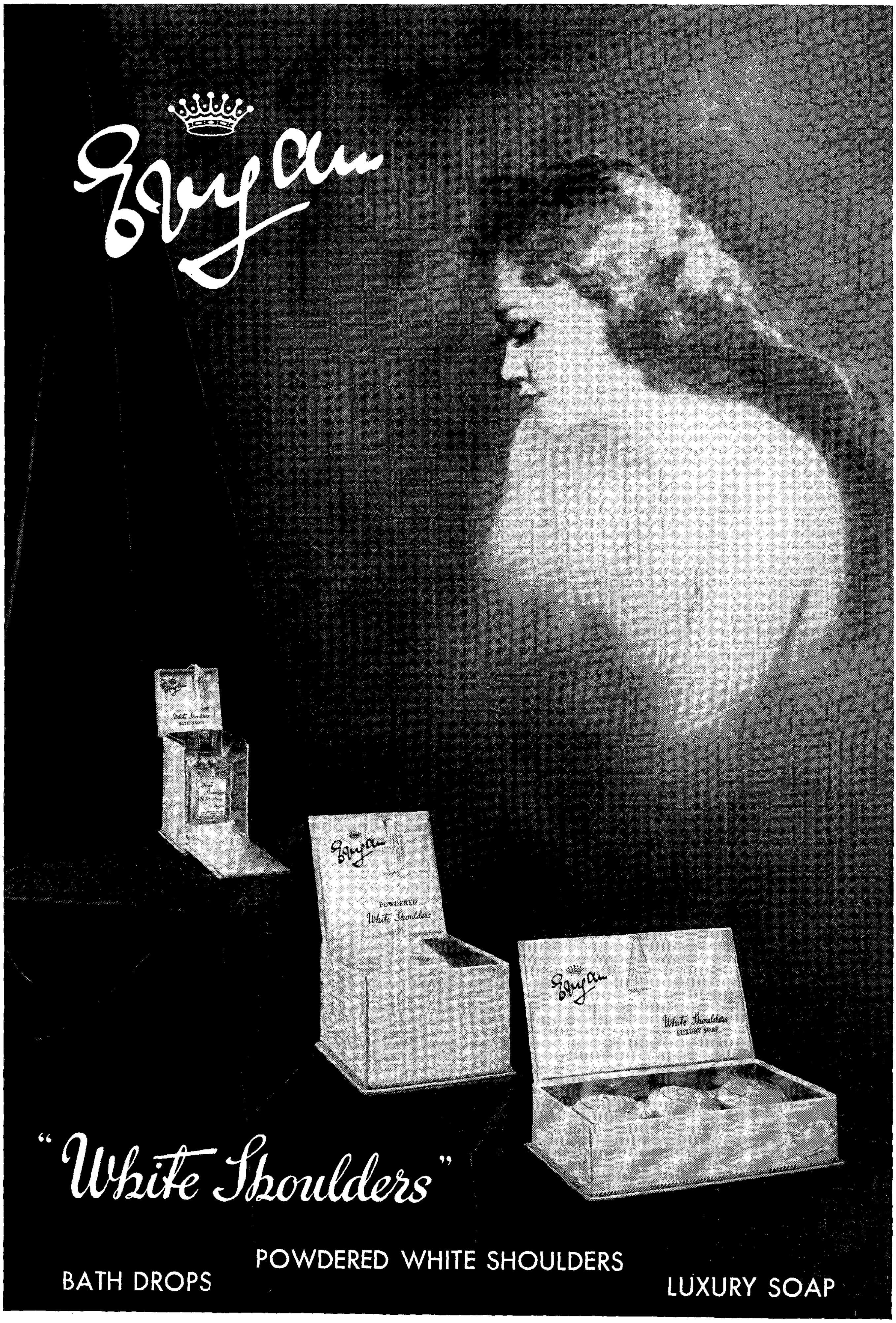
Every XK-E (Roadster or Coupe) comes complete with 32 unique performance and luxury features that are often added "extras" on other cars. Your Jaguar is fully equipped and ready to roar.

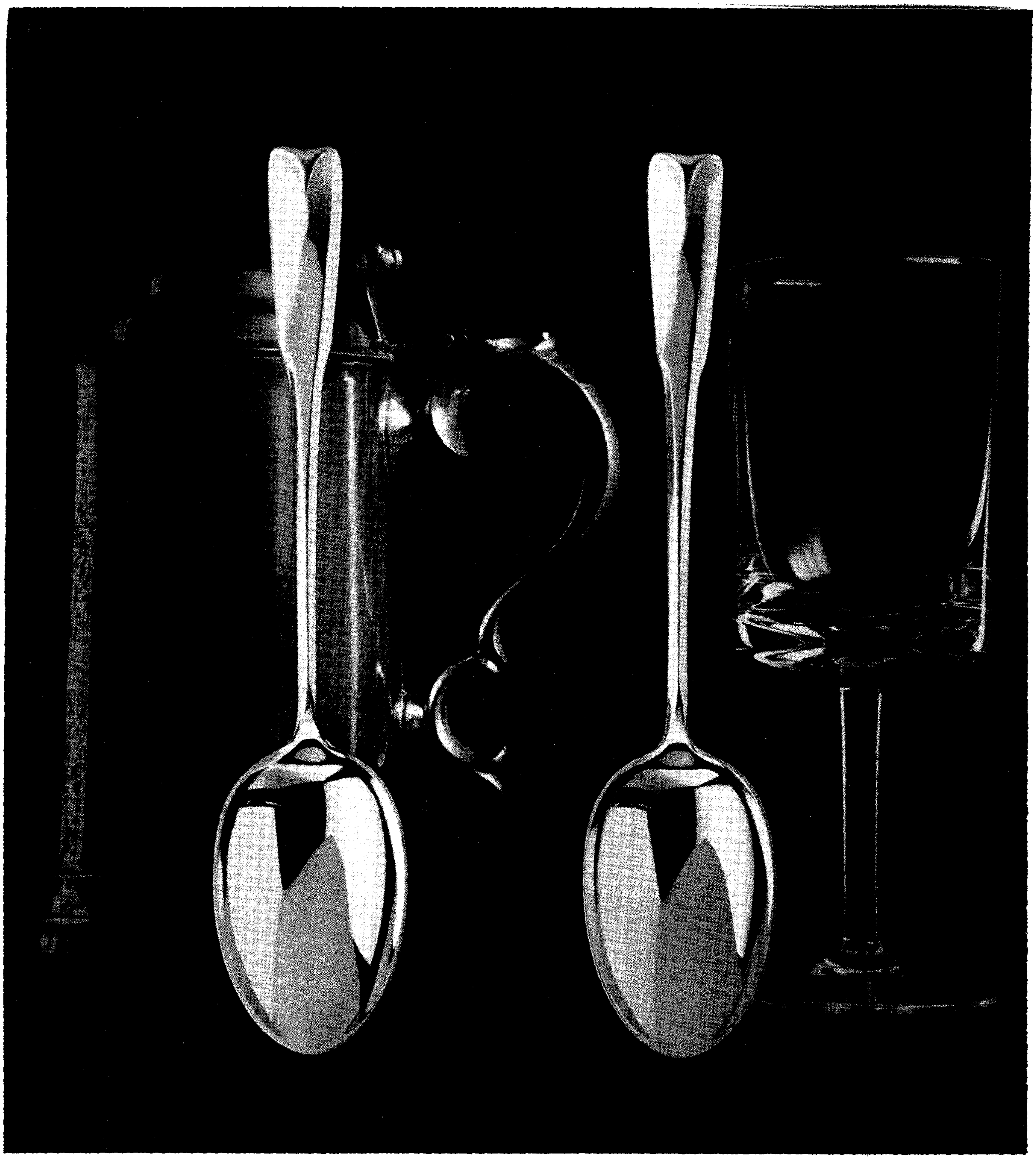
Spend five minutes behind the wheel of a Jaguar XK-E. Discover why it is the new standard by which all sportscars are judged. (If you're going to Europe, money-saving overseas delivery can be arranged.) See and drive the XK-E at your dealer's. Also see and drive the two new Jaguar luxury sedans.

This is a Gamin with pleasant side effects.

Just what the doctor ordered for shopping Fifth Avenue, a walk on the East Side or lunch with your ex-roommate at Sing Long Low. Brown, Black or Green Calfskin. An easy pill to swallow for about $20. at Andrew Geller Stores.

GAMINS®


Evyan
"White Shoulders"
BATH DROPS
POWDERED WHITE SHOULDERS
LUXURY SOAP



SHOWN ABOVE: COLONIAL THEME

Is Lunt Sterling schizophrenic?

Far from it. Lunt Sterling is so well adjusted that it easily takes on a double personality. It can be as timelessly traditional as you like. It can be as modern as this minute. For perfect proof take "Colonial Theme". Its pure, simple lines could hardly be more contemporary, yet its heritage dates back to the antique fiddle-back design. The result is a pattern that's happily at home in any setting, so versatile it knows no particular trend or time, so adaptable it's for tomorrow as well as today. And because every ounce is heavy, solid sterling, you can be sure its loveliness lasts even if generations use it day after day. Study "Colonial Theme" carefully. Consider it from every beautiful angle. All sterling should be as schizophrenic. You've simply to hold a piece in your hand to see how well-balanced Sterling can be. Naturally we mean Lunt Sterling.

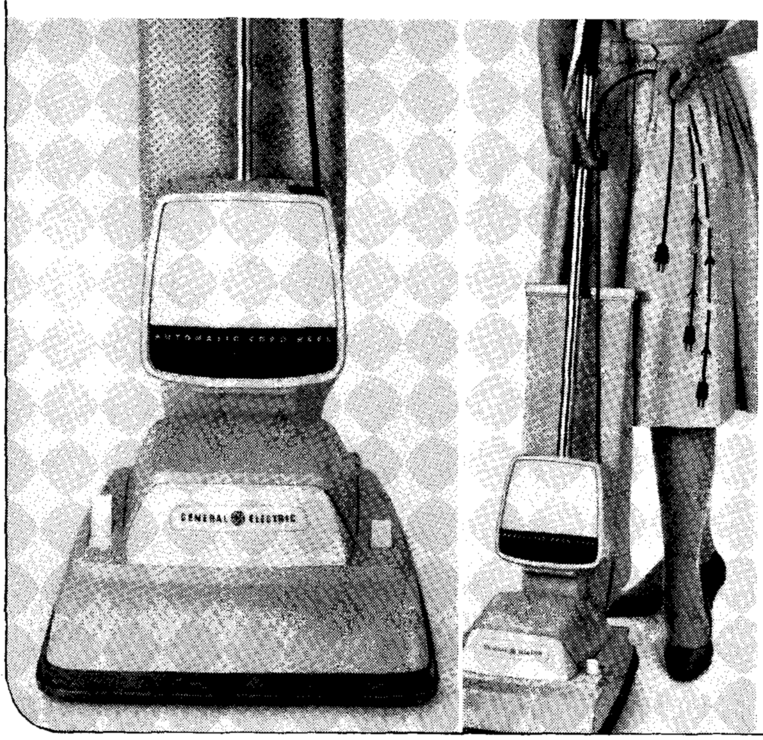
LUNT
STERLING

For information write: Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-3, Greenfield, Mass.

FIRST IN
HOME CARE
GENERAL ELECTRIC MV1

Work savers for sale!

New General Electric MV-1 Portable Cleaner does so many things so powerfully well! Lightweight, camera-size, portable (less than 12 in. long and just over 4 lbs. light), cleans, stores away where others can't. A new light, airy, and fast way to do all your above-the-floor cleaning. Good for bare floor sweeping and lightweight pick-up on carpets, too! How about your car? All the attachments you need are included.



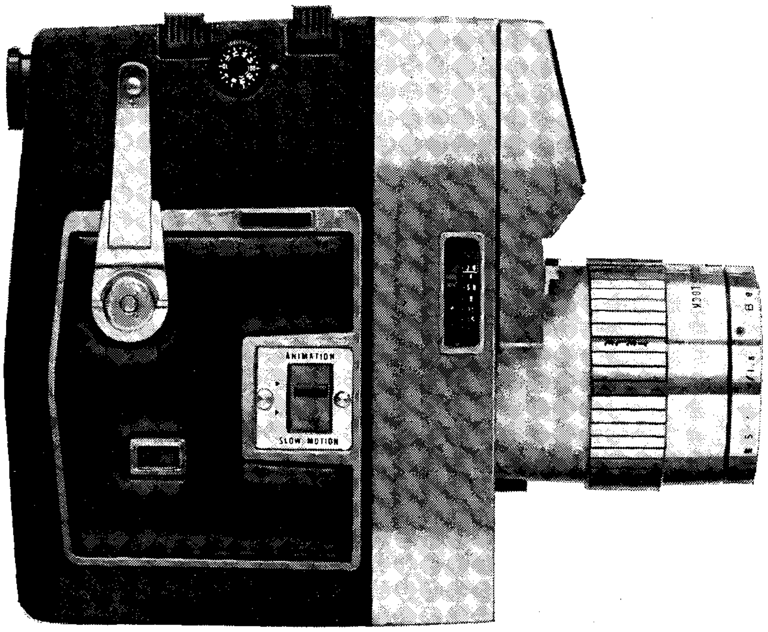
New Upright Cleaner with Automatic Cord-Reel. No more tugging . . . twisting . . . no more tangled cords. A touch of the finger and the cord disappears into the cleaner for easy storage. Power-driven, double spiral brush lifts both surface and imbedded dirt from the deepest pile carpets. King-size bag for less changing and greater economy. Converts to attachment cleaning in seconds, no adaptor required.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., HOME CARE & COMFORT PRODUCTS DEPT.,
BRIDGEPORT 2, CONNECTICUT

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.



(So you'll get pictures a little better than you really thought they'd be.)

We probably look at picture-making differently than most.

Because we think you want something more than a camera. Something more than pictures that are "good enough".

So we don't build just cameras.

We build photographic instruments.

Bell & Howell photographic instruments are extraordinarily precise. They perform without deviation from a rigid set of self-imposed standards. They're virtually incapable of error. They measure light and distance exactly. They control film perfectly, holding it flat in exact focus, corner to corner and edge to edge.

The Bell & Howell 418 movie camera shown here is a good example. The electric eye, which sets your exposure automatically, is *inside* the lens. Precisely where the light strikes the film, so that it responds only to the light that's in your picture. In subtle lighting, the difference can be enormous. In not-so-subtle lighting, it can turn "good enough" movies into movies to be proud of.

You shoot through a precisely-ground 11-element optical instrument with built-in filters. You view directly through the lens. You zoom in and out as smooth as cream, with gentle pressure on a button. You load with a refillable cartridge.

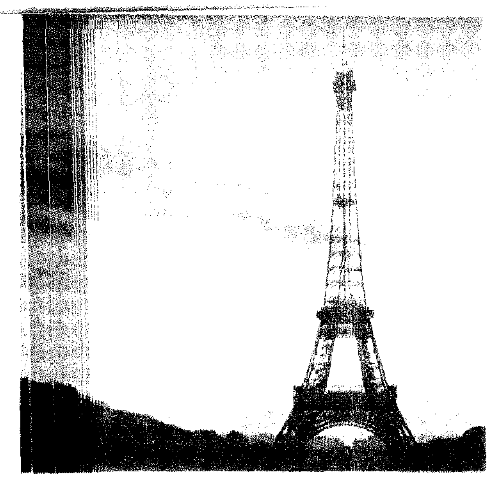
Now, does all this exactitude mean that a Bell & Howell instrument is difficult to use? Not at all. For we think that part and parcel of our products' function is ease of operation. Pistol grips fit your hand neatly. Controls fall easily to your fingers. Viewfinders show exactly how you're zooming.

You might expect a photographic instrument to cost somewhat more. And you'd be right.

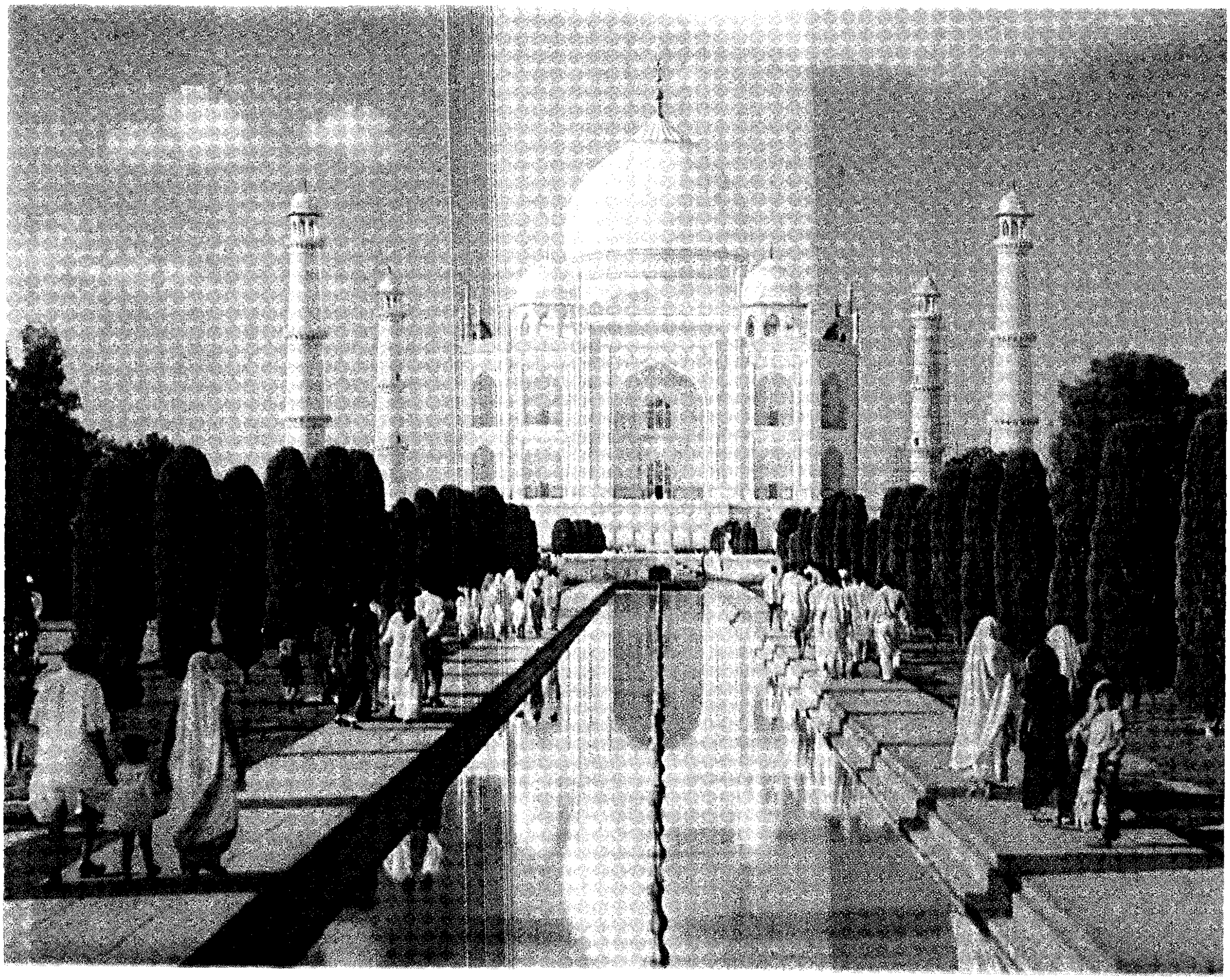
But look how much more a photographic instrument can do for you.

Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.

Bell & Howell Company
Photo Products Group



What can you possibly do for an encore?

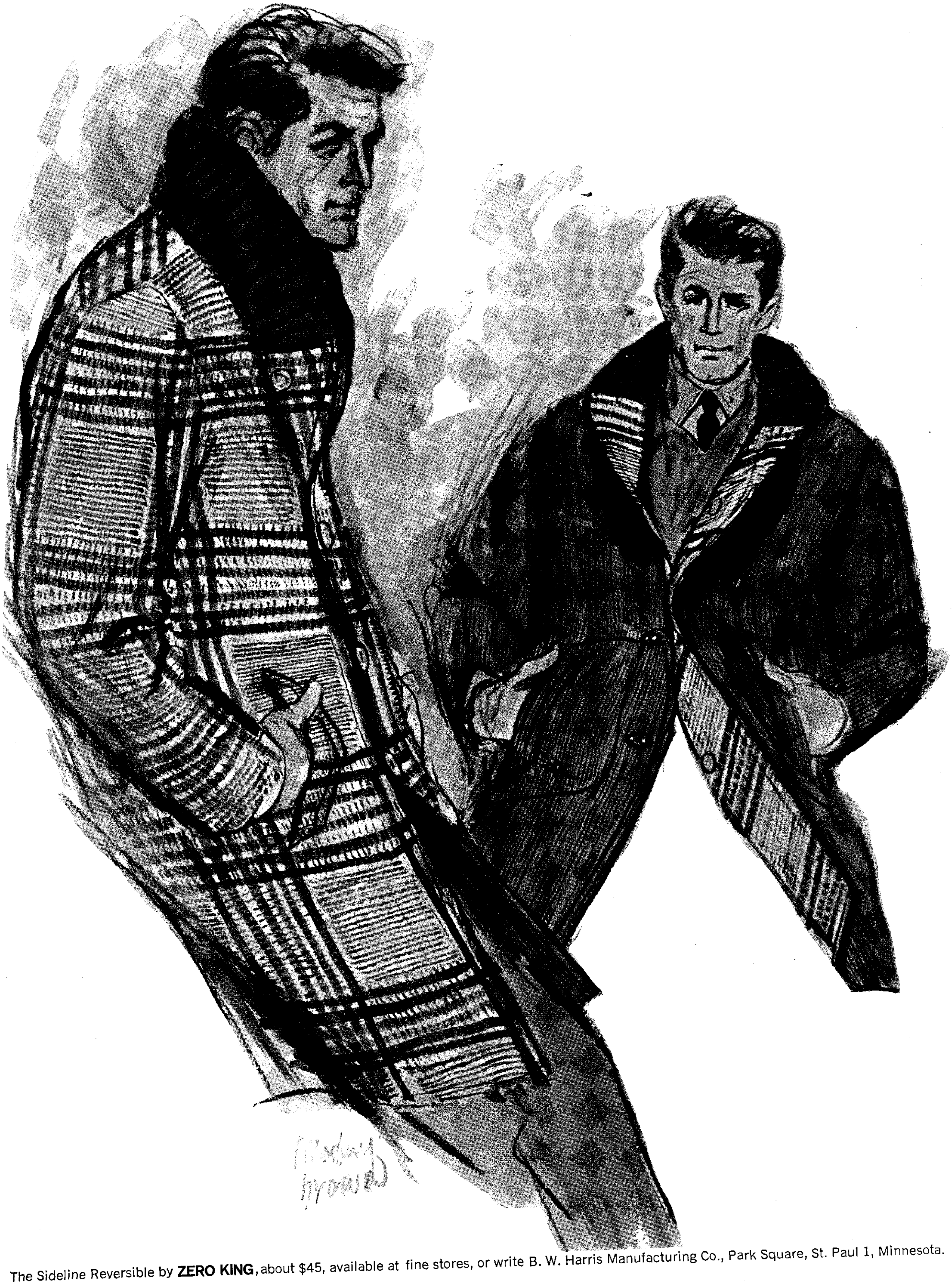


Bravo!

India is for people who suspect they've seen everything. It's an unexpected and delightfully different encore. A land as exciting as Lancers wheeling in close formation cavalry drill. As tranquil as a high lake in Kashmir. As glorious as the Taj Mahal itself. For colorful brochures about India, her modern hotels and travel facilities, see your Travel Agent or write to the Government of India Tourist Office.

New York, 19 East 49th Street. San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Toronto, 177 King Street W.

India



The Sideline Reversible by **ZERO KING**, about $45, available at fine stores, or write B. W. Harris Manufacturing Co., Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

Men conditioned to making decisions respond enthusiastically to the reversible coat.

Those mindful of their image decide when a particular situation calls for wool plaid or corduroy—and act accordingly.

Those susceptible to schedules allocate particular days or hours to each side. (Wednesday afternoon is excellent for wool plaid.)

The more intuitive simply wait for an inner voice that whispers: "I don't know, somehow I just feel corduroy."

In actuality, a reversible is more than a coat. It's a challenge.

Especially the Sideline Reversible by

ZERO KING

PROGRESS REPORT TO U. S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:

These 461 U.S. manufacturers have invested over $800 million in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Are your competitors here? Your customers? Your suppliers? 57 of America's 500 largest industrial firms are here (see ★). Should your firm be here, too? For facts, clip coupon at right.

Firm	No. of Plants
Chemicals & Allied Industries	
American Sealants	1
Brattan Co., Inc.	1
Cambridge Chemical Co.	1
Charms Co.	1
Chase Chemical	1
★**Colgate Palmolive**	2
Diversey Corp.	1
Elleo Associates	1
Endo Laboratories	1
Germaine Monteil Cosmetiques Corp.	1
★**Glidden Co.**	2
Gravi Laboratories	1
Gretsco Dyes & Chemicals, Inc.	1
Marson Corp.	1
Morton Salt Co.	1
★**Parke, Davis & Co.**	2
Reichhold Chemicals, Inc.	1
★**Sherwin-Williams Co.**	1
★**Sterling Drug, Inc.**	1
Stiefel Laboratories	1
Testor Corp.	3
★**Union Carbide**	2
Universal Nutritions, Inc.	1
Vineland Chemical	1
★**W. R. Grace & Co.**	1
★**Warner-Lambert Pharmaceuticals, Inc.**	2
Zimak Biochemicals	1
Electrical Machinery Equipment & Supplies	
A.M.P. Inc.	1
★**Allied Paper Corp.**	2
B&H Instruments Co., Inc	1
Barridon Corp.	1
Beacon Electrical Co.	1
Bruce Diamond Corp.	1
Caribe Electric Battery Corp.	1
Clairex Corp.	1
Curtis Mathes Mfg. Corp.	6
Daystrom, Inc.	1
Electronics Corp.	1
Electrospace Corp.	1
★**General Electric Co.**	6
Gibson Electric Co. (Talon, Inc.)	1
Guardian Electric Mfg. Co.	2
H. C. Wescott Assoc.	1
Hamlin, Inc.	1
Hansen Mfg.	1
Howard Industries	1
Howell Instruments, Inc.	1
Iona Mfg. Co.	1
Industrial Instruments, Inc.	1
International Electronics Co., Ltd.	1
International Resistance Co., Inc.	1
★**International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.**	1
Interstate Engineering Corp.	1
Kelvin Electric Co.	2
Kelvinator International Corp.	1
MacLachlan & Assoc.	1
Marbrook Corp. of Delaware	1
Mel Rain Corp.	2
★**Midland-Ross Corp.**	1
National Video Corp.	2
North American Seal Corp.	1
Phillips Eckhart Corp.	1
Potter Instruments, Inc.	2
Pulse Engineering, Inc.	1
R. E. Phelon Corp., Inc.	2
Rapid Electric Co., Inc.	3
Remington Record Syndicate, Inc.	1
Ren Mfg.	1
Robeson T.V.	1
Rollan Electric Co.	1
Sprague Electric Co.	2
★**Sperry Rand**	1
★**Sunbeam Corp.**	3
T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1
The Tenna Mfg. Co.	3
Weller Electric Co.	2
Yola International, Ltd.	1
Yolatron, Inc.	1
Zinsco Electrical Products, Inc.	4
Fabricated Metal Products, except Ordnance, Machinery & Transportation	
★**Aluminum Anodizing Corp. of America**	1
★**American Can Co.**	2
American Terrazzo Strip Co., Inc.	1
Arrow Louver & Damper Corp.	1
Bostitch, Inc.	1
Burkhart Brothers, Inc.	1
Casa International, Inc.	1
★**Continental Can Co.**	1
Dodge, Inc.	2
E.Z. Sew Enterprises, Inc.	1
Empire Slip-On Hook Corp.	1
Enterprise Metal Products	1
Grand Rapids Hardware	1
Hi-Shear Rivet Tool Co.	1
Jack Cooper Transport & John H. Craemer	2
New Haven Screw Machine Products	1
Pastushin Aviation Corp.	1
Potter Instruments	1
Prescolite Mfg. Corp.	1
Purdy Door Operator Corp.	1
Rite Engineering & Mfg. Corp.	1
Solo Products Co.	1
Sprayer & Nozzels, Inc.	1
Style-Rite Corp. of America	1
Sylgab Steel & Wire Corp.	1
T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1
The Union Malleable Co.	1
Trophy Craft, Inc.	1
Wire Novelty Mfg. Co.	1
Food & Kindred Products	
★**Beatrice Foods**	1
★**Borden**	1
★**California Packing Corp.**	1
★**Central Soya, Inc.**	1
Farmers' Rice Growers Assoc.	1
Filler Products, Inc.	1
Ford Gum & Machine Co., Inc.	1
Fuchs Baking Co.	2
★**General Foods**	1
Gnome Bakers, Inc.	1
Grosjean Rice Milling Co.	1
Howard B. Stark Co.	2
★**H. J. Heinz & Co. (Star-Kist)**	1
International Basic Economy Corp.	1
★**Kern Food Products**	2
★**Libby, McNeill & Libby**	2
Maryland Mills, Inc.	1
★**National Biscuit**	1
Nebraska Consolidated Mills Co.	1
Palmar Food Specialty Corp.	1
Parlier Products Co.	2
Peter Pan Seafood Co.	1
Prosser Industries	1
★***Ralston Purina Co.***	1
Rice Growers Assoc. of Calif.	1
★**Seagrams, Inc.**	1
★**Stokely-Van Camp**	1
Unanue & Sons (Goya)	1
Furniture & Fixtures	
Capitol Store Fixtures	1
Challenger Steel Products	1
Munday Cooper Co.	1
No-Sag Spring Co.	1
★**Simmons**	1
Leather & Leather Products	
A. Lowengart & Co.	5
A&L Seamon & Co.	1
Amity Leather Products, Inc.	1
Andrew Geller, Inc.	1
Aristocrat Leather Products	4
Artistic Leather Goods Mfg. Co.	2
Baronet Leather Goods, Inc.	6
Belle Moc. Shoe Corp.	2
Bowcraft Trimming Co.	1
Dexter Shoe Co.	1
Evy Footwear Co., Inc.	2
Hickock Mfg. Co.	2
Illinois Glove Co.	1
★**International Shoe Corp.**	6
Melody Shoe Corp.	2
Nash, Inc.	3
R. G. Barry Corp.	3
Rawlings Mfg.	1
Ross Shoes, Inc.	1
Sommers Plastic Products Co., Inc.	1
Sportswelt Shoe Co.	1
Steinberg Brothers, Inc.	2
Sudbury Footwear, Inc.	1
★**U.S. Shoe Corp.**	4
Utrilon Corp.	1
Wellco Shoe Corp.	1
Machinery, Except Electrical	
Ajax Industrial Supplies	1
Boben Mfg. Corp.	1
Craft Tool Inc.	1
Defiance Machine & Tool Mfg. Co.	1
Fogel Refrigerator Co.	1
★**Ford Motor Co.**	1
Hoosier Wire Die	1
Mayflower Packaging Co., Inc.	1
Metal Removal Co., Inc.	1
Rex Industries, Inc.	1
S. Klein Die Cutting, Inc.	1
The National Key Co.	1
Thompson Machinery Co.	1
United Greenfield Corp.	1
★**United Shoe Machinery Corp.**	1
Paper & Allied Products	
Benner-Box, Inc.	1
Diener Enterprises	1
★**International Paper Co.**	3
★**Johnson & Johnson**	1
★**Kimberly-Clark**	1
Lewis Business Forms, Inc.	1
Polymer International	1
Resolute Paper Co.	1

Firm	No. of Plants
Smith & Kanzler	1
Solo Cup Company	1
★**Union Bag Co.**	1
U.S. Paper Bag Co.	1
Vanity Fair Sales Corp.	1

Petroleum Refining and Other Related Industries

Firm	No. of Plants
★**Commonwealth Oil Refining Co., Inc.**	2
★**Gulf Oil Corp.**	1
★**Shell Petroleum**	2

Primary Metal Industry

Firm	No. of Plants
Bada Company	1
Continental Copper & Steel Industries	1
Phelon Co.	1
★**Phelps Dodge**	2
Products Engineering & Mfg.	1
Rich Mfg. Co.	1
Standard Steel & Wire Co.	2

Printing, Publishing & Allied Industries

Firm	No. of Plants
Consolidated Engravers	1
★**Cowles Magazine & Broadcasting, Inc.**	1
Home Master Publications	2
Keith-Clark, Inc.	1

Professional, Scientific and Controlling Instruments, Phonographic and Optical Goods, Watches and Clocks

Firm	No. of Plants
Airmate Co.	1
Baxter Laboratories	4
Becton, Dickinson & Co.	2
Dentist's Supply Co. of N. Y.	1
Eastern Watch Co.	1
Eisele & Co.	1
Endevco Corp.	1
Freeman Mfg. Co.	2
Goldberg Brothers	1
International Film Industries	1
Northeastern Surgical Sales, Inc.	1
Paulis Silk Co.	1
Southwestern Industries	1
Statham Instruments, Inc.	3
The Lufkin Rule Co.	1
Timex, Ltd.	1
Univis, Inc.	1
Val-Ul Air Products, Inc.	1
Vista Lens Corp.	1

Rubber & Miscellaneous Plastic Products

Firm	No. of Plants
Acro Crown Cup Corp.	1
American Kleer-Vu Plastics	2
Amplast, Inc.	1
★**B. F. Goodrich**	2
Baines Hind Laboratories	2
Comfort Slippers Corp.	3
Connolly Foam Corp.	1
Converse Rubber Co.	2
Dean Rubber Co.	1
Harrison Products Corp.	2
Miraplas Tiles Co.	2
Missouri Wood Heel Co.	2
Stanley Rudman & Assoc.	1
★**U. S. Rubber Co.**	1

Stone, Clay & Glass Products

Firm	No. of Plants
★**Carborundum Co.**	2
Concrete Thermal Casting, Inc.	1
Exact Level & Tool Mfg. Co.	1
George J. Santry	1
★**International Pipe and Ceramics Corp.**	1
Mansol Ceramics & Co.	1
Simplex Precast, Inc.	1
Sterling China Co.	1
Valley Tool, Inc.	1
Vermiculite Contractors, Inc.	1

Textile Products

Firm	No. of Plants
A. Bunasano	1
Ace Bag & Burlap Co.	1
Air Baby, Inc.	1
Angus Mfg. Co.	2
Annin & Co.	1
Ansonia Mills, Inc.	1
Applique, Inc.	2
Art Textiles	1
Bali Brassiere & Co.	2
Baylis Brothers Co.	1
Beau Bra Foundations	2
★**Beaunit Mills, Inc.**	1
Belle Maid Foundations	1
Belleclaire Novelty, Inc.	1
Bestform Foundations	3
Biflex Foundations	2
Bobbie Brooks, Inc.	2
★**Burlington Industries**	1
B.V.D. Corp.	5
Cadillac Coverall Co.	1
Canterbury Belt, Ltd.	1
Capitol Ornaments	1
Carnival Creations, Inc.	1
Carol Anne Lingerie Corp.	1
Carter Industrial Laundry	1
Character Foundations, Inc.	3
Chelsea Lingerie, Inc.	1
Chevett, Inc.	2
Clayton Supply, Inc.	2
Colfax Industries, Inc.	2
Colonial Corp. of America	2
Contessa Lingerie, Inc.	1
Cooper Textile Mills	1
Coyne Industrial Supply	1
Crescendoe Gloves, Inc.	1
Dauray Textiles	1
DeLuxe Girdlecraft	1
Delightform Mfg. Corp.	2
Designer's Knitting Mills	1
Designer's Workroom, Inc.	1
Detroit Overall Mfg. Co.	1
Dorset Embroidery	1
Eastern States Wool Corp.	1
Edwin Balder Assoc.	2
Exquisite Form Brassiere	8
Fabrini Imports	1
Famous Cotton	1
Felco Athletic Co., Inc.	1
Fetzger, Inc.	1
Fiesta Model Wear, Inc.	1
Figure Builder Foundations	1
Flora Mfg.	1
Fordham-Bardell Shirt Co.	1
Forever Yours	1
Fownes Brothers Co.	3
Fuhram-Levitt, Inc.	1
Gelmart Knitting Mills	3
Gem Lingerie	1
Goodline Sportswear, Inc.	1
Grandoe Glove Corp.	1
Greystone Knitwear	3
Griffin Garment Co.	1
Gutman-Lahn Glove Co.	2
Harwood Mfg. Corp.	4
Herman Hollander, Inc.	1
I. J. Dorfman	1
India Textile Assoc., Ltd.	1
International Stretch Products	1
J. A. Garcia	2
Jacobs Brothers, Inc.	1
Jantzen, Inc.	1
Jeffries Processors, Inc.	1
K&A (Elizabeth Kugelman)	1
★**Kayser-Roth Corp.**	8
Kulin Waste Products	1
L&W Brassiere Co.	2
Lady Marlene Bras	4
Lady Suzanne Foundations, Inc.	1
Lambert Products, Inc.	2
Langston Bag Co.	1
Lassie Togs, Inc.	2
Lebanon Shoulder Strap Co.	1
Lido Foundations, Inc.	1
Lifetime Lingerie	1
Lillybelle Brassiere Co., Inc.	1
Lilyette Brassiere Co., Inc.	2
Lovable Company	5
Loyal Novelty Co.	2
Lucien Pinet Upholstery	1
M. Hoffman & Co.	1
M.K.M. Hosiery & Knitting Mills	8
M. Sherman & Co.	1
Maid-Rite Novelty Corp.	3
Maidenform Brassiere Co.	14
Manhattan Shirt Co.	1
Max H. Kahn Curtain Corp.	1
McKenzie Pajama Corp.	1
Melody Bra & Girdle Co.	1
Messing Knitwear Co., Inc.	1
Miller Dress Factory	1
M'Lady Sportswear	1
★**Mohasco Industries**	1
Movie Star, Inc.	3
Nan Flower Lingerie	1
National Industrial Laundries, Inc.	2
Nylon Undies	3
P&L Embroidery	1
Panoramic Trading Mfg.	1
Paragon Art & Linen	1
Penn Products, Inc.	1
Perfect Brassiere Co., Inc.	5
Perry Lingerie Co.	1
Peter Pan Mfg. Co.	5
Picardy Mills, Inc.	2
Plaza Mills, Inc.	2
Premier Gloves	1
R.E.A. Coverall Laundry	1
Reliance International Corp.	1
Rhodia, Inc.	1
Ritefit Mfg. Co.	1
Robert Reis & Co.	1
Rosenau Brothers, Inc.	1
Rugrofters, Inc.	1
S&R Infants Wear	1
Sagner Sons, Inc.	1
Secret Charm	1
Seymour Frankl	1
Sidney Gould, Ltd.	1
Sokres, Inc.	2
Sonjay Mills	2
Spirite Mfg. Co.	1
Splendor Form Co.	4
Sportswear Hosiery Mills	1
Star Overall Uniforms Mfg. Corp.	1
Star Union Pajama (Pajama Corp. of Tenn.)	1
★**Stanley-Warner**	3
Stein Uniforms	2
Super Form Brassiere Co., Inc.	1
Tech-Aero Foam Products	1
Tennessee Knitting Mills	3
Textile Bag & Specialty	1
The French Worsted Co.	2
Threads, Inc.	1
Tiny Town Togs	2
Top Form Mills	1
Toscony	1
United Cellular Products	1
United Covering Corp.	2
Universal Elastic Corp.	1
V&D Machine Embroidery	1
Van Raalte	7
Veaumont Specialty	1
Vogue Bridals	1
W. R. Fromm Corp.	1
Warner Brothers	2
Wear Rite Brassiere Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
Wilker Brothers	1
William Gluckin	5
Wolfe & Victor Novelties	2
Wonderknit Corp. (Bluemont)	1
York Glove Mills	1
Youthcraft Creations	3

Tobacco Manufacturers

Firm	No. of Plants
Bayuk Cigars, Inc.	1
Blackstone Cigar	1
★**Consolidated Cigar Corp.**	8
D.W.G. Cigar Corp.	2
General Cigar Co., Inc.	2
Hartman Tobacco Co. of P.R.	2

Miscellaneous

Firm	No. of Plants
Allan Mfg. Co.	2
★**American Hardware**	1
Booth Leasing Corp.	1
Brumberger Co., Inc.	2
★**Brunswick Corp.**	2
D. Arnold Assoc.	1
Delta Brush Mfg. Corp.	2
DeLuxe Reading Corp.	1
Dirilyte Co. of America	1
Drackett Company	1
Elmer Handicaps, Inc.	1
Empire Brush Corp.	1
Evans Rule Co.	2
Fidalgo Sales Co.	1
H. Goodman & Sons, Inc.	1
Hayman & Lindberg	1
Henry Gonzales	1
Huisman Brothers	1
Ideal Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
International Swimming Pool Corp.	1
J. DeBeer & Sons	1
Joseph Markowitz, Inc.	1
L.M.D. Jewelry Mfg. Co.	1
Lazare-Kaplan & Sons	1
Linochine Products Corp.	1
Margolis Setting Corp.	1
Monogram Precision Instruments	1
Perrygraph Corp.	1
Playmaster, Inc.	1
★**Philadelphia & Reading Corp.**	2
Robert Berwald & Assoc.	1
Royal Bead Novelty Co., Inc.	1
Sani-Smoke, Inc.	1
Scandia Silver Co.	1
Scolding Locks Corp.	1
Sobel Brothers, Inc.	1
Solo Products Corp.	3
Tober Baseball Mfg. Co.	1
Valencia Jewelry, Inc.	1
★**Wilson**	1
Winsted Steel Balls Sales Corp.	1

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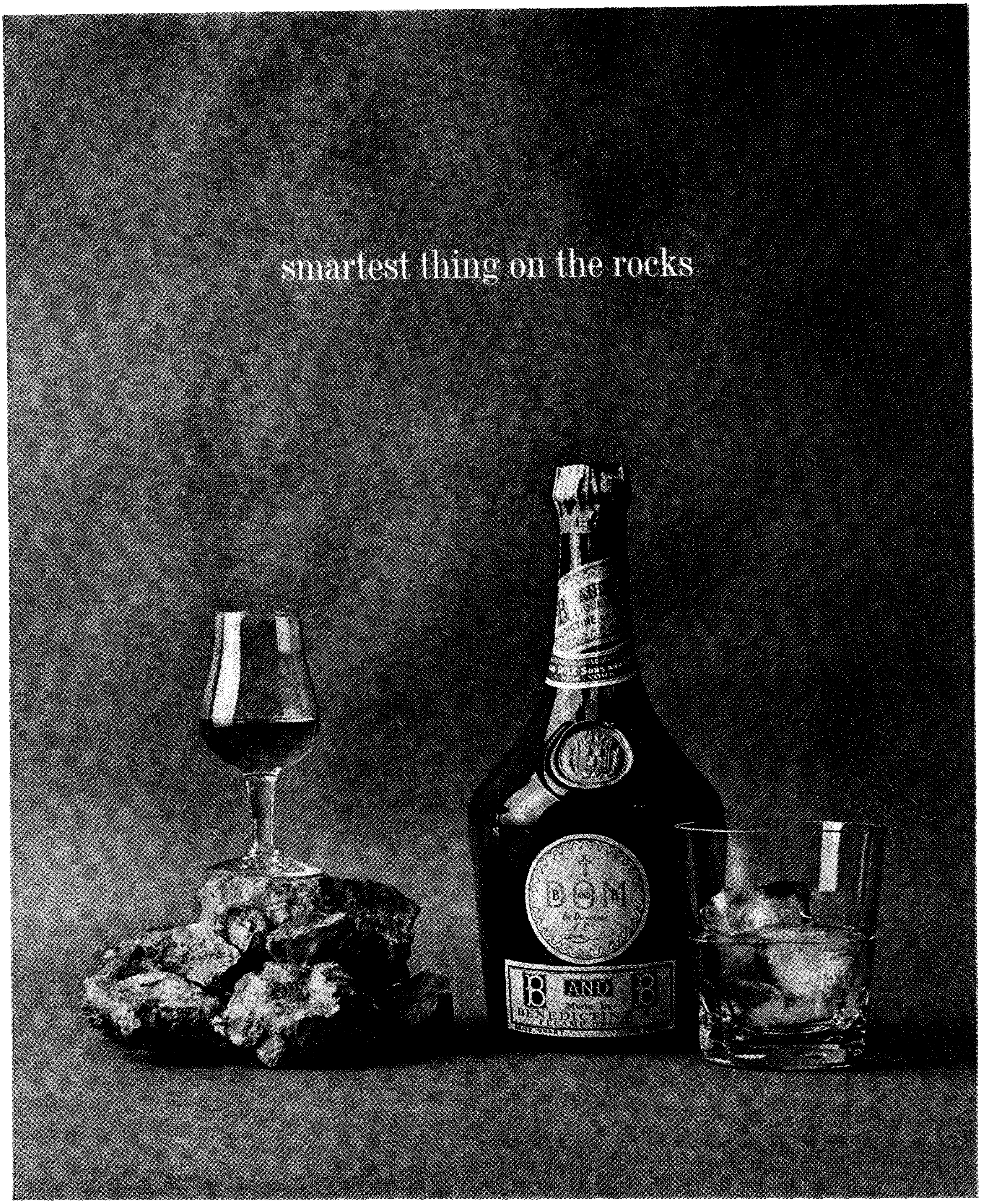

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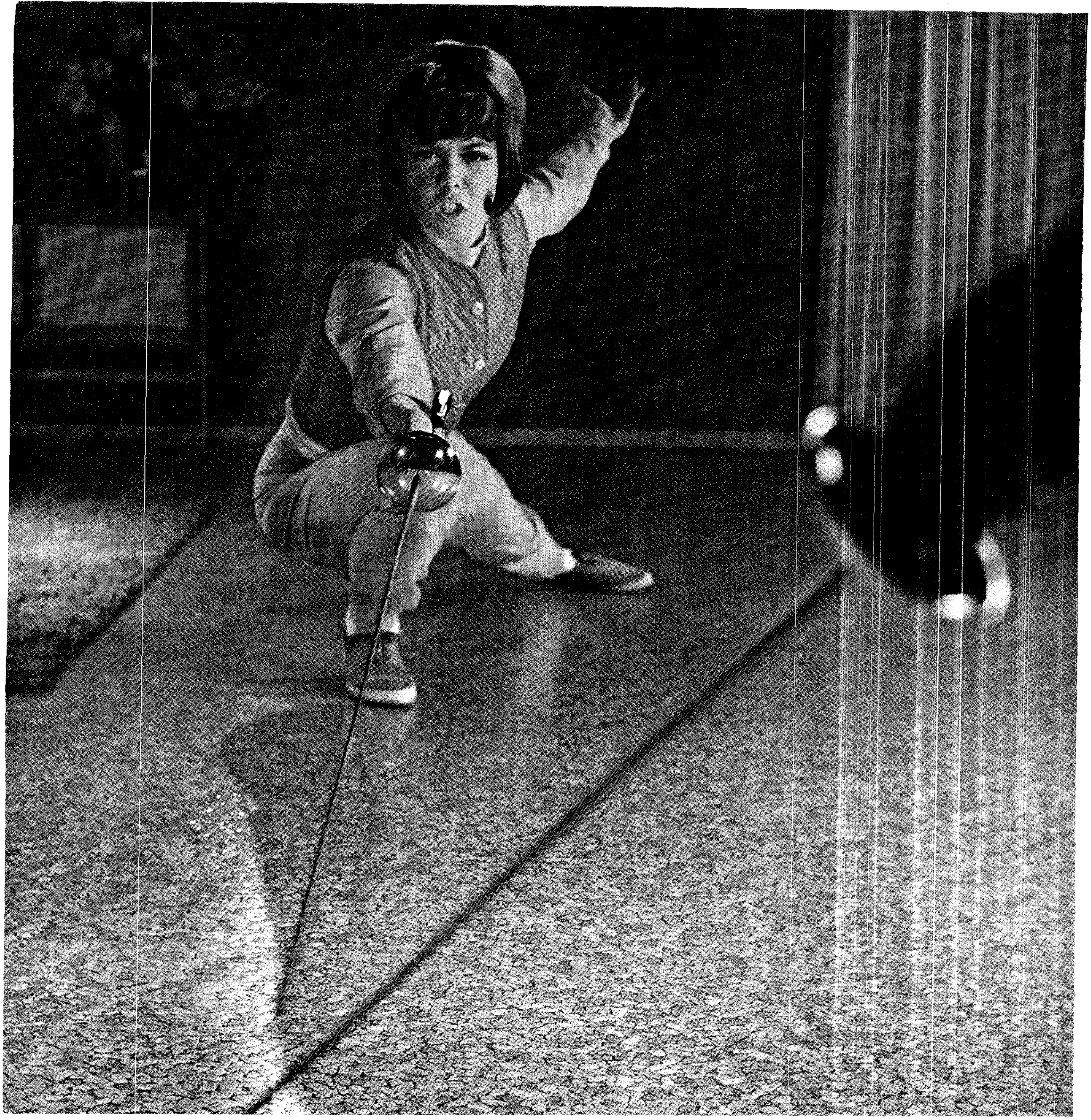

ANY MAN *(swish!)* WHO RENEGES
(swish swish!) ON HIS PROMISE *(swish!)*
TO BUY HIS WIFE *(swish swish swish!)*
A MONTINA VINYL CORLON FLOOR *(swish!)*
IS IN FOR BIG TROUBLE *(touché!)*

Once a lady sees Montina Vinyl Corlon, and the small stone-like chips it's made of, and the way the chips are set in deep, translucent vinyl; once a lady sees Montina's unusual, nubbly surface texture; once a lady sees in her mind's eye how a Montina floor can glorify her furnishings; once a lady's husband *promises* her a new Montina Corlon floor . . . he'd do best to keep his promise or prepare for battle. Ladies feel strongly about Montina. To see why, write us for a free sample of Montina Corlon. Write Armstrong, 6410 Payne Road, Lancaster, Pa.

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Model 358 Contemporary Stereo Theatre with Stereo FM/AM Radio and High Fidelity Phonograph. Gliding panels conceal 330 sq. in. TV screen.

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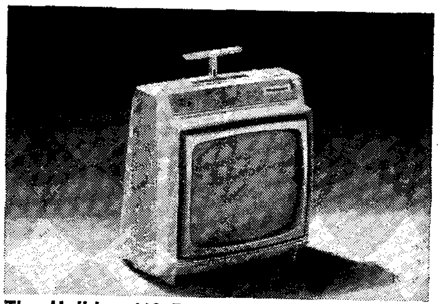
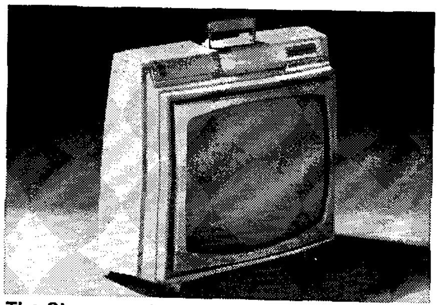
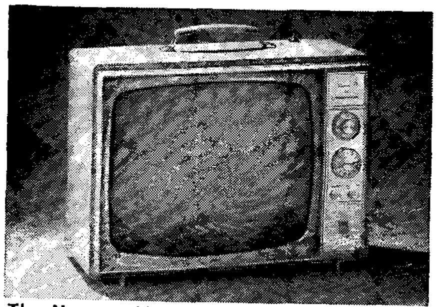


The Holiday 112 Personal TV has a 12 in.* (not 11″) screen, 3 I.F. stages (not 2) and other quality features that bring you the best reception anywhere. **Only $99.90.**



The Stowaway 107—16 in.* easy-to-carry portable in a beautiful Champagne-colored case that's packed with high quality picture performance, yet costs you **only $124.90.**



The Nassau 121—19 in.* portable that has power transformer and other big set advantages, found only in much higher-priced TV's, for **only $149.90.** *(*diagonal measurement)*

Have you the type of skin men fall in love with?

You can—if you treat it right. The first thing you have to do is to get your skin *clean*—really clean, cleaner than soap-and-water alone can get it.

Germaine Monteil has a clear, pungent quick-as-a-wink cleanser called Super-Tone that can do this for you. Cleansing will solve lots of skin problems all by itself—and is always the first step in any sort of skin care.

All beauty starts with a clear skin. No make-up, however good, will cover up a bad skin. But luckily, a poor skin is a problem you can do something about. Why not start today?

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Germaine Monteil

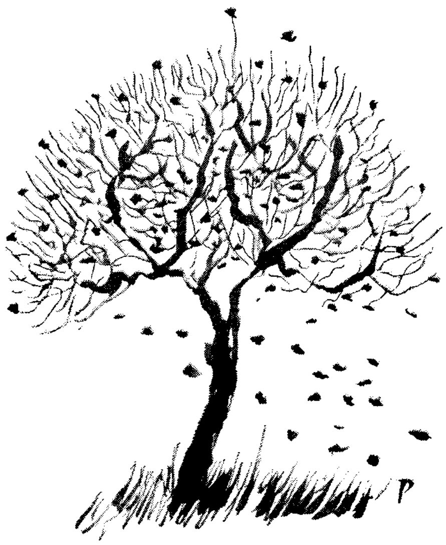
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are inclined to believe at times that the national emblem ought to be a middle-aged man in pajamas anxiously scrutinizing his tongue in the bathroom mirror. There is something positively hypochondriacal in the intensity of the American concern to know exactly how the country feels on every conceivable question of the day, and in the avidity with which Americans listen to those who take it upon themselves to finger the popular pulse. An election year, naturally, serves to increase the number and variety of these self-examinations. Besides the professional poll-takers, who employ statistical techniques of considerable sophistication and plausibility, an abundance of gifted amateurs have begun to probe the body politic with sensitive fingers. Walter Winchell, for instance, having little relish for the findings of professional samplers on the question of Presidential preference, has conducted a poll of his own readers and, to no one's great surprise, has arrived at findings much more to his liking. Our particular favorite among these extemporary scrutinies is a survey conducted by *Sales Management,* which has unearthed the dreamy information that eight out of nine executives of manufacturing companies would rather hire Lyndon Johnson than Barry Goldwater to fill a vacancy in the ranks of their salesmen. It now remains only to conduct a survey among night watchmen of manufacturing companies to inquire into which executives, in the opinion of the plant-protection men, are capable of perceiving any distinction between a salesman and the President of the United States. Or, better, perhaps, a survey of Presidents and ex-Presidents to determine which public sampling, in their opinion, is absolutely the silliest.

JOURNALISM is the last great refuge of the classical outlook on life. One never encounters in the newspapers the luxuriant disorder of actuality. Events are pruned into paragraphs, docketed, and docked until they are free of all but typical qualities. The triumph of the news is that it so seldom appears to be really new, but merely a fresh instance of a familiar general occurrence. The style of journalism is largely a code of strict conventions inflexibly repeated, like the art of ancient Egypt. Is there a spell of conspicuously hot weather? Then the "heat wave" must exact a "death toll," which is compiled, we sometimes suspect, by listing every local death that is not the demonstrable result of a gangland assassination. Even in life, the public is usually happy to coöperate with the press in the orderly task of gathering news. Let a gasoline tank explode, and eyewitnesses are sure to remark, at the first waggle of a reporter's pencil, that they "thought it was the Bomb." We have no fault to find with these customary formulations, which, indeed, are necessary to the daily miracle of bringing journalistic order out of chaos. But still we long, at times, for a richer note of human variety, a little slice of life with the bark left on. That is why we were pleased, perhaps disproportionately, with a small story in a recent issue of the *Herald Tribune.* It began, classically enough, as an account of the ceremonies attendant on the arrival at the General Motors Pavilion at the World's Fair of the thirteen-million-one-hundred-and-eighty-thousand-and-first spectator. The number was considered significant by General Motors because it broke their attendance record for the 1939 World's Fair, which amounted exactly—by a mathematical coincidence that only publicity men and other mystics can hope to comprehend—to the perfectly round figure of 13,180,000. The spectator thus honored turned out to be a five-year-old boy named Dave Stock, who flatly declined to play the part that publicity assigns to its ritual victims. When asked what he supposed all the hoopla to be about, young Stock replied manfully, briefly, and unanswerably, "Nothing." When asked what he intended to be when he grew up, he answered not a word but tried to knock the inquirer down. Master Stock's mother—Lillian by name—was almost equally reserved. On being presented with a G.M. washer-dryer, she coolly pointed out that she already owned two, and added, rather pointedly, "I always hang the clothes outdoors anyway." We congratulate Mrs. Stock upon her son. We congratulate her upon herself.



Movie Man

AS the World's Fair prepares to turn off its canned music and lock its gates for the winter, there is pretty general agreement that the surprise hit of its first season has been a lyrical eighteen-minute, three-screen documentary color movie called "To Be Alive!," which has been showing thirty times a day, admission free, all summer long in the Johnson's Wax Pavilion. The other afternoon, we had a chat with Francis Thompson, the veteran documentary-movie man who, along with his partner, Alexander Hammid, was responsible for making

“Frankly, son, I wasn’t very good at the old math, either.”

• •

“To Be Alive!” A cheerful, slightly built, gentle-spoken bachelor of fifty-six, who might be described as looking like the dean of a small but very good New England college, Mr. Thompson is at present up to his ears in making yet another documentary movie, this one a twenty-seven-minute film celebrating the delights of the Fair itself, which he and Mr. Hammid are now shooting out at the Fairgrounds. Commissioned by the World’s Fair Corporation, the new film will be shown on television this winter as a lure to draw visitors back to the Fair next summer. “Because of various complications, we weren’t able to start making the Fair film until September 12th, so we’ve had to scramble to get it done before October 18th, when the Fair closes,” Mr. Thompson explained as he led us into a somewhat cluttered film-editing room in his Manhattan studio, one walkup floor above a window-shade store on Second Avenue near Fiftieth Street. Clearing away several reels of film, he made room for us on a metal folding chair next to his desk. “To tell you the honest truth, though,” he continued, settling into a similar chair, “I’m happiest when I’m busy making a film. It’s the long waits between movies that drive film-makers to ulcers and an early grave. I’m a great fan of the World’s Fair, which I think is magnificent fun, especially at night, and so I’m having a fine time making this picture, although I wish we could have done it in Tri-Arc 335. That’s the name of the three-screen process we used in making ‘To Be Alive!’ But since the Fair film will be shown mainly on television, three screens are out, although we *are* doing it in color, which I much prefer to black-and-white.”

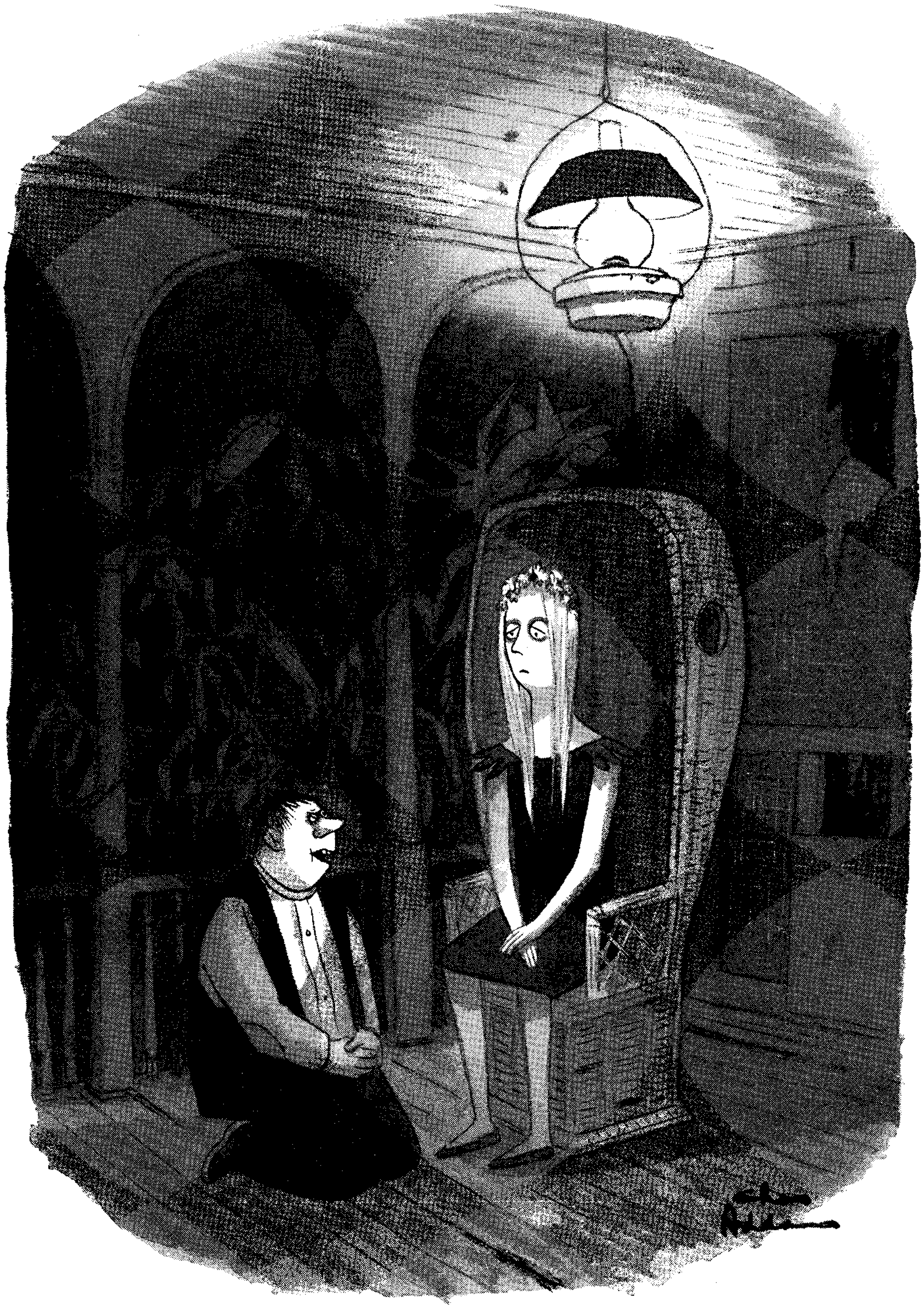
Mr. Thompson went on to tell us that he has been an enthusiast of movies and movie-making ever since he was a boy growing up in Titusville, Pennsylvania, a small town in the northwestern corner of the state, where his father was the local druggist, and where he passed a happy childhood occupying himself with such typical small-town pastimes as going to the movies on Saturday afternoon to see Pearl White in “House of Hate” and Lon Chaney in “The Grasp of Greed.” “When we came out of the movies,” Mr. Thompson recalled fondly, “I’d direct the neighborhood gang in a complete reenactment of the picture we’d just seen, or, other times, I’d get a roll of adding-machine paper from my father’s drugstore and draw scenes from the picture on the paper so as to create a kind of crude home movie, which I’d pull through a shoebox with a peephole for a viewer. I first started drawing those shoebox movies when I was ten or eleven, so actually I’ve been making moving pictures of one sort or another for over forty-five years.”

Before becoming a professional film-maker, however, Mr. Thompson was a painter, taking an art degree at Carnegie Tech in 1930, and then going to Paris for a year to study under André Lhote, the French Cubist. “I’m afraid I spent a good deal of my time in Paris sneaking off to movies,” Mr. Thompson said. “In fact, it was during that year that I discovered the films of men like Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Buñuel, and René Clair. Soon after I came back to this country, I settled permanently in New York. I made my living for the next eight years teaching painting at various art schools around the city. Meanwhile, I bought myself an eight-millimetre movie camera and started taking shots of New York from the tops of double-decker Fifth Avenue buses. The first time I loaded the camera, I threaded the film wrong, causing my pictures to come out blurred, and that gave me the idea of making an impressionistic movie about New York City, which I eventually did in 1958, more than twenty years later. It was an experimental fifteen-minute color film called ‘N.Y., N.Y.,’ in which I used various methods of distortion—prisms, special mirrors, trick lenses—to create an abstract portrait of the city. Until ‘To Be Alive!’ I suppose ‘N.Y., N.Y.’ was my best-known film—anyway, it won some of those foreign-film-festival awards. But I’m getting a bit ahead of myself. I made my first real, honest-to-goodness film in 1939. It was a picture called ‘Evolution of the Skyscraper,’ and it was commissioned by the Museum of Modern Art. So, having made a film that someone was actually willing to pay for, I decided to give up painting and go into the movie business full time, and in 1940 I joined up with a film-maker named Julien Bryan to make documentaries in South America for the Office of the Coördinator of

Inter-American Affairs, and films about life in a small American town for the State Department. The small-town films were designed to show foreign audiences how people lived in the United States, and thus were never released here. In the early nineteen-fifties, I left Julien to set up my own company."

On his own, Mr. Thompson then made seven documentary films, including "Fears of Children," a movie dealing with the problems of mentally disturbed children; "N.Y., N.Y.;" and a film on the peaceful uses of nuclear energy, which had been commissioned by the Atomic Energy Commission and was the first film in which Mr. Thompson used a triple-screen process. "I must point out that I wasn't the first one ever to make a multiple-screen movie," he said. "In fact, a film projected on ten screens was shown in Paris as early as 1896, and a full-length feature—a life of Napoleon—was done on three screens in France in 1927. The advantage of three or more screens, naturally, is that the film-maker can show several things going on at once, and thus create an extremely immediate montage effect. In 'To Be Alive!,' for instance, we have a sequence that was shot at an outdoor Italian wedding in Assisi. First, spanning all three screens—each of which at the Fair is eighteen feet wide, with a foot or so of space between them—we show a panoramic view of Assisi. Then we cut to the wedding, showing the bride in a medium closeup on the center screen, while at the same time showing a long shot of the entire wedding scene on the left screen and a tight closeup of the wedding cake, wine bottles, and so forth on the right screen. Hopefully, this gives the viewer a montage impression of the entire event, making him feel almost as though he were personally attending the wedding. Audiences, by the way, have no trouble following action on three screens at once; most film-makers terrifically underestimate what the human eye and the human intelligence can take in. As a matter of fact, I have plans right now for making a nine-screen film, and I expect to see the day when audiences will be surrounded by screens on all sides and above and below. I'm convinced that there will soon be a major revolution in movie-making, and that almost all movies will ultimately be filmed in one or another of the multiple-screen processes. 'To Be Alive!' may be the beginning of a new era."

"To Be Alive!" was made in Nigeria, Italy, and the United States over a period of eighteen months, and was completed just a couple of weeks before the Fair opened. "When Johnson's Wax first approached me about making a film for their pavilion at the Fair," Mr. Thompson said, "they wanted me to do a picture on the New Leisure in America—a leisure that has been made possible at least partly by the time-saving products of the Johnson's Wax Company, which were thus to be very much on display in the film. I talked the company out of this idea, though, and talked them into letting me make a completely noncommercial film having to do simply with the joy of living, and having nothing whatever to do with Johnson's Wax. Once they bought this concept, I must say they were the perfect sponsor, letting me go ahead and make my film without any interference. Alexander Hammid—or Sasha, as we all call him—is a long-time friend of mine and a veteran documentary-movie maker. As a matter of fact, he's out shooting our new film at the Fair right now. Anyway, he was extremely enthusiastic about my idea for the Johnson's Wax film, so off we went to Africa together. We spent three months in Nigeria, three months in Italy, and then a final six months around the United States. We'd origi-



"There's enough hate in my heart for both of us."

nally wanted to do some filming in the Orient, but there wasn't time to make the trip, and so, I'm afraid, the Oriental shots in the picture are faked. The little Chinese boy wandering by the pool, for instance, was shot in a park in Fort Lee, New Jersey. After we'd finished shooting, it took us about six months to edit the film and put it together with a musical score, which was done by the composer Gene Forrell, and with a narration, which was written by the poet Edward Field. Naturally, it takes longer to edit a three-screen film than it does to edit a single-screen film; in fact, it can be a terribly tricky process. 'To Be Alive!' is essentially a very simple motion picture. Its message is that while millions of people are frustrated and unhappy in this complex modern world of ours, there are millions of others who retain a sense of the underlying wonder of the world, who have a capacity for finding delight in normal, everyday experiences, and who realize—as the film attempts to make everyone realize—that there can be great joy in simply being alive. As I say, the message is simple, but when we'd finished the film we weren't certain that we'd communicated it or that audiences were going to like it. And so we were all awfully nervous when we first showed the film out at the Fair. But at the end of that first screening, the entire audience stood up and cheered and applauded. It was a great moment for all of us. I've been in the film-making business almost all my life, but very few Americans had ever seen my movies. Now, at the Fair, about fifteen thousand people a day see 'To Be Alive!,' and they seem to love it—especially the children. Everyone laughs and shouts and applauds and cries. It's wonderful. In fact, it's the nicest thing that's ever happened to me."

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THE Macmillan Company's current catalogue lists C. Burger's "Survival in the Executive Jungle" under the heading "Botany."

Party

THE New York Zoological Society's annual Members' Day Garden Party found the sun suitably shining and us on hand. Having left our car in a lot marked "Bronxdale Field," we boarded a tractor train and, while waiting for it to start, gazed at a big sign outside that read, "Welcome to the Zoo. See Animals from All Parts of the World. Be Sure to Hear a Tiger Train Lecture . . . Ride a Live Camel—" At this point, our train, full of members and children, started up, and, with a terrible clanking and many a jerk, trundled past scenes of stream and woodland beauty to the Park entrance near the Administration Building. We followed our trainmates to a young lady at an al-fresco desk, who handed us a round, beribboned tag reading "Garden Party at the Bronx Zoo. 1964. No. 2,443." We tied this onto our middle coat button, and, having read in our invitation, posted a fortnight earlier, that the big thing to see was the "New, Unique, Original, Beautiful, Surprising, Aquatic Birds Exhibit . . . a complete replacement of the old, original Aquatic Bird House," we repaired thither. This contains twelve separate exhibition areas, four of which, occupying two-thirds of the space, have open fronts; you look directly into them, that is, with no glass, wire, or screen between you and the birds. The birds, of course, can look directly at you. The first open-front exhibit we came to was "The Tropical Lagoon," alive with flamingos. Next was "The Shore," a stretch of seashore where terns, sandpipers, and plovers were skirting a shallow body of water with real waves, or wavelets. Mr. William G. Conway, the Zoo's youthful, fiercely mustached director and curator of birds, stood nearby answering questions. We stood next to him for a few minutes. "What keeps the birds from flying out?" was the most frequent question. Mr. Conway's reply to this, which he kept issuing with nearly the frequency of a passage provided by a stuck phonograph needle, was that the birds were happier where they were, what with natural surroundings and food; that it was lighter where they were, and darker outside; and that it really was no problem.

"What makes the waves?" a lady asked.

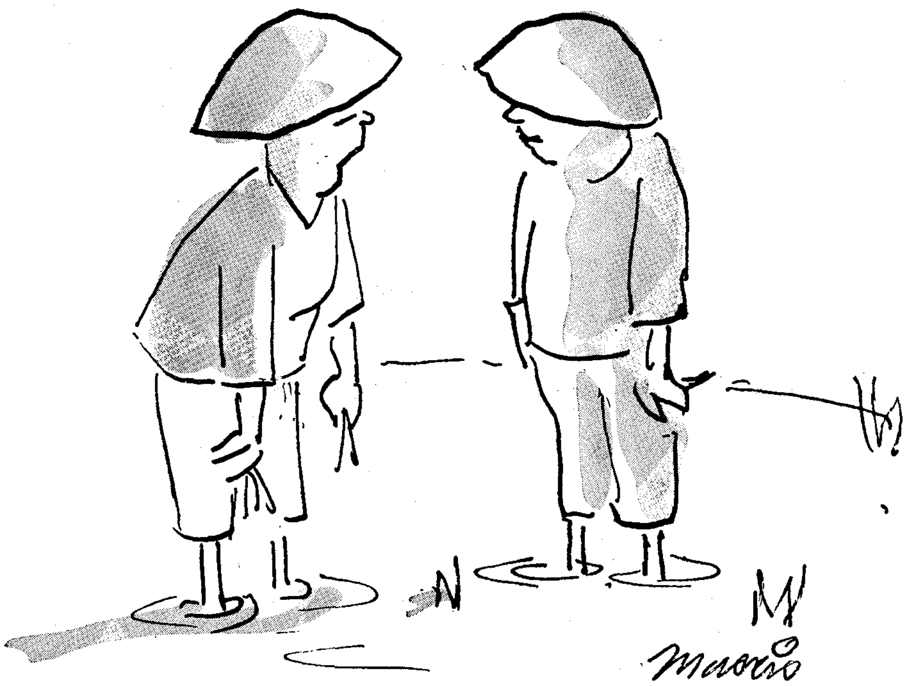
"We have a hidden wave machine," he said, and then turned to another lady and said, "How *are* you? Have you been birding in Trinidad recently?"

We pushed on to "The Marsh," full of wading jacanas, kingfishers, avocets, and long-legged stilts, and floating plants. The birds seemed busy and contented *in situ*—one kingfisher was munching a piece of fish—and paid us no mind. We concluded our tour with "The Swamp," a cypressy, mossy enclave full of egrets, sun bitterns, and kingfishers, all of which were unconcernedly strolling or flying around.

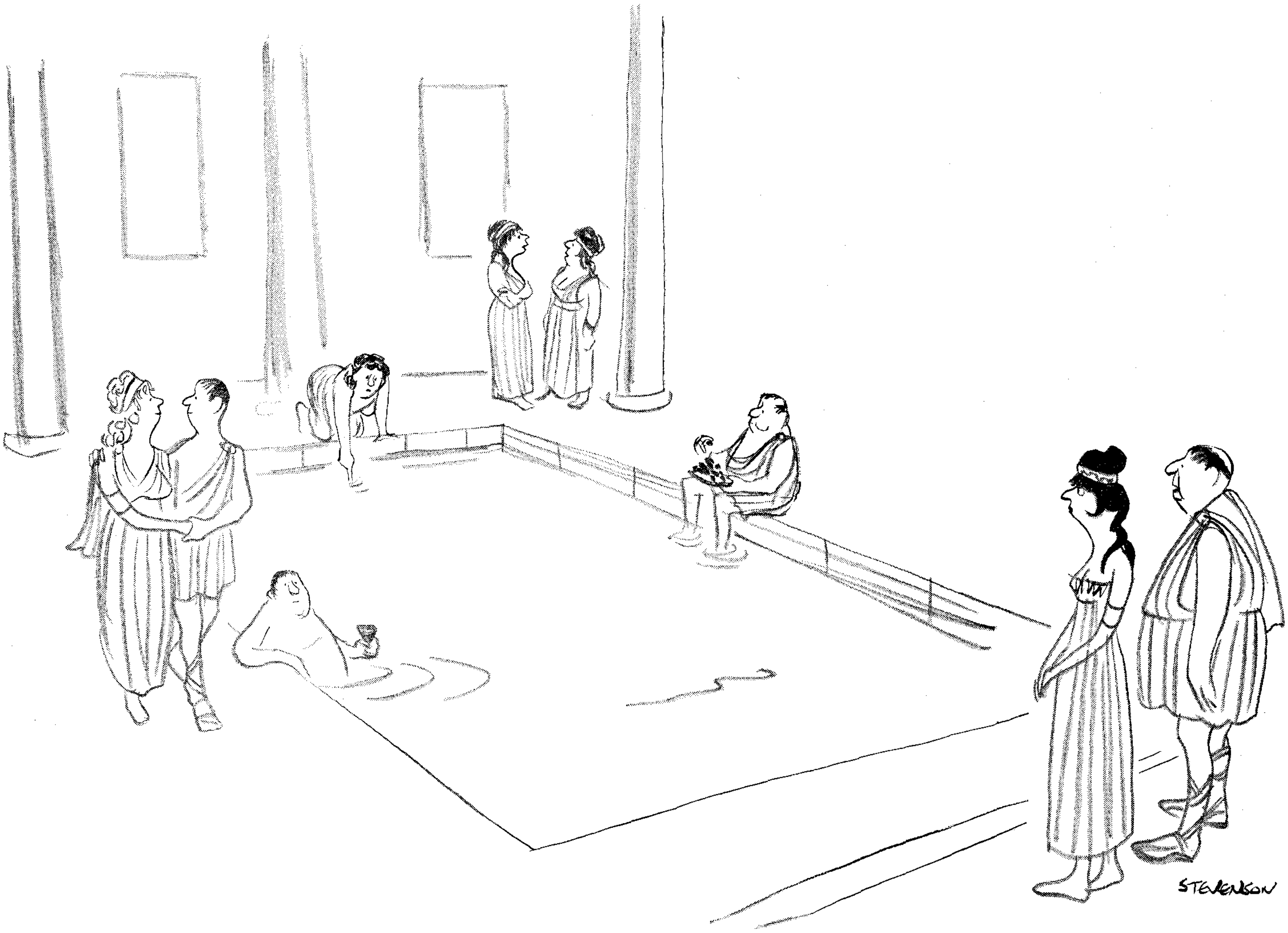
"Why don't they come out here?" a small boy asked his mother.

"They're happier where they are," she said. "They have water and food. It's not a problem at all."

Later in the afternoon, following a tractor-train tour of the Park, we settled down for a tea of sandwiches, ice cream, cookies, and orangeade under a big tent near the Sea Lion Pool, and persuaded Mr. Conway, whom we had spotted in the open, to join us. "Harmon Goldstone, the architect, did a grand job designing the new Aquatic Birds House for us," he said. "We have two hundred birds there, of seven-



"And what did Karl Marx have to say about a tired, rundown feeling?"



"Caius's and Livia's orgies never seem to get off the ground."

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ty species. The open-front idea is relatively new. It started in 1930 at the St. Louis Zoo, more or less by accident. They'd built a birdhouse around an open patio there, and they put some of the birds, with clipped wings, in the patio itself. Well, in due course the birds molted and began to fly around, but they stayed in the patio. This gave zoo people the idea of open-front exhibits. Philadelphia installed one in 1950, and in 1956, as adviser to the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo, in Colorado Springs, I installed one there. Most of the birds in our bird house here have been in it for a couple of weeks. So far, none of them have gone from one exhibit to another—they'd have to go around a corner, and the floor levels are different—but there *is* a South American sun bittern in 'The Swamp,' one brought back by Will Beebe, that walks out at night and strolls around. I can't imagine why he does it, but he never comes out until after hours, so there's no problem of fraternization."

"What happens if the public tries to fraternize with the birds?" we asked.

"We have closed-circuit television that keeps an eye on the open-front exhibits," Mr. Conway said. "Big Brother. 1984. But we don't anticipate any trouble. I must say I'm very proud of the way the birds have been behaving today. It's their first experience with crowds—we've had two thousand visitors this afternoon—and they haven't paid the slightest attention to them."

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SIGN observed on a Puerto Rican grocery store uptown:

MILK 30¢
LECHE 29¢

Mark's Mob

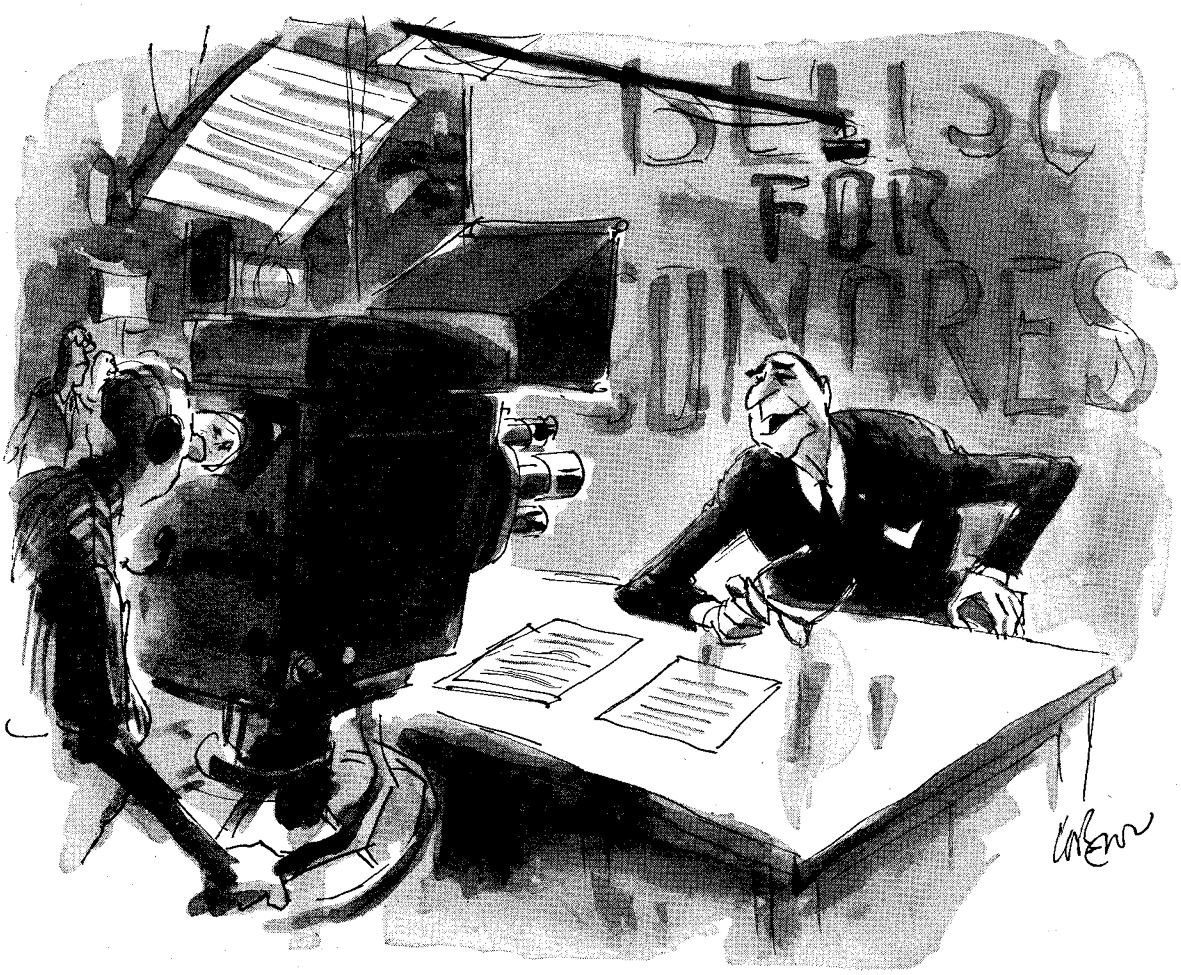
DURING a recent open-air art show in Greenwich Village (they occur as inevitably as phases of the moon), we encountered a quintet of small artists exhibiting a batch of crayon drawings that had been Scotch-taped to a railing alongside the entrance to No. 43 Fifth Avenue. We had barely had time to glance at the display before we were buttonholed by a handsome red-haired youth, who identified himself as Mark Wyland, aged ten, and leader of the group, whose ages ranged from Mark's ten down to five. "The way we work," said Mark, "is every man for himself. Would you like this drawing for thirty-five cents?" The drawing that the young entrepreneur was shilling for represented, as far as we could make out, some sort of castle—moat, drawbridge, and portcullis included.

We hesitated for a moment, trying to get our change in order, whereupon Mark said, "Twenty-five cents, and this is the last call."

We paid him, picked up the castle, and were offered, for ten cents, a manicure by a little girl who said she was Mark's sister.

"She can't shine your nails right," another member of the group informed us confidentially.

We told the manicurist that we'd see her later, and proposed to Mark that he bring his enterprising mob to tea the next day at the apartment of a



"Now, my friends, let me add to this list of financial assets the greatest of all my assets: four beautiful children, a wonderful wife, and, above all, the blessing of being born a free citizen of this great land of ours."

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friend of ours who lives hard by No. 43. All hands registered enthusiasm, but when the tea date occurred, Mark arrived with only two of his company in tow. "My sister had to take a nap," he said, "and Joseph, I think, got the mumps or measles."

Our friend, serving as hostess at this gala, suggested that her guests refresh themselves with a glass or two of soda pop, and while she was getting the stuff, Mark started peering about nervously.

"What's the matter?" we inquired.

"Are there any cats or dogs around here?" he said.

We assured him there weren't.

"I have an allergy to cats and dogs in a house, but outside I find them tolerable," he explained. "For your information, I make some money walking a dog after school."

He went on to say that, dog-walking fees excepted, he had made ten dollars in two days during the art exhibit, and that his parents expected him to be a banker. "I have a war within myself, since I am Irish, Scottish, English, and German," he said.

"You sure you're ten years old?" we asked.

"I'm very close to eleven," he said.

"Do you want to know who we are?" asked one of his companions, a pretty miss who was wearing a green plaid kilt, a white blouse, and patent-leather pumps.

"Yes, we want to know who you are," we said, looking around for Gilbert and Sullivan.

"We are the Cogans," said the girl. "I'm Sarah, and I'm eight, and he's George, and he's only seven."

George, decked out in a blue bow tie, a blue shirt, a red sweater, and green plaid shorts, giggled but presently recovered himself sufficiently to tell us that he and Sarah have a baby sister. "She lives under the table with the dog," he said, "and one time she pulled the tablecloth off and everything fell down."

At this reminiscence, the Cogans went into a state of mild hysteria, which was fortunately interrupted by the hostess's arrival with the soda pop.

While the Cogans concentrated on their beverage, Mark took the floor to enlighten us about his business methods. "You will note that our exhibit is so arranged that we get the attention of customers coming *north* or *south*," he said. "My associates, I'm sorry to say, make only fifteen cents or so a day, but, as I told you, with us it's every man for himself. I am, personally, an admirer of young people. As a matter of fact, when I was in Germany visiting my grandmother in Berlin, I was monitor in a kindergarten. This was just to help out a relative of mine. You know, when we started exhibiting on Fifth Avenue—it was about three years ago, and before the Cogans joined my group—the head lady of the Outdoor Art Association said we couldn't exhibit, because we weren't certified artists. But we did anyhow, and we've been going strong ever since."

Our hostess said she thought it would be nice if the children joined her in some songs around the piano.

"I trust it is on key," Mark said. "I am studying piano with a Juilliard lady, and if I should hear a piano off key, it might destroy my sense of tone. Right now, I have my own grand piano at home, and no one is allowed to touch it. My old piano has been given to my sister."

"That would be the manicurist," we said.

"That is correct," said Mark.

"My mother and my father are both lawyers," said Sarah. "Can you imagine?"

"What I want to be is a hobble," said George.

"What's that?" we asked.

"I don't know," said George.

"My father is in advertising," Mark said, "but I have not yet decided just what I shall become. However, I have a Japanese camera, and it is possible that one of these days I shall make some photographic portraits on Fifth Avenue."

We wouldn't put it past him.

CRASH

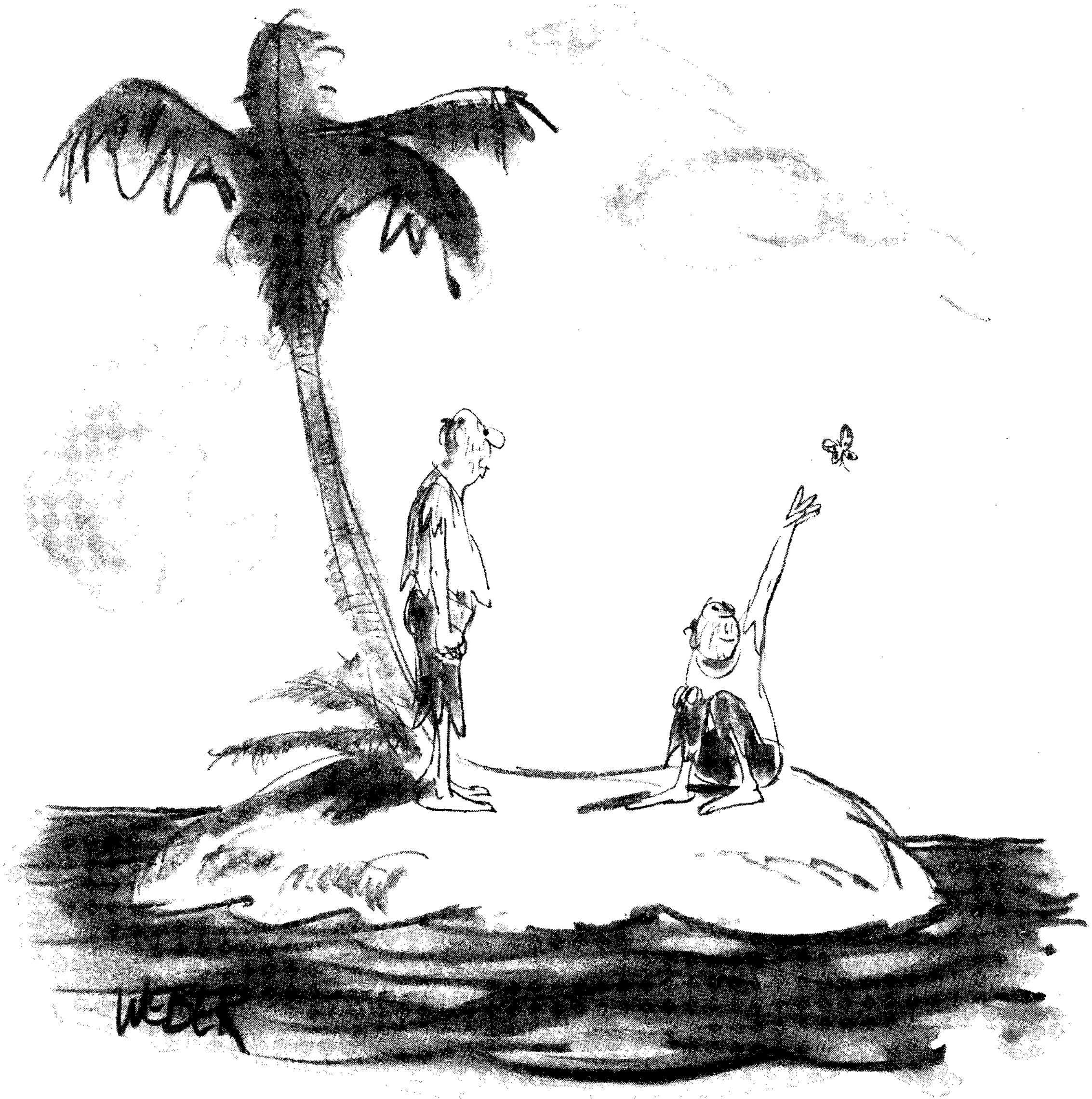
I DIDN'T read about the crash in the newspapers, because for a while I wasn't reading anything, but I was told later that there had been a picture on the front page of the Washington *Daily News*. I don't usually pay much attention to stories about smashed-up cars, but, of course, it makes a difference if the car and some of the blood splashed on it are your own.

As automobile accidents go, ours wasn't anything out of the ordinary. My husband and I and our two corgis were driving north on a two-lane highway toward Washington, where we live. A driver en route from one Maryland bar to another was travelling south, and he pulled into our lane to pass another car. I saw his car coming, and I remember feeling very much surprised. I wondered what on earth had persuaded him that he had room enough to get by. I didn't arrive at any conclusion—not because I wasn't curious but because I had judged correctly: he didn't have enough room.

I am not a good driver myself. Although I am no longer a young woman, strange men are still apt to drop whatever they may be doing when they see me attempt to park, in order to shout, wave, and offer me the benefit of their technical assistance. I am even worse as a passenger. Every time I pack a basket for a motoring picnic, I have a feeling that I ought to add something for Death to gnaw on, since he will certainly be with us, and probably hungry. I realize that my attitude toward the sport of road travel is a morbid one, and that as a naturalized citizen of the United States (I was born in England) I ought to develop a healthier outlook, but Americans sometimes expect too much of Europeans, and frightened of other drivers is what, when I am in a car, I am.

I have made some progress, nevertheless. I used to speculate, as I made my nervous way along the vast highways that surround Washington, on what I would do if one of the cars approaching me chose to move into my lane. The line of worried reasoning I pursued was the same that I followed years ago during World War II, when I lived in London and the air raids were in full bloom. Then I wondered what I would do if I suddenly found myself buried under a pile of rubble. I wanted very much to emulate the heroes of history and do the right thing instantaneously, without giving the matter a thought, and what bothered me was not so much the prospect of being buried as that in the confusion of the burial I might not have the remotest notion of what *was* the right thing to do. I never found the answer to my rubble question, because the nearest I came to an enemy bomb was the outer edge of its draft, but I have solved the one about the head-on crash. I now know what one does, and although it may sound eccentric to say so, the experience of our crash has consoled me.

The accident happened one wet Saturday evening in September a year ago, when my husband, Charles, and I were on our way home after spending a day in the country. Charles was driving, I was in the seat beside him, and the two dogs, an empty picnic hamper, and a load of gardening tools were in back. Our day had gone well; it had been warm and sunny all afternoon, and now, after dark, a light rain was falling. We were taking the trip slowly—we had nothing to do with the evening except get home and give the dogs their supper, and for once while travelling along a highway I was not thinking about death. What I *was* thinking about was the selfish pleasure of our isolation (for the duration of our drive, no one could reach us, speak with us, or interrupt us), and of how apt one is to associate happiness with the past—things over and done with—instead of with the dailinesses of now. I felt wrapped in a tight cocoon of con-



"Damn it, Horton, I said the meeting will come to order!"

tentment, and the fact that this was woven chiefly of fresh air and a good dinner did not make it seem any less poetic.

The drive was very familiar. We came down this highway and back up it most weekends, although not always on the same days or at the same hours. We knew the scenery so well that when an "X" that had been missing for months from a TEXACO sign was replaced, we discussed the possible significance of the change. Did it mean that the business—scruffy-looking—had been bought by some ambitious, tidy-up fellow, or that there had been a general over-all improvement in the X trade? On the night of the accident, however, through the blur of the soft rain, everything outside the car was as I expected it to be, and everything inside, too, including a just perceptible anxiety on the part of the younger dog. Her dinner would be late again. Nobody likes it when his gods let him down, and from her earliest years this animal had never wholeheartedly embraced the theory that those who share in family outings must take the rough with the rough.

There was very little traffic going toward Washington, but a fairly steady belt of headlights was coming out. I wondered vaguely whether the cars might be on their way home from Rosecroft Raceway—I had no idea what time of day or night the races there ended. And then suddenly one pair of lights pulled into our lane, and in what must have been a matter of seconds the younger dog (the punctual one) was dead.

The three people involved in the crash owed their lives to using and not using seat belts. My husband and I used them and had ours buckled, and so we were prevented from flying through our windshield. The man driving the other car either did not have a belt or did not have it buckled; when his car burst into flames, he was thrown clear of his own bonfire. I believe the only injury he suffered was a bump on the head and a fright, but our subsequent acquaintance hasn't been the sort that flowers readily into an exchange of confidences and I may be wrong about the fright.

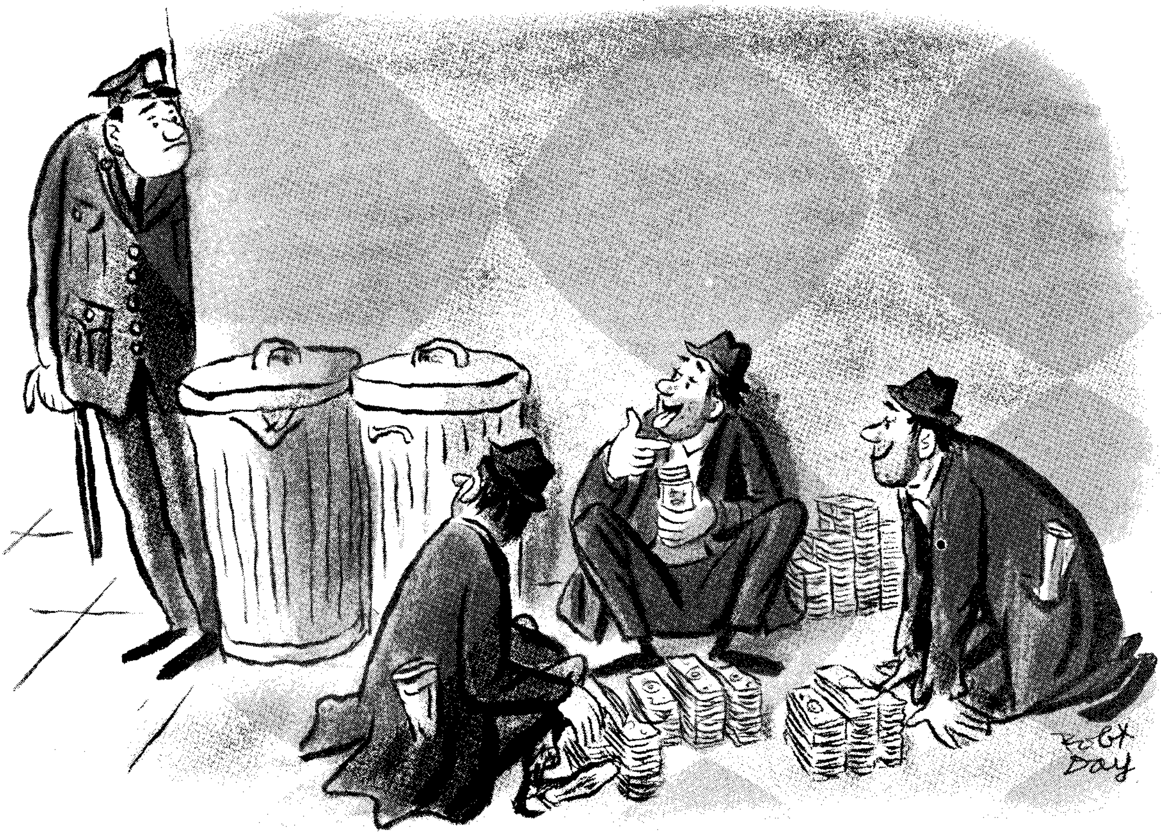
Charles and I collected a string of problems that included a jaw smashed in several different places for him, and a crushed chest and a concussion for me. At the time, I was puzzled by what had happened but was not in pain from it. I thought I must be dreaming. A part of our car was on fire, and there was an unpleasant odor of burned hair and dung: the dead dog. Off to one side, I could see an oblong block of leaping red and orange flames: the other car. So one *can* dream in color, I thought—not only in black-and-white, as I had supposed. I closed my eyes, as one does when waiting for a nightmare to pass, but when in a while I opened them again the view was the same, although the smell had become stronger.

"Miss Macomber? Mrs. Hackett here. Mr. Hackett on way to office. Foul humor. Complained eggs underdone, toast overdone, coffee pfui. Advise alert staff. That is all."

I seemed to be enclosed in some sort of stiff casing that prevented movement—a box, I decided, with a hole cut in it for my face. There seemed no point in trying to get out of the box until I knew how much energy I had, and whether getting out was the best way to expend it. If I wait, I thought, I shall probably discover where I am and what is going on.

It was about then that I learned the answer to my question of what you do when you are involved in a head-on automobile crash. It is nothing, because nothing is called for. At the moment after impact, before policemen, emergency squads, and, finally, doctors and nurses come to your rescue, you are picked up and cared for by a great many people who do not yet know that you have been hurt. I do not understand how this works, and I didn't then, although it seemed sensible enough at the time. I supposed that since today's thinking could affect tomorrow's behavior, the reverse might occasionally be true, too. Tomorrow, our friends would hear what had happened to us, but it was tonight that we needed their help.

I heard my husband telling someone our name. (Later, when he regained consciousness in hospital, he did not remember helping to lift me out of the smashed car, or even having been in an accident at all.) I was moved from the box and placed on the ground at the side of the road, but I thought it was into an enormous, very comfortable bed. I felt warm, safe, cared for, and pleasantly sleepy, although I was aware of a lot of fuss and noise going on somewhere beyond the end of my bed. A woman's voice assured me over and over that I was going to be all right, and a man cried wildly, "My God, what a mess!" I tried to rouse myself enough to tell them both not to worry; I was sure that, mess or not, I could manage. I wanted to explain that there were limitless supplies of strength and cheerfulness stuffed into the mattress underneath me, and although these were not mine, for the time being they were completely at my disposal. However, when I tried to talk I found I couldn't. So I dozed, and enjoyed my bed.



"What are we doing? We're counting money. Why do you ask?"

It was not until I was in the ambulance that I found myself in difficulties. Somehow, in the confusion of moving, my bed seemed to have been left behind, and without it I couldn't breathe properly. Above the scream of the siren, I could hear the ambulance driver and the attendant discussing baseball—they had to shout to make themselves heard. I tried to call out to tell them about my bed and my breathing, but since I couldn't make any sound, I couldn't attract their attention. I felt very much put out. Every breath I took meant lowering a heavy bucket into a deep well and drawing it up again, and both maneuvers were extremely painful. I decided I would continue breathing until we reached the hospital, and not a moment longer. Once there, since the ambulance men had caused my troubles by leaving my bed behind, they would have to cope with my bucket themselves.

IT took me a week to relearn how to breathe, and after that I had to learn how to operate my body. Once, years before, I had been allowed to take the wheel of a transatlantic liner for a few minutes, and what fascinated me most was the time lag between the issue of my instructions to the ship and the ship's response. My post-accident body seemed to work the same way, but less efficiently, and making sure that it carried out my orders was quite tiring. Sometimes it would refuse altogether, particularly at meals. I would spoon soup into my mouth, only to have it run out through a hole that had been made in my throat to enable me to breathe more easily. The soup would then reassemble itself in a piping-hot puddle on my bosom. This was not only uncomfortable but also, to my mind, wasted effort, but when in a light moment I wrote a note to the nurse—I was unable to talk—suggesting that I cut out a stage in the proceedings by pouring the soup directly onto my night clothes, she could not read my writing, and merely scowled.

Charles and I were in the same hospital, and from time to time reports were brought to me about his progress. One day, a nurse wheeled him into my room. My husband looked thin and tired and badly knocked about, but he reached his hands out eagerly, and I ordered my hands to do the same. They obeyed at once, and seeing them behave so well gave me the idea that it would be a great relief if I could cry. I tried to think what instructions I should give myself to produce tears, but I did not know, and so I took up my scratch pad instead. I intended to ask Charles if he was still in pain, if he could eat and sleep now, and if, at the time of the crash, he had prayed for us both or whether, like me, he had been so full of astonishment and curiosity and the pleasures of *his* bed that he had forgotten.

But before I started to write, Charles said, "Don't try to talk. We shall have years."

So until the nurse wheeled him away, we sat in silence with our hands touching gently—too dry to weep, and too weak to hold, but contented enough, I think. —JOYCE WARREN

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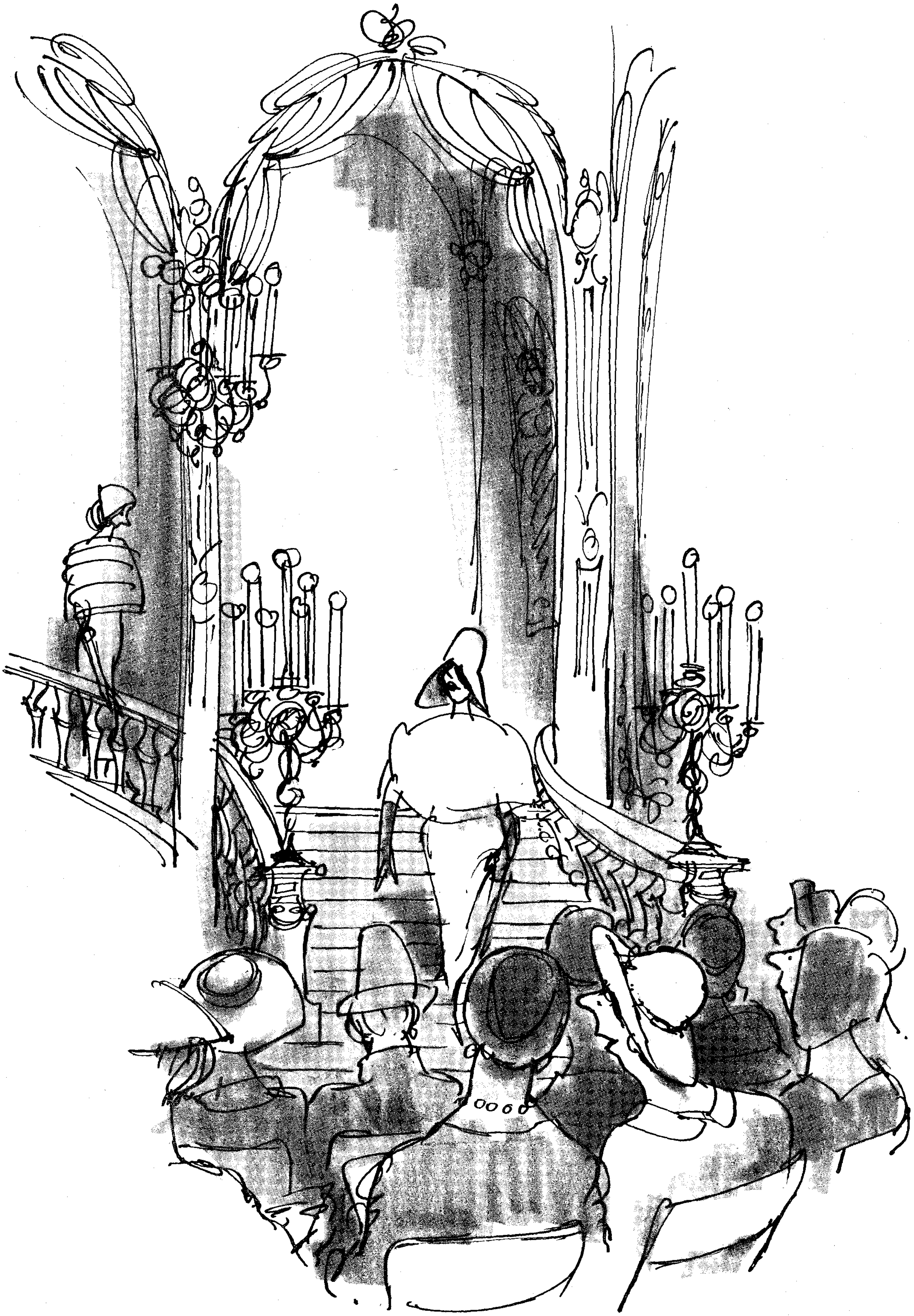
THE CRACK

There is a private tension that endears
the opposed split sides of a granite block;
some deep affinity decides the rock
when the first fault or wavering edge appears,
and the grained flaw grows jaggeder as it nears
the face that someone beat upon or broke
in art or anger. Sometimes at such a crack
all holds; so luck, so lovingly, coheres.

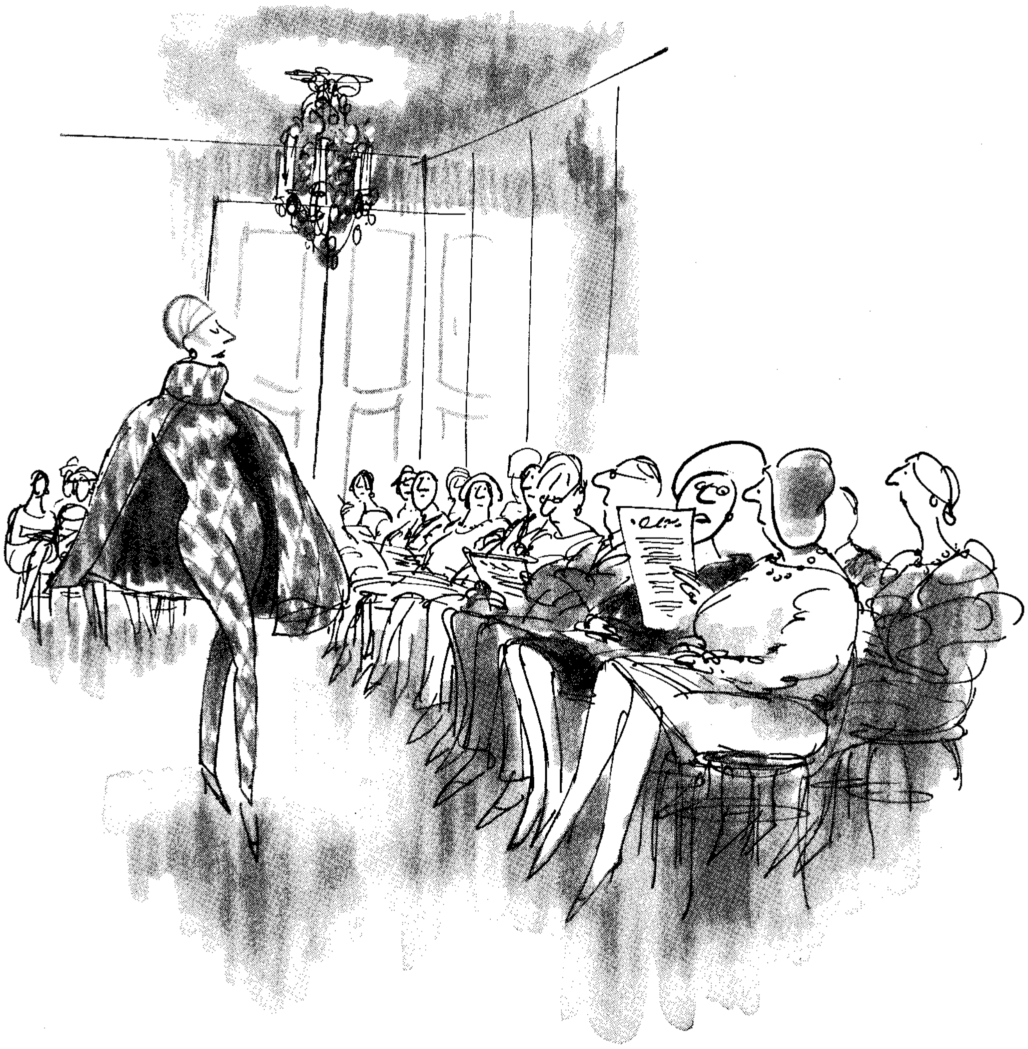
I saw a Lipchitz Mother straining once
to embrace the air, made jagged by her grace,
and Lipchitz said that he had meant the stone
merely to test his tools, but had begun
serious work on staring at a face
his hammer had laid bare by luck alone.

—MICHAEL GOLDMAN

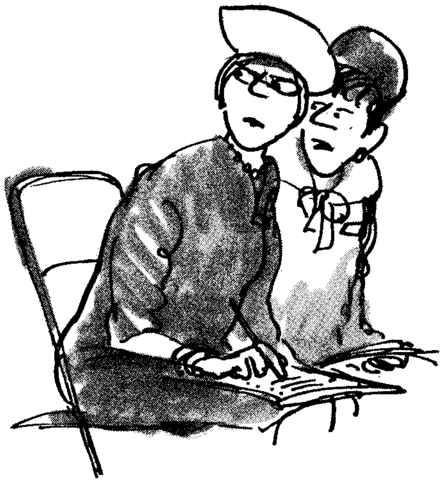


"He gets his inspiration walking the heath of his native Scotland."

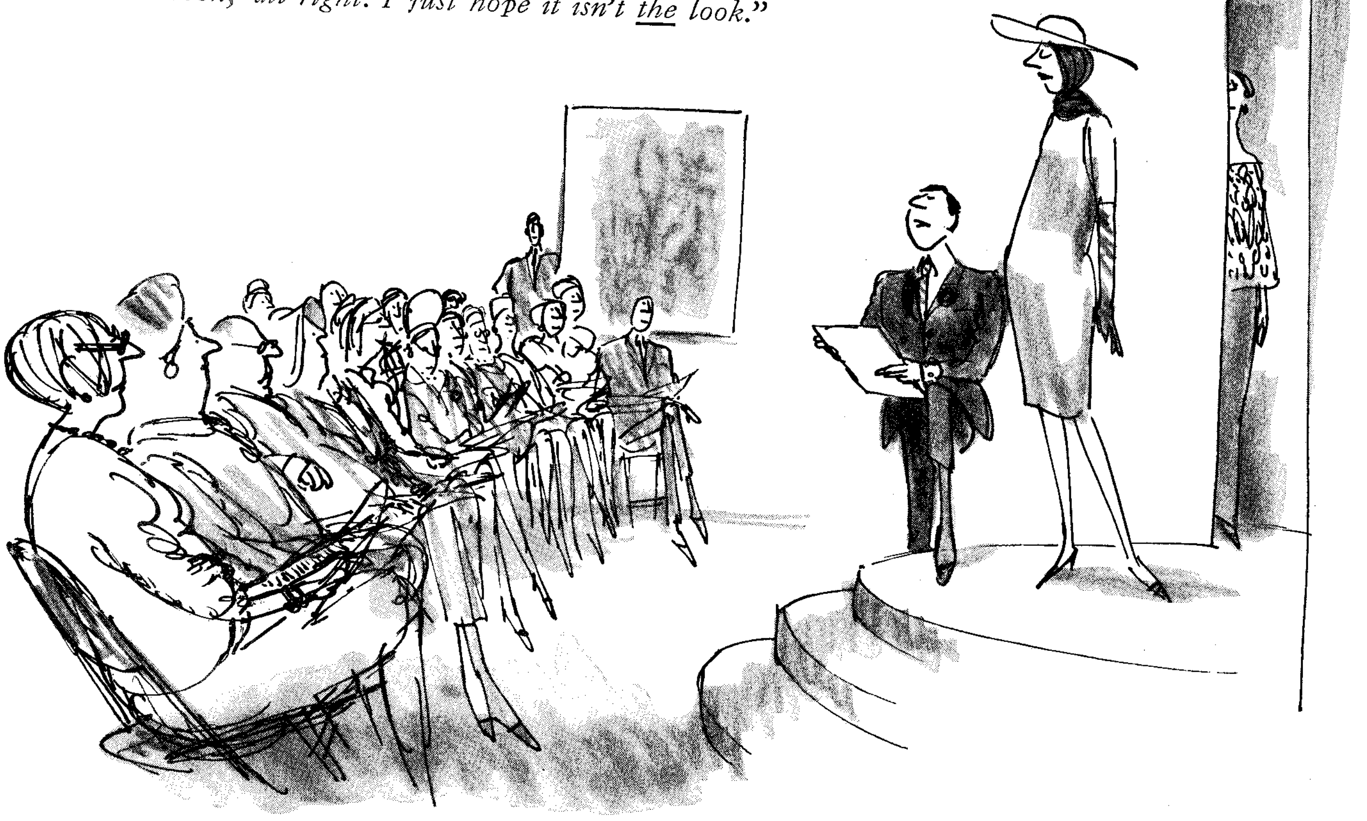
HAUTE COUTURE



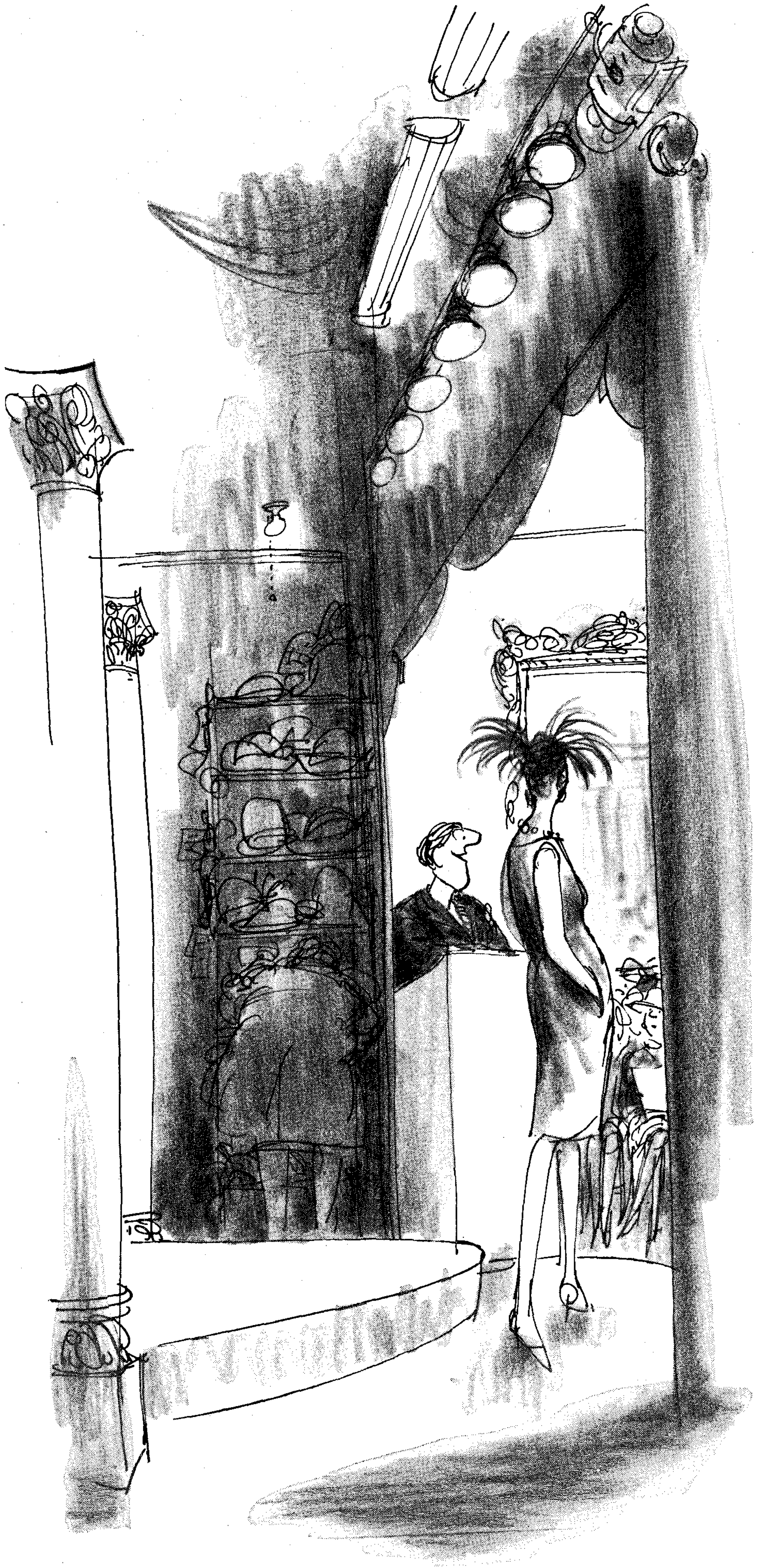
"It's a 'look,' all right. I just hope it isn't __*the*__ *look."*



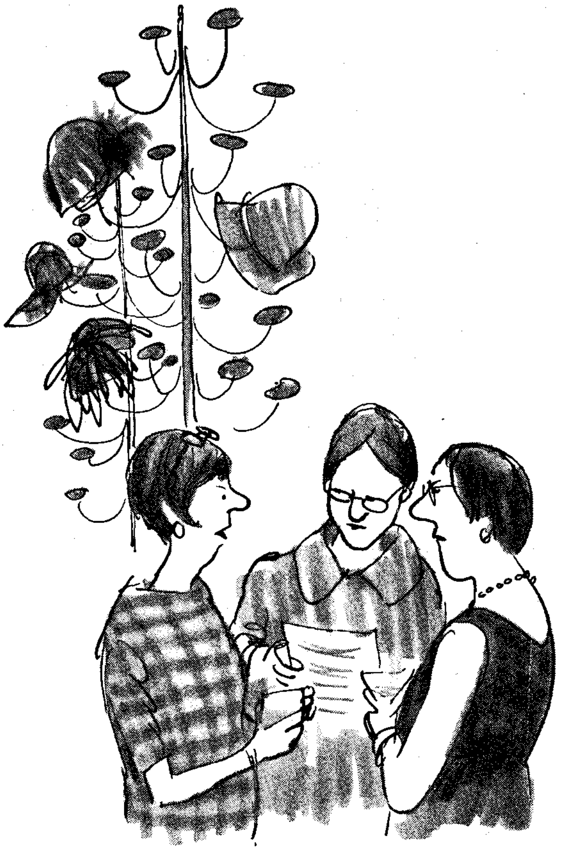
"Mrs. Vreeland is frowning."



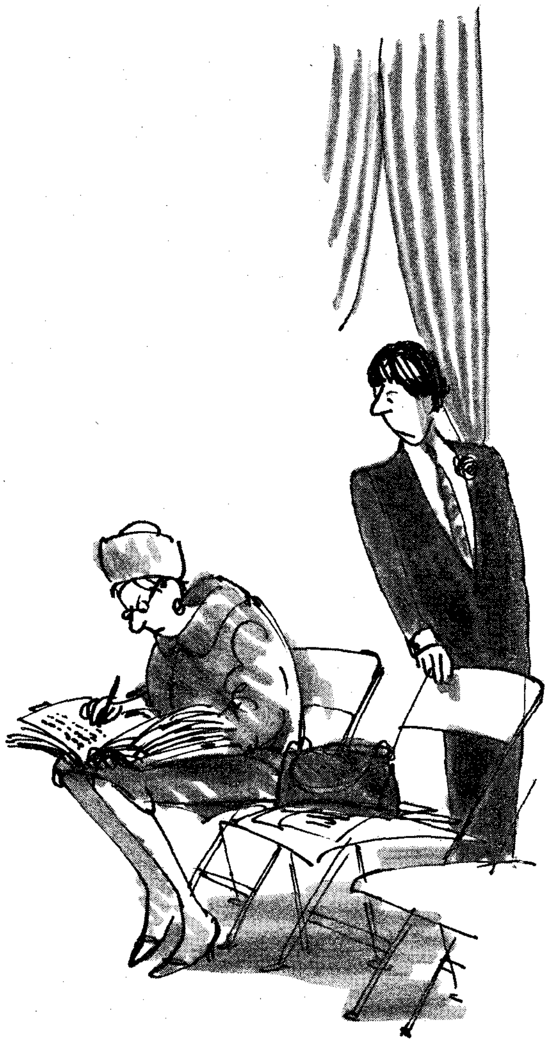
"My No. 932. A statement for our time."

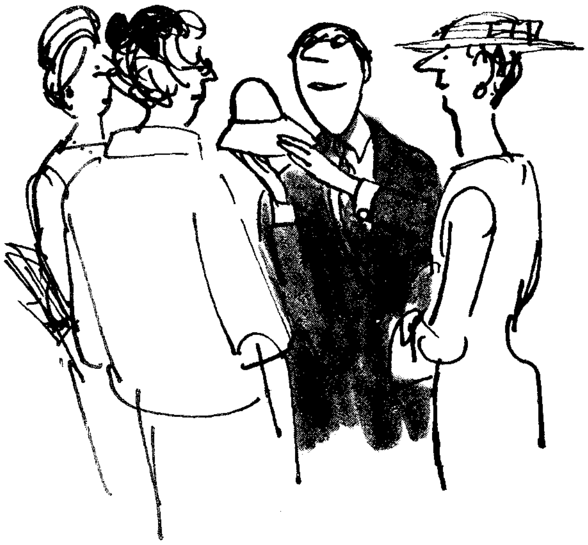


"This is my hat for that special moment. A little hat that smiles and says 'Hello!' "

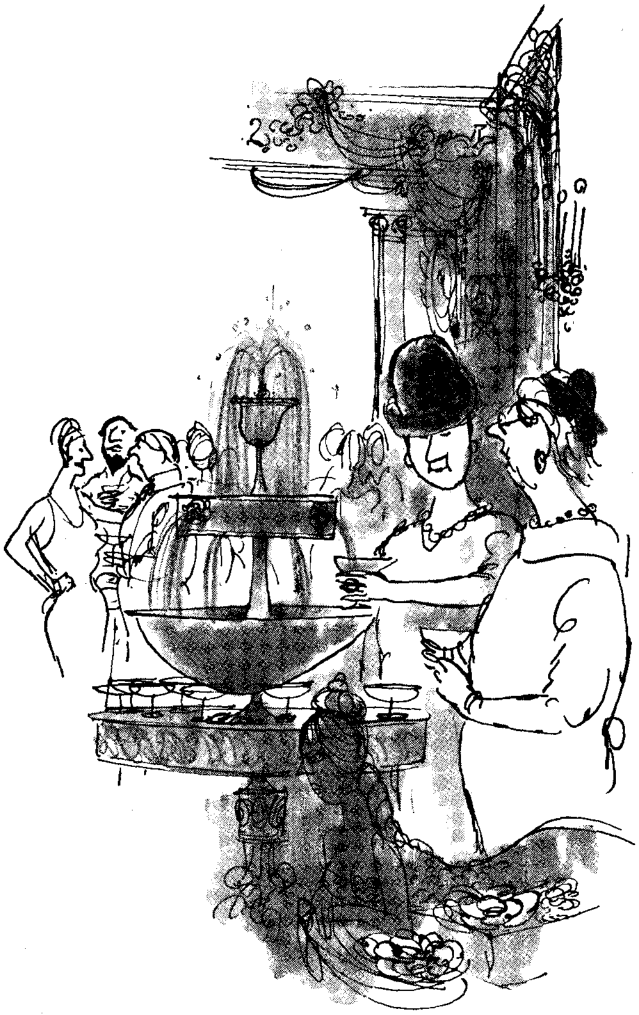


"You might as well face it. Things are going to stay overpriced."

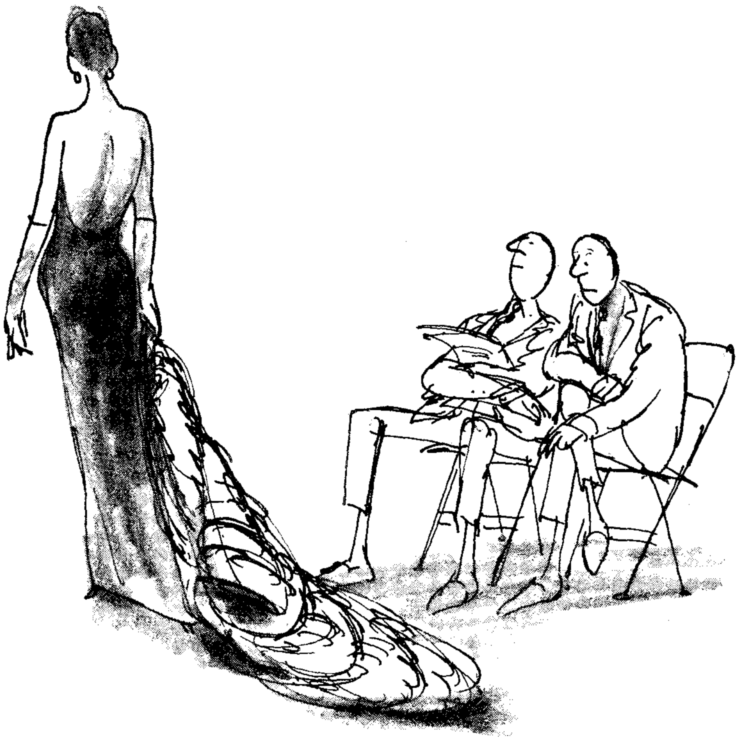


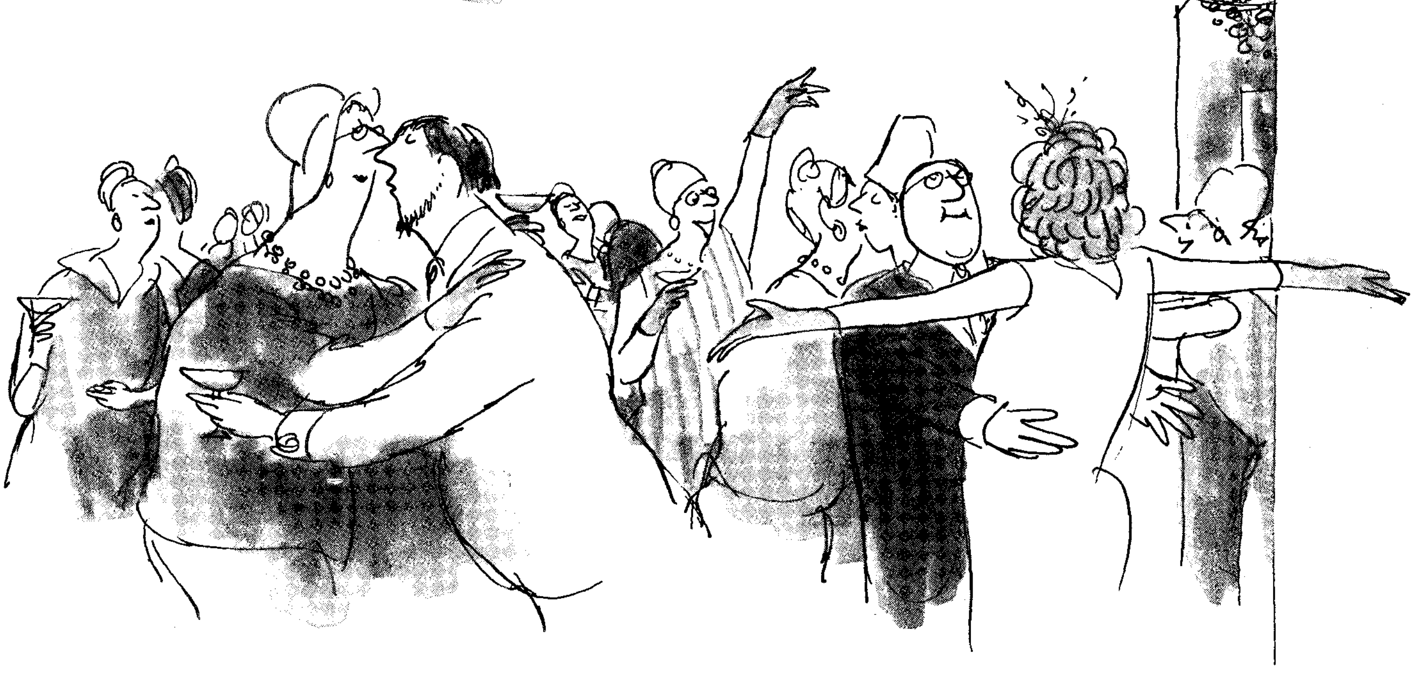


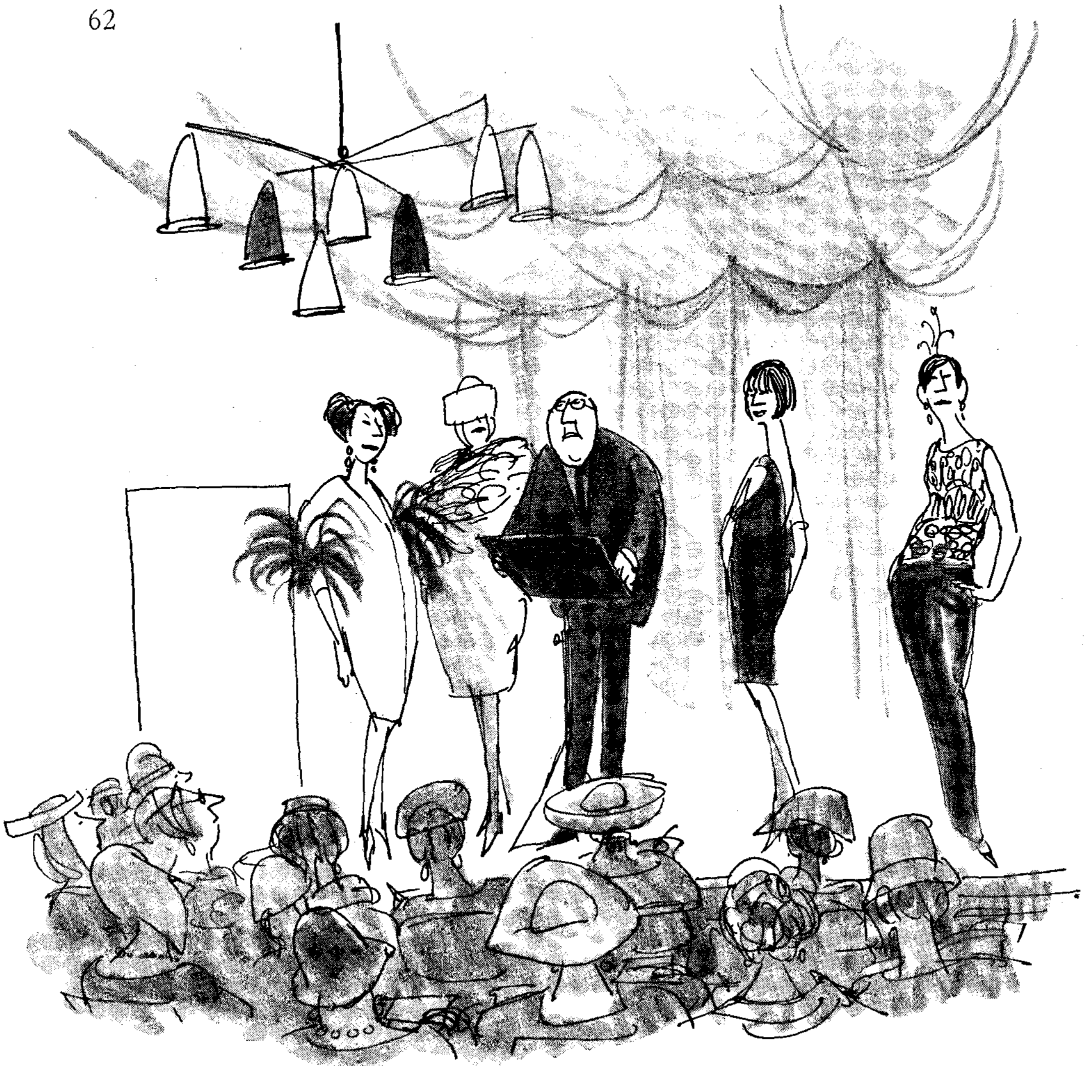
"This season, the head must be hatted."



"I think it's nice when men grow beards. They have so few ways of expressing themselves."







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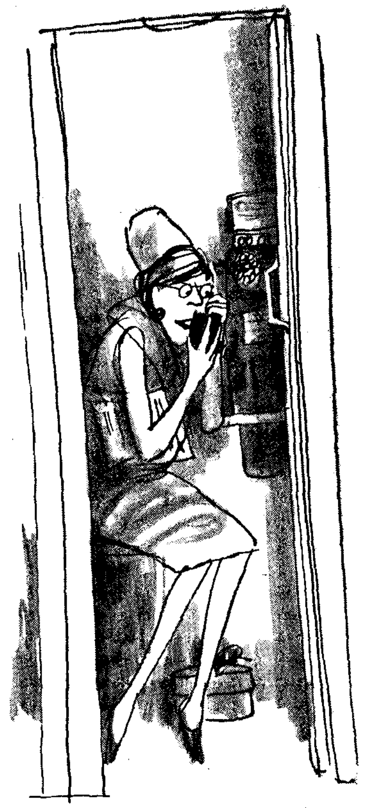
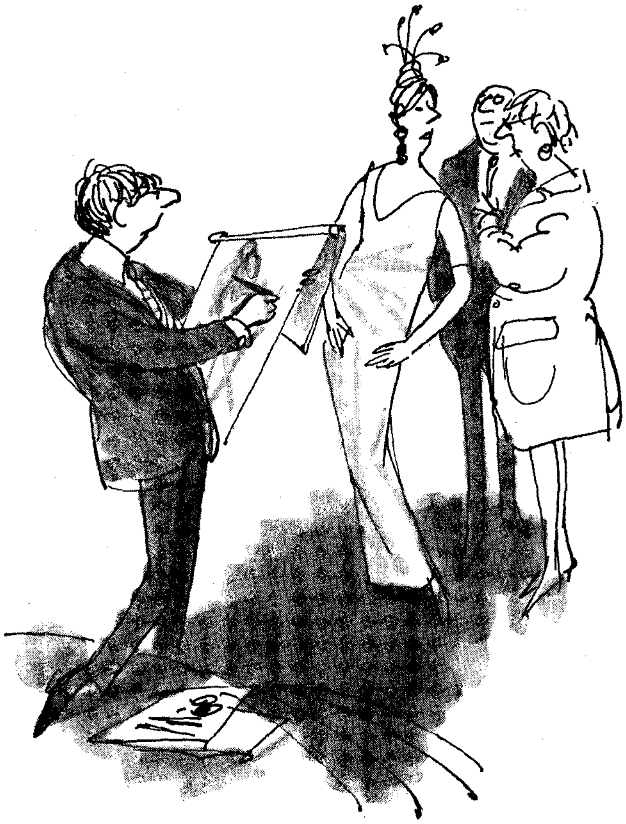
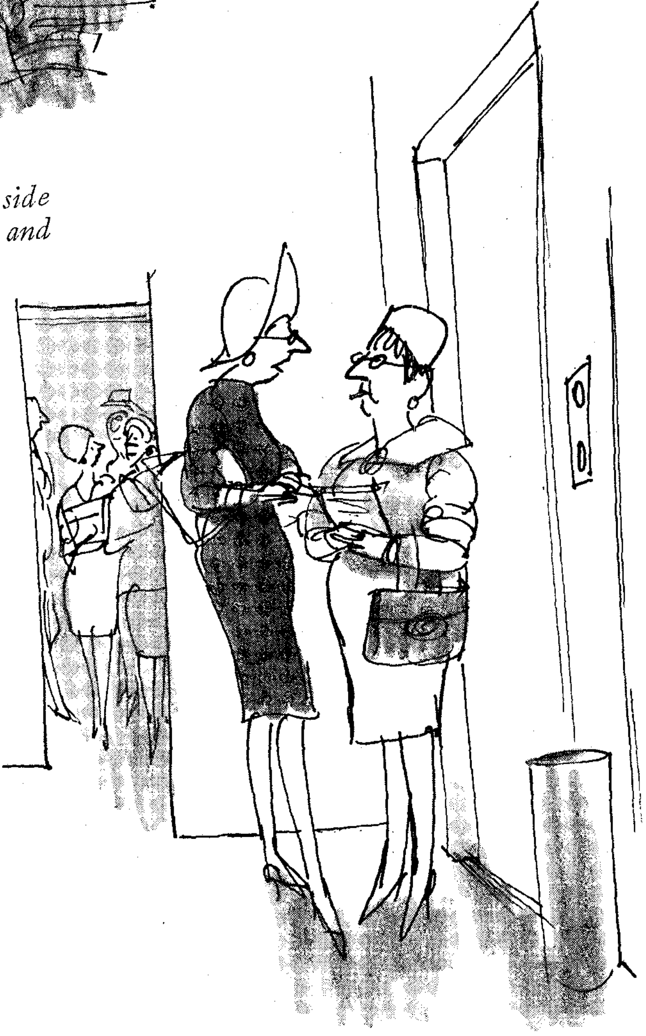
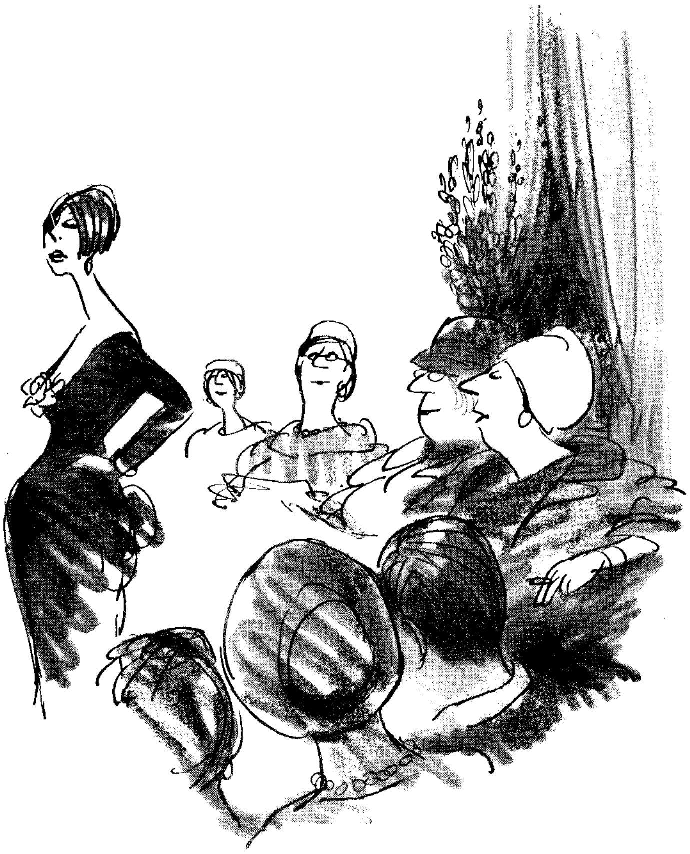


"The knee is back! Bouffant is out!"

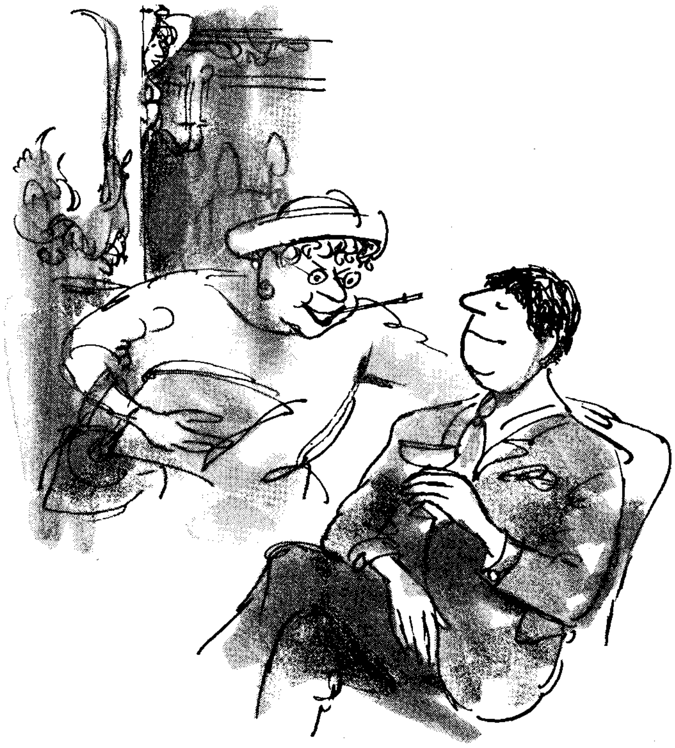




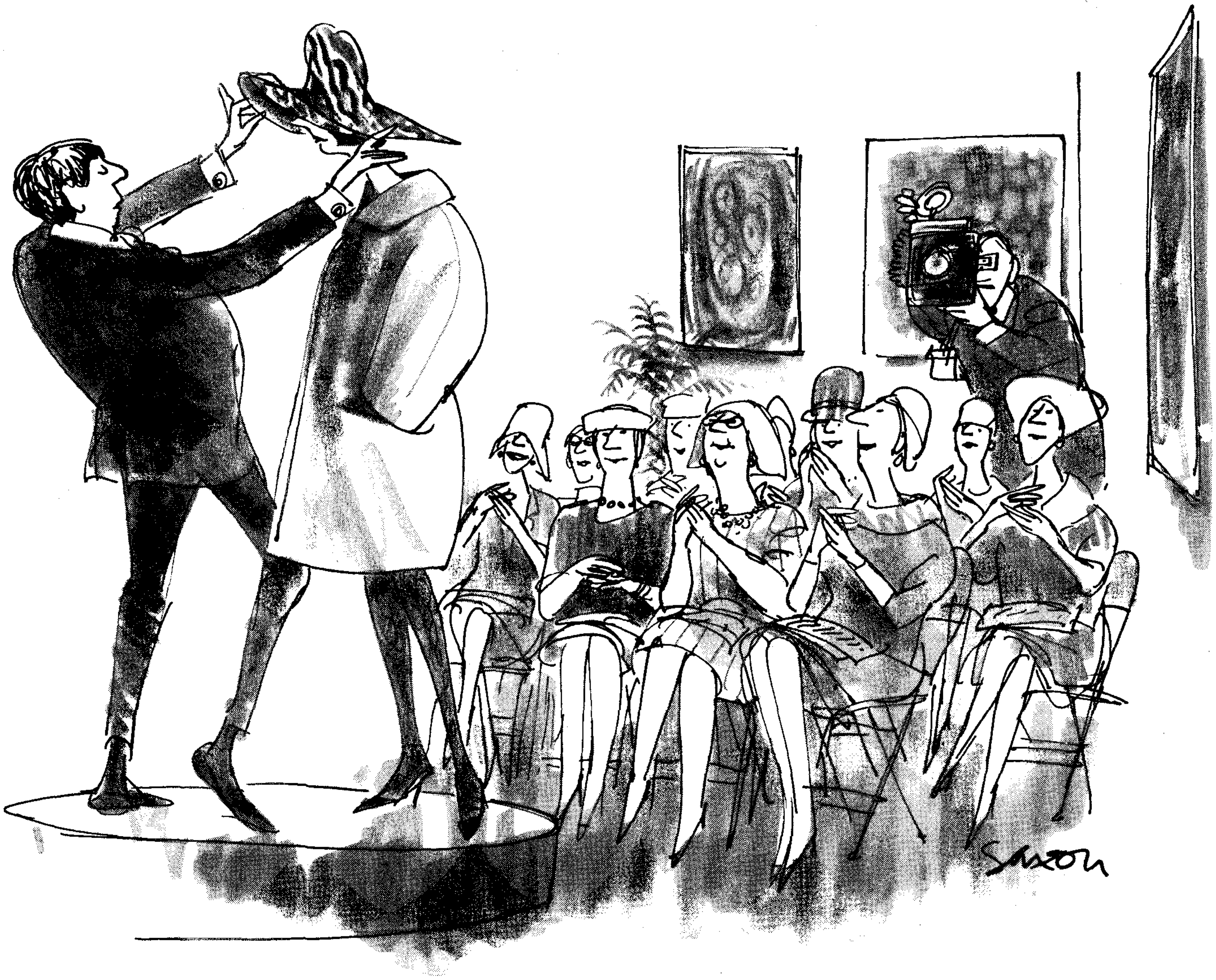
"The entire collection is delicious, I grant you, but will it sell?"



"René is being naughty again."



"I just wanted you to know we're going all out for your elf hat in burnt honey!"



LIK

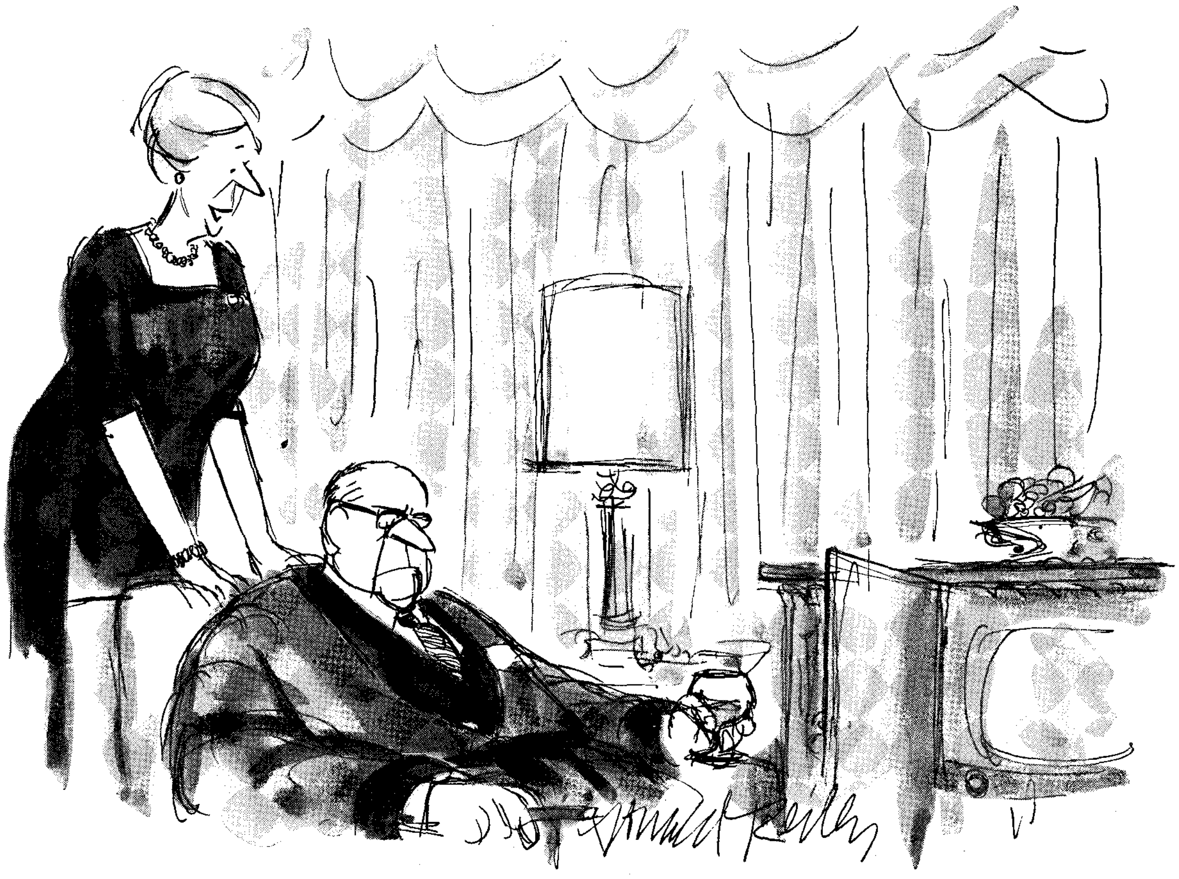
THERE is a play of the nineteen-twenties, called "L'Abîme" ("The Abyss"), by the well-known French author Suire. It has already passed from the stage straight into the Lesser Lethe (the one, that is, that serves the theatre—a stream, incidentally, not quite as hopeless as the main river, and containing a weaker solution of oblivion, so that angling producers may still fish something out many years later). This play—essentially idiotic, even ideally idiotic, or, putting it another way, ideally constructed on the solid conventions of traditional dramaturgy—deals with the torments of a middle-aged, rich, and religious French lady suddenly inflamed by a sinful passion for a young Russian named Igor, who has turned up at her château and fallen in love with her daughter Angélique. An old friend of the family, a strong-willed, sullen bigot, conveniently knocked together by the author out of mysticism and lechery, is jealous of the heroine's interest in Igor, while she in turn is jealous of the latter's attentions to Angélique; in a word, it is all very compelling and true to life, every speech bears the trademark of a respectable tradition, and it goes without saying that there is not a single jolt of talent to disrupt the ordered course of action, swelling where it ought to swell, and interrupted when necessary by a lyric scene or a shamelessly explanatory dialogue between two old retainers.

The apple of discord is usually an early, sour fruit, and should be cooked. Thus the young man of the play threatens to be somewhat colorless, and it is in a vain attempt to touch him up a little that the author has made him a Russian, with all the obvious consequences of such trickery. According to Suire's optimistic intention, he is an émigré Russian aristocrat, recently adopted by an old lady, the Russian wife of a neighboring landowner. One night, at the height of a thunderstorm, Igor comes knocking at our door, enters, riding crop in hand, and announces in agitation that the pinewood is burning on his benefactress's estate, and that our pinery is also in danger. This affects us less strongly than the visitor's youthful glamour, and we are inclined to sink onto a hassock, toying pensively with our necklace, whereupon our bigot friend observes that the reflection of flames is at times more dangerous than the conflagration itself. . . . A solid, high-quality plot, as you can see, for it is clear at once that the Russian will become a regular caller and, in fact, Act II is all sunny weather and bright summer clothes.

Judging by the printed text of the play, Igor expresses himself (at least in the first scenes, before the author tires of this) not incorrectly but, as it were, a bit hesitantly, every so often interposing an "I think that is how you say it in French?" Later, though, when the turbulent flow of the drama leaves the author no time for such trifles, all foreign peculiarities of speech are discarded and the young Russian spontaneously acquires the rich vocabulary of a native Frenchman; it is only toward the end, during the lull before the final burst of action, that the playwright remembers with a start the nationality of Igor, whereupon the latter casually addresses these words to the old manservant: "*J'étais trop jeune pour prendre part à la . . . comment dit-on . . . velika voïna . . . grande, grande guerre. . . .*" In all fairness to the author, it is true that, except for this "*velika voïna*" and one modest "*dosvidania,*" he does not abuse his acquaintance with the Russian language, contenting himself with the stage direction "Slavic singsong lends a certain charm to Igor's speech."

In Paris, where the play had great success, Igor was played by François Coulot, and played not badly but for some reason with a strong Italian accent, which he evidently wanted to pass off as Russian, and which did not surprise a single Parisian critic. Afterward, when the play trickled down into the provinces, this role fell by chance to a real Russian actor, Lik (stage name of Lavrentiy Ivanovich Kruzhevnitsyn), a lean, fair-haired fellow with coffee-dark eyes, who had previously won some fame, thanks to a film in which he did an excellent job in the bit part of a stutterer.

It was hard to say, though, if Lik (the word means "appearance" in Russian and Middle English) possessed genuine theatrical talent or was a man of many indistinct callings who had chosen one of them at random but could just as well have been a painter, jeweller, or ratcatcher. Such a person resembles a room with a number of different doors, among which there is perhaps one that does lead straight into some great garden, into the moonlit depths of a marvellous human night, where the soul discovers the treasure intended for it alone. But, be that as it may, Lik had failed to open *that* door, taking instead the Thespian path, which he followed without enthusiasm, with the absent manner of a man looking for signposts that do not exist but that perhaps have appeared to him in a dream, or can be distinguished in the undeveloped photograph of some other locality that he will never, never visit. On the conventional plane of earthly habitus, he



"I'm sure Mr. Johnson would be extremely gratified to hear that he's one Democrat you can live with."

• •

was in his thirties, and so was the century. In elderly people stranded not only outside the border of their country but outside that of their own lives, nostalgia evolves into an extraordinarily complex organ, which functions continuously, and its secretion compensates for all that has been lost; or else it becomes a fatal tumor on the soul that makes it painful to breathe, sleep, and associate with carefree foreigners. In Lik, this memory of Russia remained in the embryonic state, confined to misty childhood recollections, such as the resinous fragrance of the first spring day in the country, or the special shape of the snowflake on the wool of his hood. His parents were dead. He lived alone. There was always something sleazy about the loves and friendships that came his way. Nobody wrote gossipy letters to him, nobody took a greater interest in his worries than he did himself, and there was no one to go and complain to about the undeserved precariousness of his very being when he learned, from two doctors, a Frenchman and a Russian, that (like many protagonists) he had an incurable heart ailment—while the streets were virtually swarming with robust oldsters. Between this illness of his and his fondness for fine, expensive objects there seemed to be a connection; he might, for example, spend his last two hundred francs on a scarf or a fountain pen, but it always, always happened that the scarf would soon get soiled, the pen broken, despite the meticulous, even pious, care he took of things.

In relation to the other members of the company, which he had joined as casually as a fur doffed by a woman lands on this or that quite anonymous chair, he remained as much a stranger as he had been at the first rehearsal. He had immediately had the feeling of being superfluous, of having usurped someone else's place. The director of the company was invariably friendly toward him, but Lik's hypersensitive soul constantly imagined the possibility of a row—as if at any moment he might be unmasked and accused of something unbearably shameful. The very constancy of the director's attitude he interpreted as the utmost indifference to his work, as though everyone had long since reconciled himself to its hopelessly poor quality and he was being tolerated merely because there was no convenient pretext for his dismissal.

It seemed to him—and perhaps this was actually so—that to these loud, sleek French actors, interconnected by a network of personal and professional passions, he was as much a chance object as the old bicycle that one of the characters deftly disassembled in the second act; hence, when someone gave him a particularly hearty greeting or offered him a cigarette, he would think that there was some misunderstanding, which would, alas, be resolved in a moment. Because of his illness he avoided drinking, but his absence from friendly gatherings, instead of being attributed to lack of sociability (leading to accusations of haughtiness and thus endowing him with, at least, some semblance of a personality), simply went unnoticed, as if there was no question of its being otherwise; and if they did happen to invite him somewhere, it was always in a vaguely interrogative manner ("Coming with us, or . . .?")—a manner particularly painful to one who is yearning to be persuaded to come. He understood little of the jokes, allusions, and nicknames that the others bandied about with cryptic gaiety. He almost wished some of the joking were at his expense, but even this failed to happen. At the same time, he rather liked some of his colleagues. The actor who played the bigot was in real life a pleasant fat fellow, who had recently purchased a sports car, about which he would talk to you with genuine inspiration. And the ingénue was most charming, too—dark-haired and slender, with her splendidly bright, carefully made-up eyes—but in daytime hopelessly oblivious of her evening confessions on the stage, in the garrulous embrace of her Russian fiancé, to whom she so candidly clung. Lik liked to tell himself that only on the stage did she live her true life, being subject the rest of the time to periodic fits of insanity, during which she no longer recognized him and called herself by a different name. With the leading lady he never exchanged a single word apart from their lines, and when this thickset, tense, handsome woman walked past him in the wings, her jowls shaking, he had the feeling that he was but a piece of scenery, apt to fall flat on the floor if someone brushed against him.

It is indeed difficult to say whether it was all as poor Lik imagined or whether these perfectly harmless, self-centered people left him alone simply because he did not seek their company, and did not start a conversation with him just as passengers who have established contact among themselves do not address the foreigner absorbed in his book in a corner of the compartment. But even if Lik did attempt in rare moments of self-confidence to convince himself of the irrationality of his vague torments, the memory of similar torments was too recent, and they were too often repeated in new circumstances, for him to be able to overcome them now. Loneliness as a situation can be corrected, but as a state of mind it is an incurable illness.

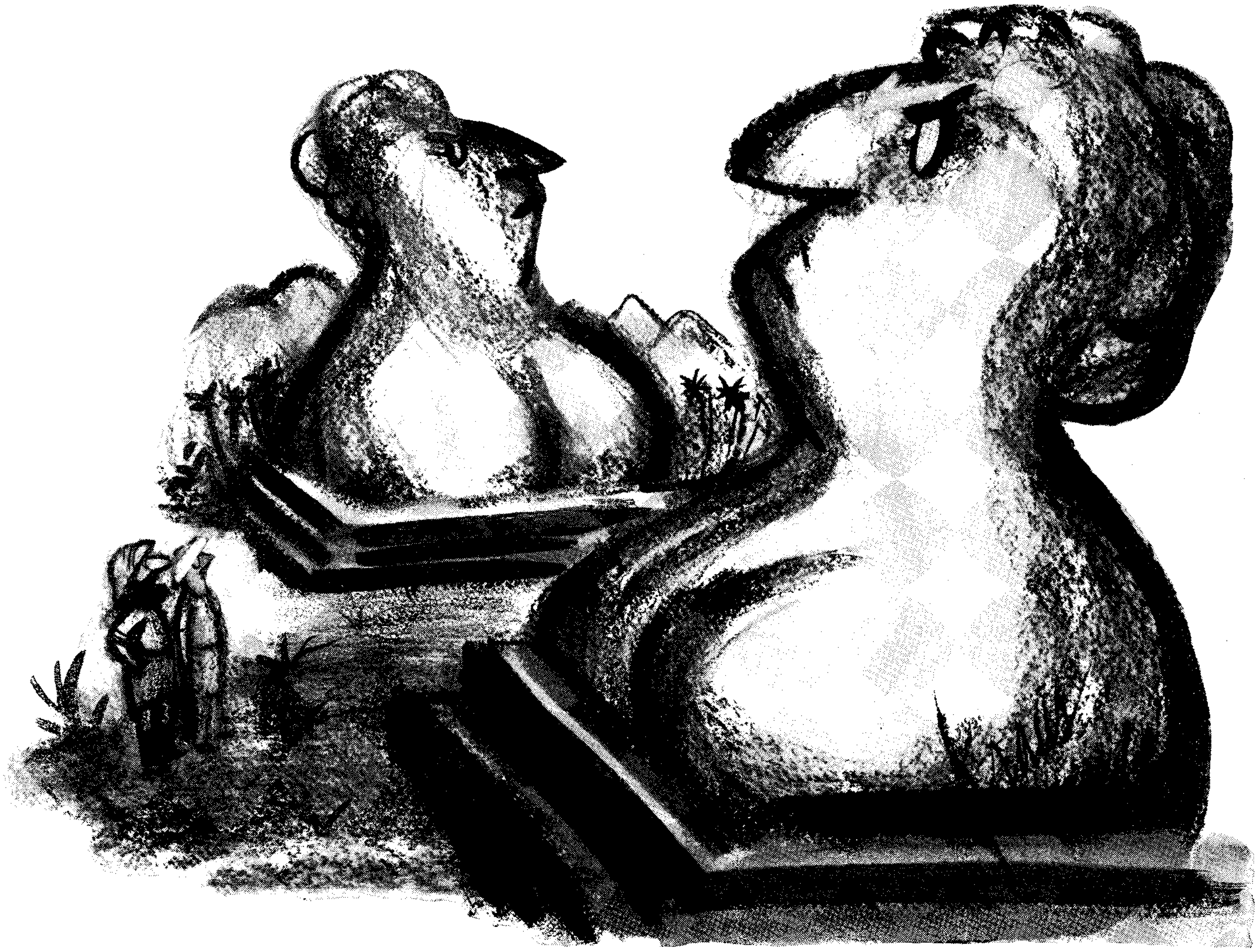
VIOLENT STORM

Those who have chosen to pass the night
Entertaining friends
And intimate ideas in the bright,
Commodious rooms of dreams
Will not feel the slightest tremor
Or be wakened by what seems
Only a quirk in the dry run
Of conventional weather. For them,
The long night sweeping over these trees
And houses will have been no more than one
In a series whose end
Only the nervous or morbid consider.
But for us, the wide-awake, who tend
To believe the worst is always waiting
Around the next corner or hiding in the dry,
Unsteady branch of a sick tree, debating
Whether or not to fell the passerby,
It has a sinister air.
How we wish we were sunning ourselves
In a world of familiar views
And fixed conditions, confined
By what we know, and able to refuse
Entry to the unaccounted for. For now,
Deeper and darker than ever, the night unveils
Its dubious plans, and the rain
Beats down in gales
Against the roof. We sit behind
Closed windows, bolted doors,
Unsure and ill at ease
While the loose, untidy wind,
Making an almost human sound, pours
Through the open chambers of the trees.
We cannot take ourselves or what belongs
To us for granted. No longer the exclusive,
Last resorts in which we could unwind,
Lounging in easy chairs,
Recalling the various wrongs
We had been done or spared, our rooms
Seem suddenly mixed up in our affairs.
We do not feel protected
By the walls, nor can we hide
Before the duplicating presence
Of their mirrors, pretending we are the ones who stare
From the other side, collected
In the glassy air.
A cold we never knew invades our bones.
We shake as though the storm were going to hurl us down
Against the flat stones
Of our lives. All other nights
Seem pale compared to this, and the brilliant rise
Of morning after morning seems unthinkable.
Already now the lights
That shared our wakefulness are dimming
And the dark brushes against our eyes.

—MARK STRAND

• •

He played his part conscientiously, and, at least as far as accent was concerned, more successfully than his predecessor, since Lik spoke French with a Russian lilt, drawing out and softening his sentences, dropping the stress before their close, and filtering off with excessive care the spray of auxiliary expressions that so nimbly and rapidly fly off a Frenchman's tongue. His part was so small, so inconsequential, in spite of its dramatic impact on the actions of the other characters, that it was not worth pondering over; yet he would ponder, especially at the outset of the tour, and not so much out of love for his art as because the disparity between the insignificance of the role itself and the importance of the complex drama of which he was the prime cause struck him as being a paradox that somehow humiliated him personally. However, although he soon cooled to the possibility of improvements suggested to him by both art and vanity (two things that often coincide), he would hurry onstage with unchanged, mysterious delight, as though, every time, he anticipated some special reward—in no way connected, of course, with the customary dose of neutral applause. Neither did this reward consist in the performer's inner satisfaction. Rather, it lurked in certain extraordinary furrows and folds that he discerned in the life of the play itself, banal and hopelessly pedestrian as it was, for, like any piece acted out by live people, it gained, God knows whence, an individual soul, and attempted for a couple of hours to exist, to evolve its own heat and energy, bearing no relation to its author's pitiful conception or the mediocrity of the players, but awakening, as life awakes in water warmed by sunlight. For instance, Lik might hope one vague and lovely night, in the midst of the usual performance, to tread, as it were, on a quicksandy spot; something would give, and he would sink forever in a newborn element, unlike anything known—independently developing the play's threadbare themes in ways altogether new. He would pass irrevocably into this element, marry Angélique, go riding over the crisp heather, receive all the material wealth hinted at in the play, go to live in that castle, and, moreover, find himself in a world of ineffable ten-



"Just off the top of my head, I'd say they had a matriarchal society."

• •

derness—a bluish, delicate world where fabulous adventures of the senses occur, and unheard-of metamorphoses of the mind. As he thought about all this, Lik imagined for some reason that when he died of heart failure—and he would die soon—the attack would certainly come onstage, as it had been with poor Molière, barking out his dog Latin among the doctors; but that he would not notice his death, crossing over instead into the actual world of a chance play, now blooming anew because of his arrival, while his smiling corpse lay on the boards, the toe of one foot protruding from beneath the folds of the lowered curtain.

At the end of the summer, "The Abyss" and two other plays in the repertory were running in a Mediterranean town. Lik appeared only in "The Abyss," so between the first performance and the second (only two were scheduled) he had a week of free time, which he did not quite know how to use. What is more, the southern climate did not agree with him; he went through the first performance in a blur of greenhouse delirium, with a hot drop of greasepaint now hanging from the tip of his nose, now scalding his upper lip. During the first intermission, he went out on the terrace separating the back of the theatre from an Anglican church. He suddenly felt he would not last out the performance but would dissolve on the stage amid many-colored exhalations, through which, at the final mortal instant, would flash the blissful ray of another—yes, another life. Nevertheless, he made it to the end somehow or other, even if he did see double from the sweat in his eyes, while the smooth contact of his partner's cool bare arms agonizingly accentuated the melting state of his palms. He returned to his boarding house quite shattered, with aching shoulders and a reverberating pain in the back of his head. In the dark garden, everything was in bloom and smelled of candy, and there was a continuous trilling of crickets, which he mistook (as all Russians do) for cicadas.

His illuminated room was antiseptically white compared to the southern darkness framed in the open window. He crushed a red-bellied drunken mosquito on the wall, then sat for a long time on the edge of the bed, afraid to lie down, afraid of the palpitations. The proximity of the sea, whose presence he divined beyond the lemon grove, oppressed him, as if this ample, viscously glistening space, with only a membrane of moonlight stretched tight across its surface, was akin to the equally taut vessel of his drumming heart, and, like it, was agonizingly bare, with nothing to separate it from the sky, from the shuffling of human feet and the unbearable pressure of the music playing in a nearby bar. He glanced at the expensive watch on his wrist and noticed with a pang that he had lost the crystal; yes, his cuff had brushed against a stone parapet as he stumbled uphill a while ago. The watch was still alive, defenseless and naked, like a live organ exposed by the surgeon's knife.

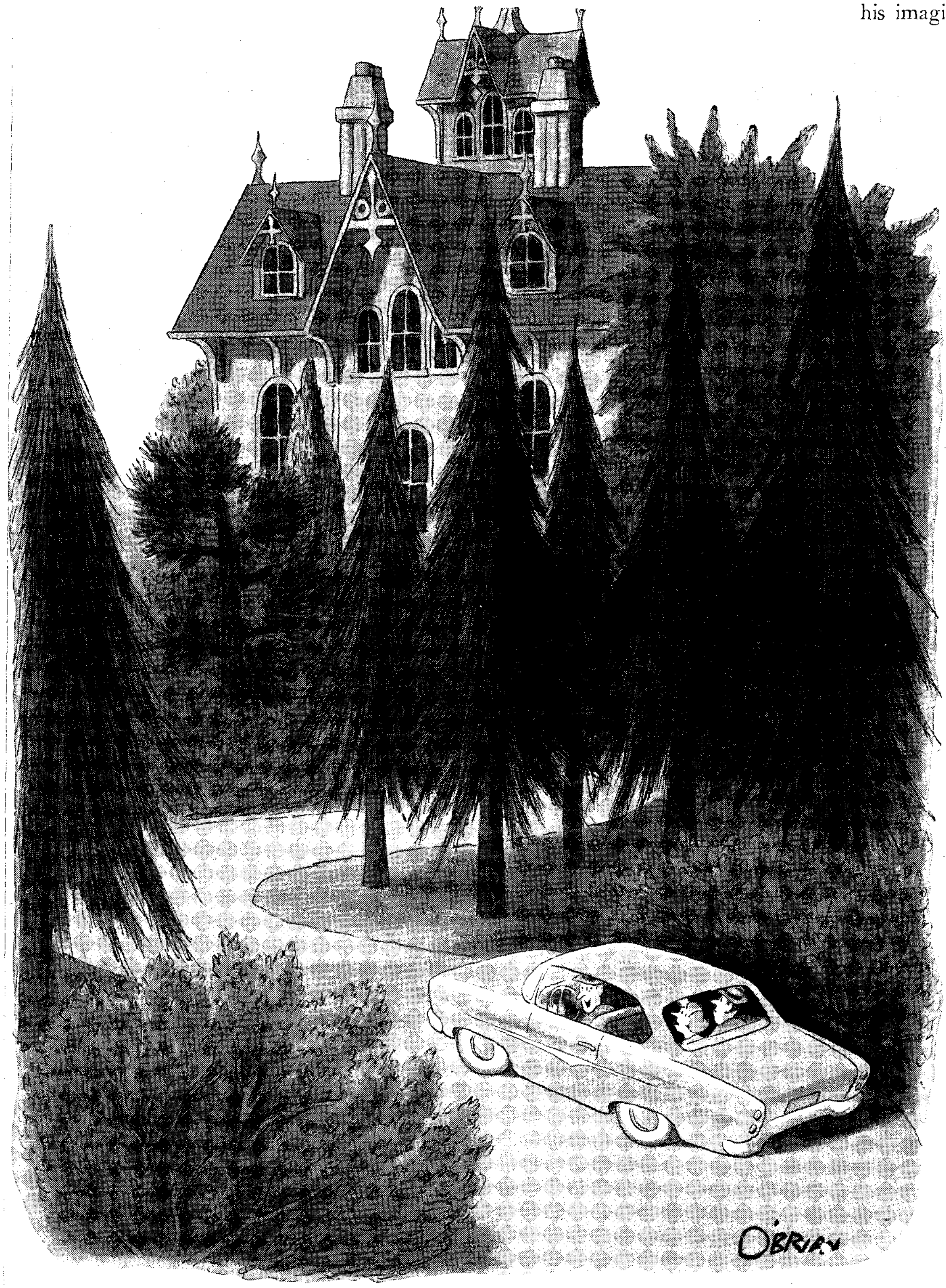
Lik passed his days in a quest for shade and a longing for coolness. There was something infernal in the glimpses of sea and beach, where bronzed demons basked on the torrid shingle. The sunny side of the narrow streets was so strictly forbidden to him that he would have had to solve intricate route-finding problems if there had been purpose in his wanderings. He had, however, nowhere to go. He strolled aimlessly along the shop fronts, which displayed, among other objects, some rather amusing bracelets of what looked like pink amber, as well as decidedly attractive leather bookmarks and wallets tooled with gilt. He would sink into a chair beneath the orange awning of a café, then go home and lie on his bed—stark naked, dreadfully thin and white—and think about the same things he thought about incessantly.

He reflected that he had been condemned to live on the outskirts of life, that it had always been thus and always would be, and that, therefore, if death did not present him with an exit into true reality, he would simply never come to know life. He also reflected that if his parents were alive instead of having died at the dawn of émigré existence, the fifteen years of his adult life might have passed in the warmth of a family; that, had his destiny been less mobile, he would have finished one of the three high schools he had happened to attend at random points of middle, median, mediocre Europe, and would now have a good, solid job among good, solid people. But, strain his imagination as he might, he could not picture either that job or those people, just as he could not explain to himself why he had studied as a youth at a screen-acting school, instead of taking up music or numismatics, window-washing or bookkeeping. And, as always, from each point of its circumference his thought would follow a radius back to the dark center, to the presentiment of nearing death, for which he, who had accumulated no spiritual treasures, was hardly an interesting prey. Nonetheless, she had apparently determined to give him precedence.

One evening, as he was reclining in a canvas chair on the veranda, he was importuned by one of the pension guests, a loquacious old Russian, who had managed on two occasions already to recount to Lik the story of his life, first in one direction, from the present toward the past, and then in the other, against the grain, resulting in two different lives, one successful, the other not. "A friend of mine has turned up here; that is, a 'friend' *c'est beaucoup dire*—I met him a couple of times in Brussels, that's all. Now, alas, he's a completely derelict character. Yesterday—yes, I think it was yesterday—I happened to mention your name, and he says, 'Why, of course I know him—in fact, we're even relatives.' "

"Relatives?" asked Lik with surprise. "I almost never had any relatives. What's his name?"

"A certain Koldunov—



"I know just what you folks are going to say. You are going to say, 'Mr. Wirtz, it's a little bigger than what we had in mind.' "

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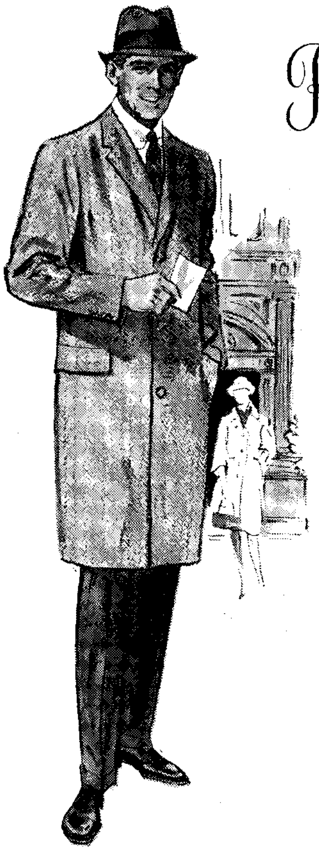

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Oleg Petrovich Koldunov. . . . Petrovich, isn't it? Know him?"

"It just can't be!" cried Lik, covering his face with his hands.

"Yes. Imagine!" said the other.

"It can't be!" repeated Lik. "I thought— You didn't give him my address, did you?"

"I did. I understand, though. One feels disgusted and sorry at the same time. Kicked out of everywhere, embittered, has a family, and so on."

"Listen, do me a favor. Tell him I've left."

"If I see him, I'll tell him. But . . . Well, I just happened to run into him down at the port. My, what lovely yachts they have down there. That's what I call fortunate people. You live on the water, and sail wherever you feel like. Champagne, girlies, everything all polished . . ." And the old fellow smacked his lips and shook his head.

What an insane thing to happen, Lik thought all evening. What a mess. . . . He did not know what had given him the idea that Oleg Koldunov was no longer among the living. It was one of those axioms that the rational mind no longer keeps on active duty, relegating it to the remotest depths of consciousness, so that now, with Koldunov's resurrection, he had to admit the possibility of two parallel lines' crossing after all; yet it was agonizingly difficult to get rid of the old concept, embedded in his brain—as if the extraction of this single false notion might vitiate the entire order of his other notions and concepts. And now he simply could not recall what data had led him to conclude that Koldunov had perished, and why, in the past twenty years, there had been such a strengthening in the chain of dim initial information out of which Koldunov's doom had been wrought.

Their mothers had been cousins. Oleg Koldunov was two years his elder; for four years they had gone to the same provincial high school, and the memory of these years had always been so hateful to Lik that he preferred not to recall his boyhood. Indeed, his Russia was perhaps so thickly clouded over for the very reason that he did not cherish any personal recollections. Dreams, however, would still occur even now, for there was no control over them. Sometimes Koldunov would appear in person, in his own image, in the surroundings of boyhood, hastily assembled by the director of dreams out of such accessories as a classroom, desks, a blackboard, and its dry, weightless sponge. Besides these down-to-earth dreams there were also romantic, even decadent ones—devoid, that is, of Koldunov's obvious presence

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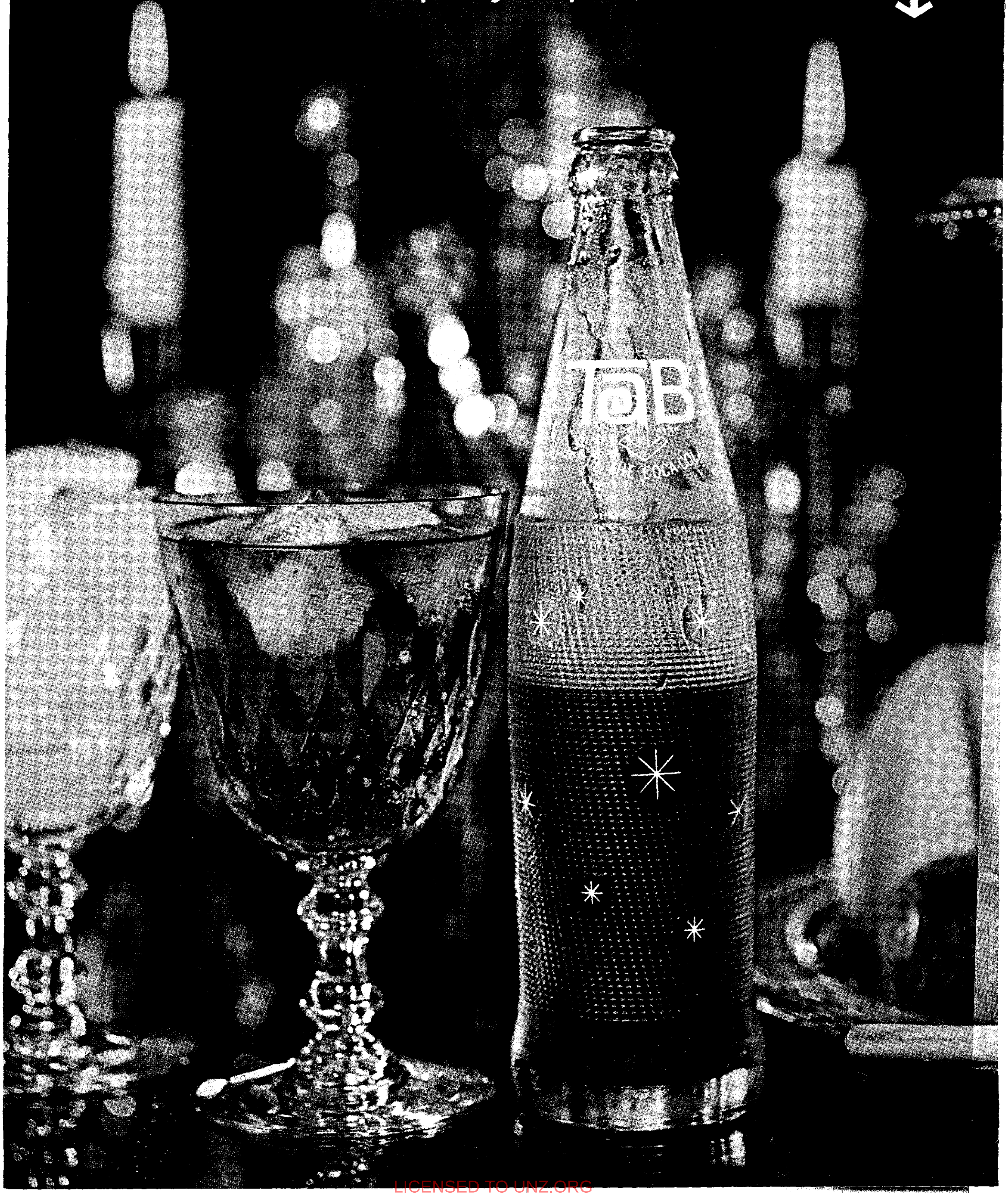
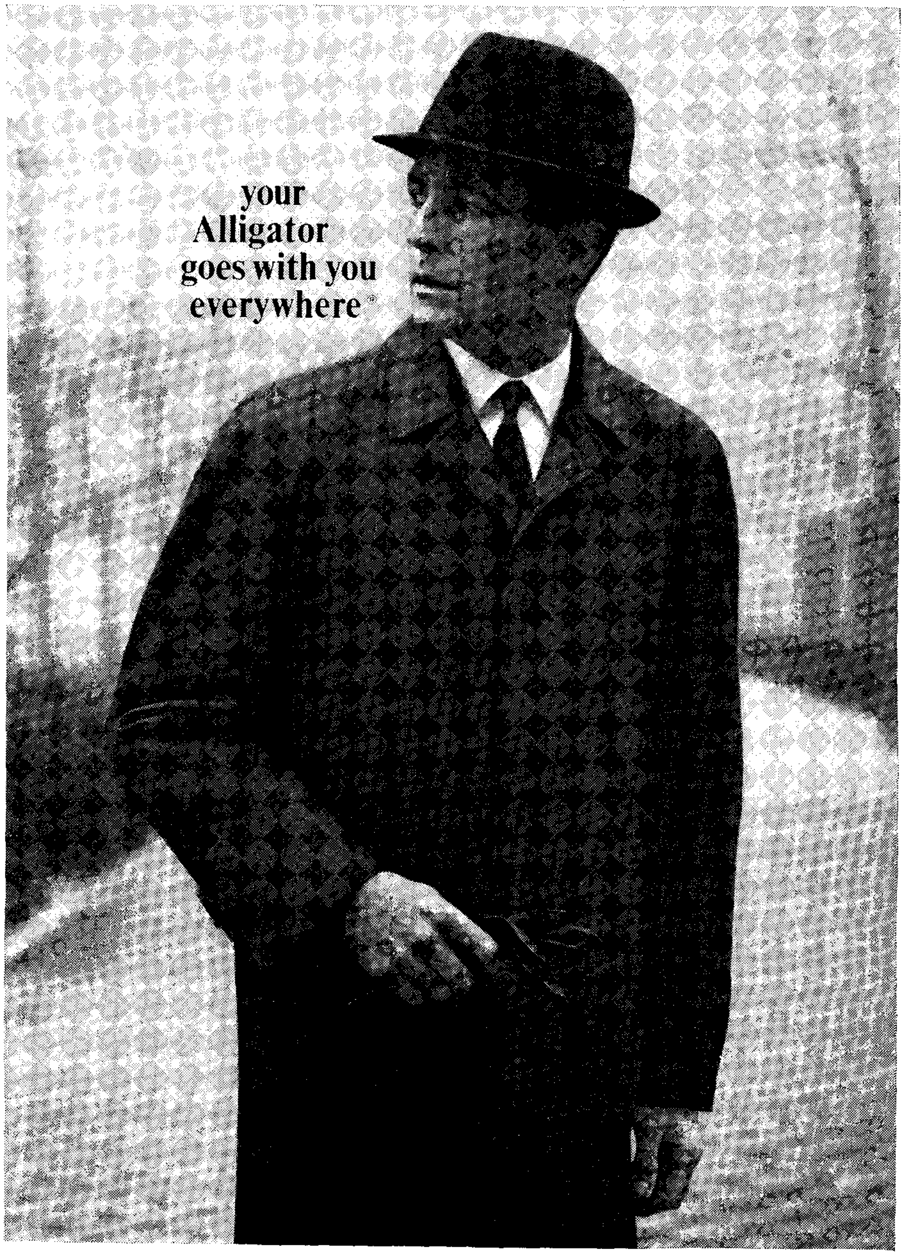


but coded by him, saturated with his oppressive spirit or filled with rumors about him, with situations and shadows of situations somehow expressing his essence. And this excruciating Koldunovian décor, against which the action of a chance dream would develop, was far worse than the straightforward dream visitations of Koldunov as Lik remembered him—a coarse, muscular high-school boy, with cropped hair and a disagreeably handsome face. The regularity of his strong features was spoiled by eyes that were set too close together and equipped with heavy, leathery lids. No wonder they had dubbed him "The Crocodile." (Also, there was a certain turbid muddy-Nile quality in his glance.)

Koldunov had been a hopelessly poor student; his was that peculiarly Russian hopelessness of the seemingly bewitched dunce as he sinks, in a vertical position, through the transparent strata of several repeated classes, so that the youngest boys gradually reach his level, numb with fear, and then, a year later, leave him behind with relief. Koldunov was remarkable for his insolence, uncleanliness, and savage physical strength; after one had a tussle with him, the room would always reek of the menagerie. Lik, on the other hand, was a frail, sensitive, vulnerably proud boy, and therefore represented an ideal, inexhaustible prey. Koldunov would come flowing over him wordlessly, and industriously torture the squashed but always squirming victim on the floor. Koldunov's enormous, splayed hand would go into an obscene, scooping motion as it penetrated the convulsive, panic-stricken depths it sought. Thereupon he would leave Lik, whose back was covered with chalk dust and whose ears were aflame, in peace for an hour or two, content to repeat some insulting phrase. Then, when the urge returned, Koldunov would sigh, almost reluctantly, before piling on him again, digging his hornlike nails into Lik's ribs or sitting down for a rest on the victim's face. He had a thorough knowledge of all the bully's devices for causing the sharpest pain without leaving marks, and therefore enjoyed the servile respect of his schoolmates. At the same time, he nurtured a vaguely sentimental affection for his habitual patient, making a point of strolling with his arm around the other's shoulders during the class breaks, his heavy, distrait paw palpating the thin collarbone, while Lik tried in vain to preserve an air of independence and dignity. Lik's school days were an utterly absurd and unbearable torment. He was embarrassed to complain to anyone, and



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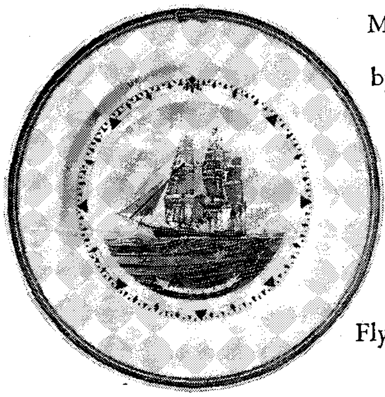

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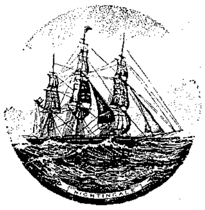

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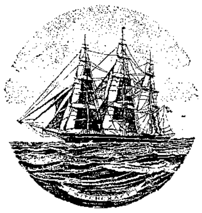
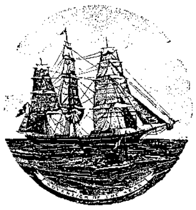
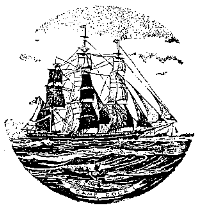


Witchcraft

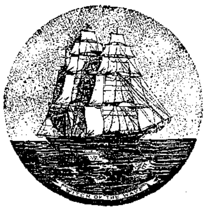
Stag Hound



Sovereign of the Seas



Game cock



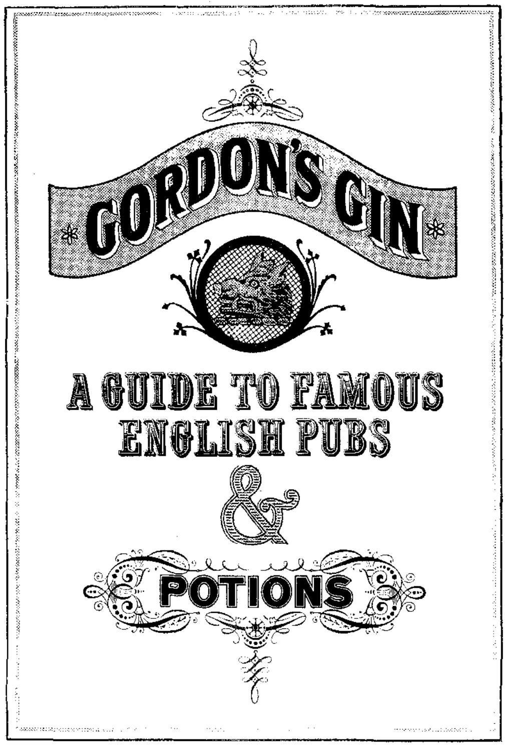
Witch of the Wave

his nighttime thoughts of how he would finally kill Koldunov merely drained his spirit of all strength. Fortunately, they almost never met outside of school, although Lik's mother would have liked to establish closer ties with her cousin, who was much richer than she and kept her own horses. Then the Revolution began rearranging the furniture, and Lik found himself in a different city. Fifteen-year-old Oleg, already sporting a mustache and completely brutified, disappeared in the general confusion, and a blissful lull began. It was brief, and followed by new, more subtle tortures at the hands of the initial rackmaster's minor successors.

On the rare occasions when Lik spoke of his past, it was with that artificial smile with which we regard a distant time ("Those were the happy days") that sleeps with a full belly in a corner of its evil-smelling cage. Now, however, when Koldunov proved to be alive, no matter what adult arguments Lik invoked, he could not conquer the same sensation of helplessness—metamorphosed by reality but all the more manifest—that oppressed him in dreams when from behind a curtain, smirking, fiddling with his belt buckle, stepped the lord of the dream, a dark, dreadful schoolboy. And, even though Lik understood perfectly well that the real, live Koldunov would not harm him now, the possibility of meeting him seemed ominous, fateful, dimly linked to the whole system of evil, with its premonitions of torment and abuse, so familiar to him.

AFTER his conversation with the old man, Lik decided to stay at home as little as possible. Only three days remained before the last performance, so it was not worth the trouble to move to a different boarding house; but he could, for instance, take daylong trips across the Italian border or into the mountains, since the weather had grown much cooler, with a drizzling rain and a brisk wind. Early next morning, walking along a narrow path between flower-hung walls, he saw coming toward him a short, husky man, whose dress in itself differed little from the usual uniform of the Mediterranean vacationer—beret, open-necked shirt, espadrilles—but somehow suggested not so much the license of the season as the compulsion of poverty. In the first instant, Lik was struck most of all by the fact that the monstrous figure that filled his memory with its bulk proved to be in reality hardly taller than himself.

"Lavrentiy, Lavrusha, don't you recognize me?" Koldunov drawled dra-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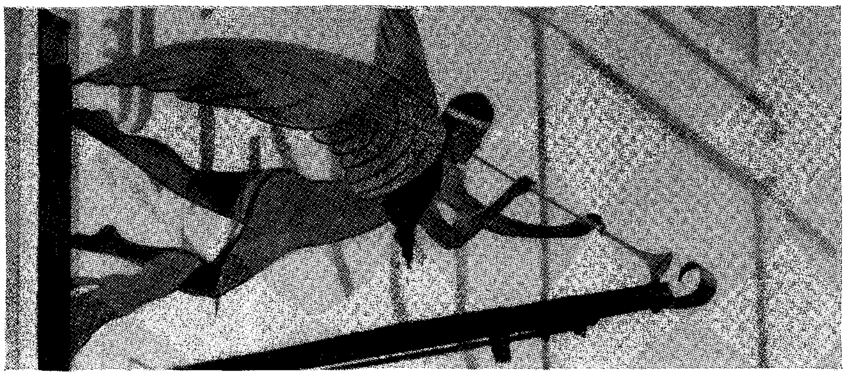

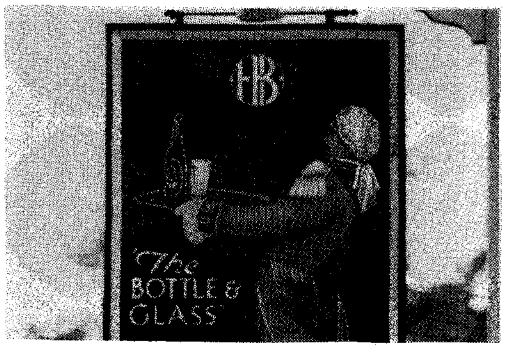

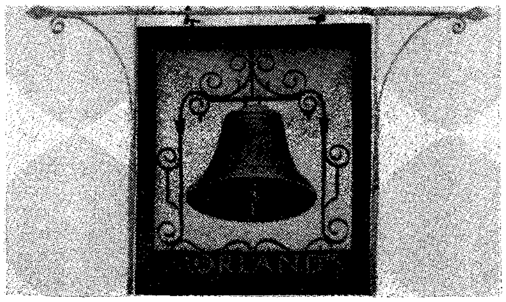

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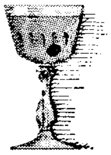

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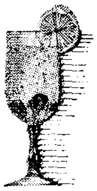
Located by the Henley Bridge, this pub is steeped in the atmosphere of a bygone age. Gordon's Gin is the most called-for brand here, often as part of a Gordon's Sour.



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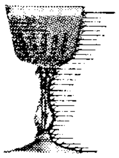
In Oxfordshire, hard by the site of an old Roman road, stands this 14th Century pub. Today's customers choose Gordon's Gin by 6-to-1 with the Gordon's White Rose a frequent order.



The Bell Inn
This Wallingsford inn was only four years old when Alexander Gordon first made Gordon's Gin in 1769. Today, the Queens Cocktail is one of the many Gordon's drinks served here.

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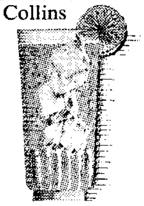

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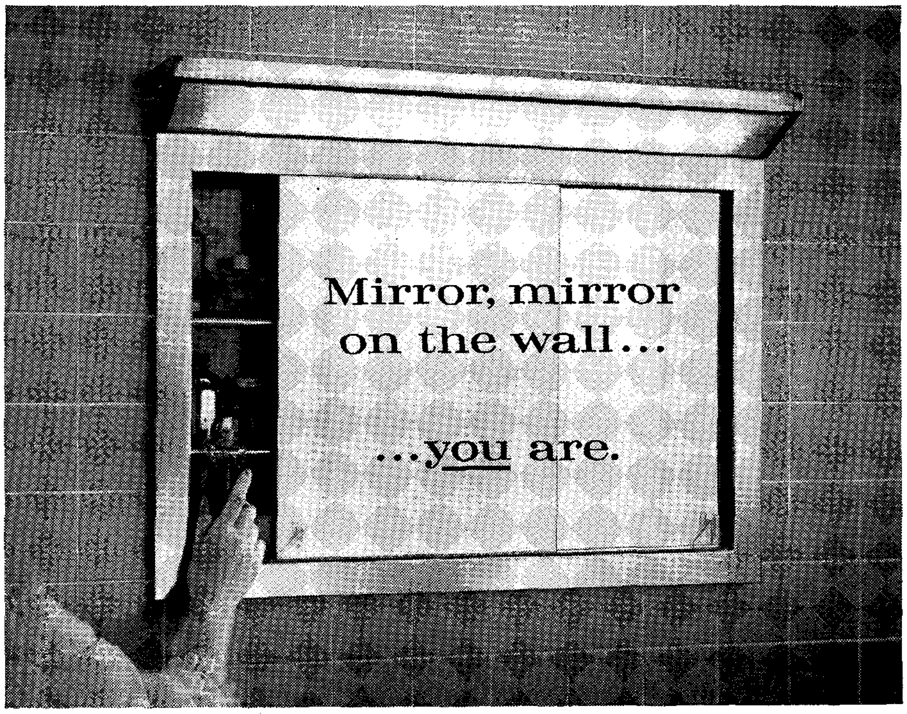

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matically, stopping in the middle of the path.

The large features of that sallow face with a rough shadow on its cheeks and upper lip, that glimpse of bad teeth, that large, insolent Roman nose, that bleary, questioning gaze—all of it was Koldunovian, indisputably so, even if dimmed by time. But, as Lik looked, this resemblance noiselessly disintegrated, and before him stood a disreputable stranger with the massive face of a Caesar, though a very shabby one.

"Let's kiss like good Russians," Koldunov said grimly, and pressed his cold, salty cheek for an instant against Lik's childish lips.

"I recognized you immediately," babbled Lik. "Just yesterday I heard about you from What's-His-Name . . . Gavrilyuk—"

"Dubious character," interrupted Koldunov. "*Méfie-toi.* Well, well—so here is my Lavrusha. Remarkable! I'm glad. Glad to meet you again. That's fate for you! Remember, Lavrusha, how we used to catch gobies together? As clear as if it happened yesterday. One of my fondest memories. Yes."

As a boy Lik had never fished with Koldunov, but confusion, ennui, and timidity prevented him from accusing this stranger of appropriating a nonexistent past. He suddenly felt wiggly and overdressed.

"How many times," continued Koldunov, examining with interest Lik's pale-gray trousers, "how many times during the past years . . . Oh, yes, I thought of you. Yes, indeed! And where, thought I, is my Lavrusha? I've told my wife about you. She was once a pretty woman. And what line of work are you in?"

"I'm an actor," sighed Lik.

"Allow me an indiscretion," said Koldunov in a confidential tone. "I'm told that in the United States there is a secret society that considers the word 'money' improper, and if payment must be made, they wrap the dollars in toilet paper. True, only the rich belong—the poor have no time for it. Now, here's what I'm driving at," and, his eyebrows raised questioningly, Koldunov made a vulgar, palpating motion with two fingers and thumb—the feel of hard cash.

"Alas, no!" Lik exclaimed innocently. "Most of the year I'm unemployed, and the pay is miserable."

"I know how it is and understand perfectly," said Koldunov with a smile. "In any case, there's a project I'd like to discuss with you sometime. You could make a nice little profit. Are you doing anything right now?"

"Well, you see, as a matter of fact,

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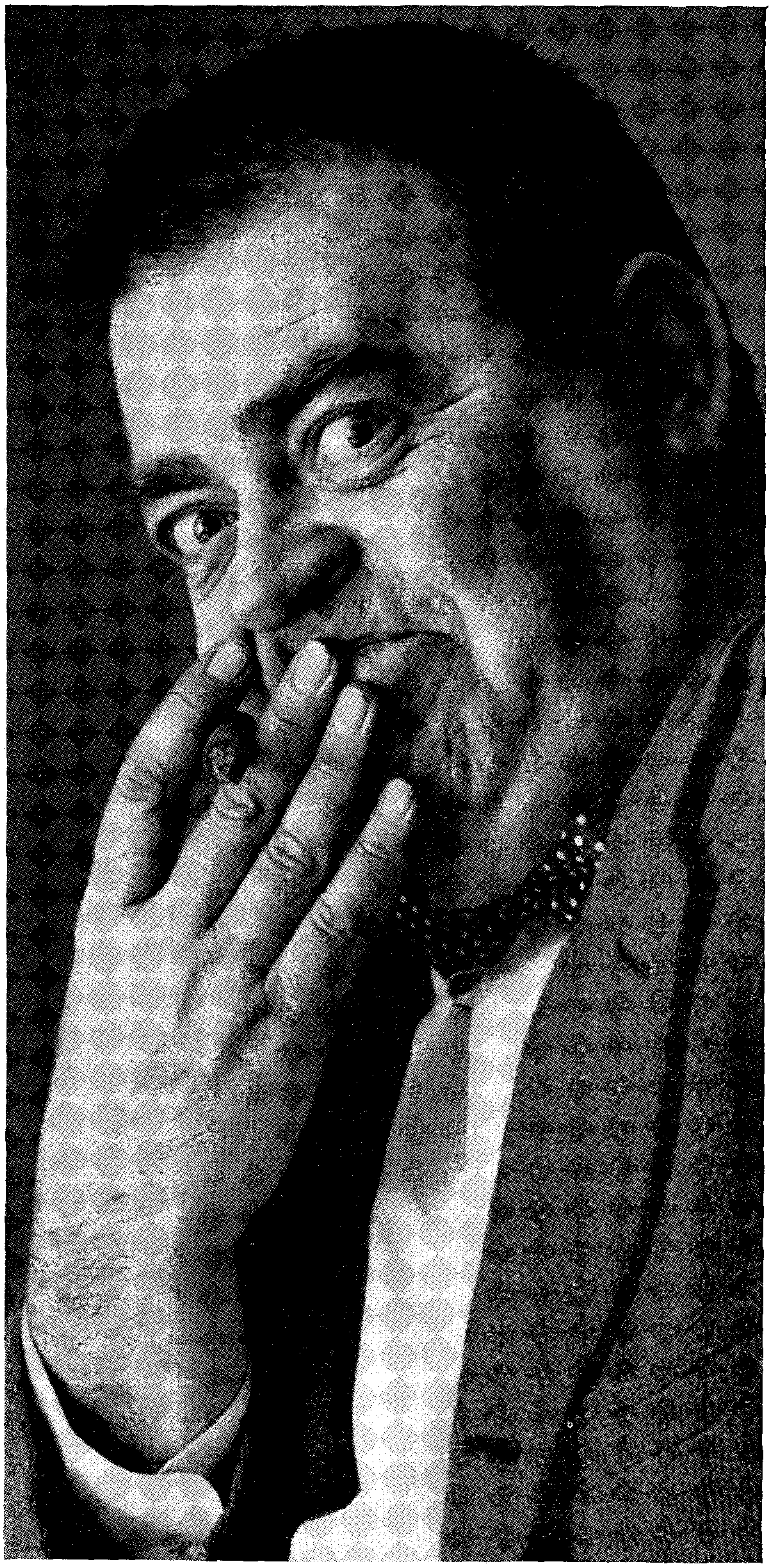

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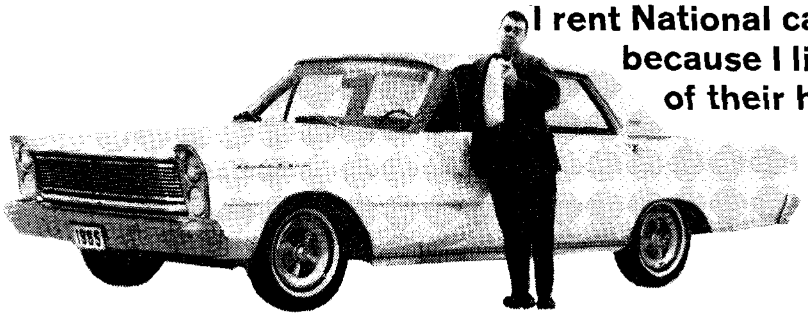

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"What a shame—if you had told me, there's a Russian chauffeur I know here, with a smart private car, and I would have shown you the whole Riviera. You ninny! All right, all right. I'll walk you to the bus stop."

"And anyway I'm leaving for good soon," Lik put in.

"Tell me, how's the family? . . . How's Aunt Natasha?" Koldunov asked absently as they walked along a crowded little street that led down to the seafront. "I see, I see," he nodded at Lik's reply. Suddenly a guilty, demented look passed fleetingly across his evil face. "Listen, Lavrusha," he said, pushing him involuntarily and bringing his face close to Lik's on the narrow sidewalk. "Meeting you is an omen for me. It is a sign that all is not lost yet, and I must admit that just the other day I was thinking that all *was* lost. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"Oh, everybody has such thoughts now and then," said Lik.

They reached the promenade. The sea was opaque and corrugated under the overcast sky, reflected near the parapet in the murky puddles where the foam had splashed onto the pavement. There was no one about except for a solitary lady in slacks sitting on a bench with an open book in her lap.

"Here, give me five francs and I'll buy you some cigarettes for the trip," Koldunov said rapidly. Taking the money, he added in a different, easy tone, "Look, that's the little wife over there—keep her company for a minute, and I'll be right back."

Lik went up to the blond lady and said with an actor's automatism, "Your husband will be right back and forgot to introduce me. I'm a cousin of his."

At the same moment he was sprinkled by the cool dust of a breaker. The lady looked up at Lik with blue, English eyes, unhurriedly closed her red book, and left without a word.

"Just a joke," said Koldunov as he reappeared, out of breath. "*Voilà.* I'll take a few for myself. Yes, I'm afraid my little woman has no time to sit on a bench and look at the sea. I implore you, promise me that we'll meet again. Remember the omen! Tomorrow, after tomorrow, whenever you want. Promise me! Wait, I'll give you my address."

He took Lik's brand-new gilt-and-leather notebook, sat down, bent forward his sweaty, swollen-veined forehead, joined his knees, and not only wrote his address, reading it over with agonizing care, redotting an "i" and

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underlining a word, but also sketched a street map: so, so, then so. Evidently he had done this more than once, and more than once people had stood him up, using the forgotten address as an excuse; hence he wrote with great diligence and force—a force that was almost incantational.

The bus arrived. "So, I'll expect you!" shouted Koldunov, helping Lik aboard. Then he turned, full of energy and hope, and walked resolutely off along the promenade as if he had some pressing, important business, though it was perfectly obvious that he was an idler, a drunkard, and a boor.

THE following day, a Wednesday, Lik took a trip to the mountains, and then spent the greater part of Thursday lying in his room with a bad headache. The performance was that evening, the departure tomorrow. At about six in the afternoon, he went out to pick up his watch at the jeweller's and buy some nice white shoes—an innovation he had long wanted to sport in the second act. Separating the bead curtain, he emerged from the shop, shoebox under arm, and ran straight into Koldunov.

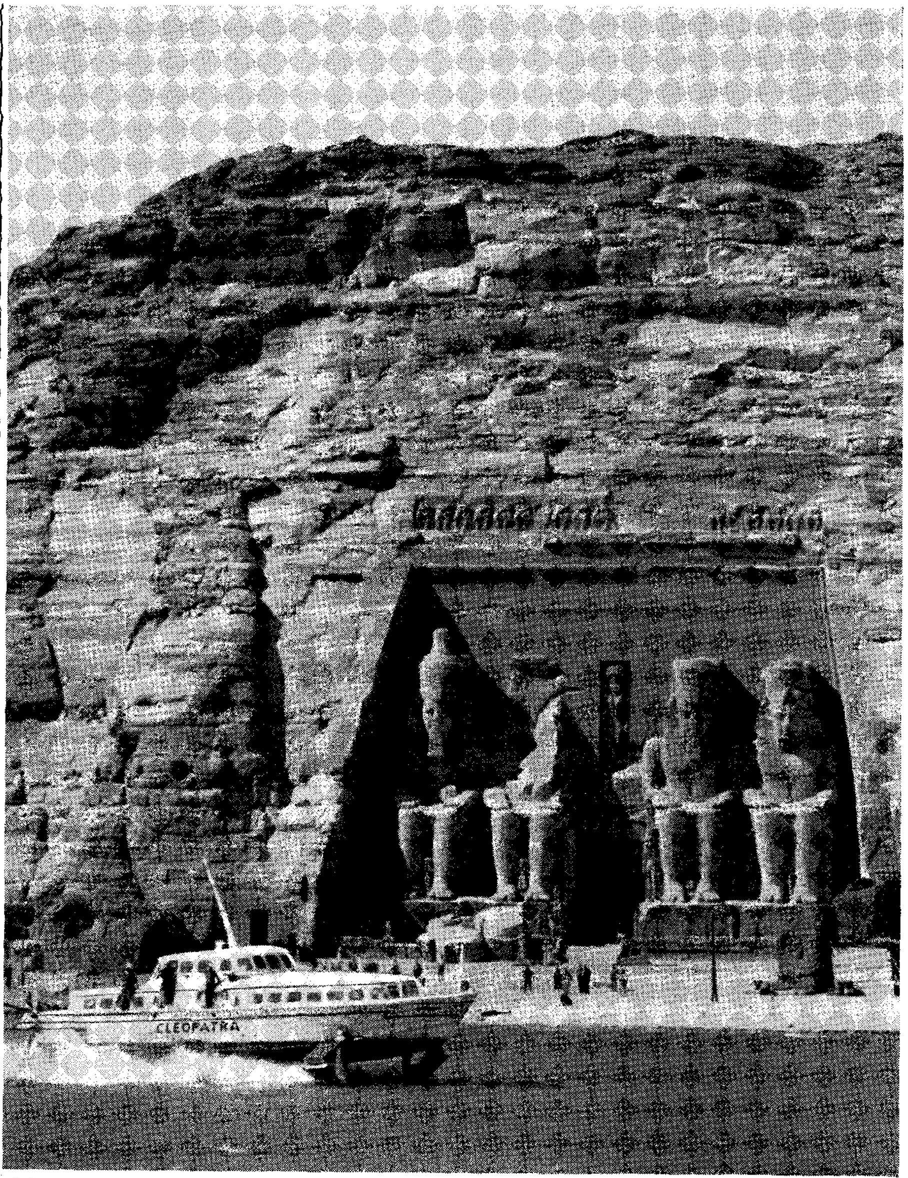
The latter's greeting lacked the former ardor, and had a slightly derisive note instead. "Oho! You won't wriggle out of it this time," he said, taking Lik firmly by the elbow. "I want you to see how I live and work."

"I have a performance tonight," Lik objected, "and I'm leaving tomorrow!"

"That's just the point, my friend, that's just the point. Seize the opportunity! Take advantage of it! There will never be another chance. The card is trumped! Come on. Get going."

Repeating disconnected words and imitating with all his unattractive being the senseless joy of a man who has reached the borderline, and perhaps even gone beyond it (a poor imitation, Lik thought vaguely), Koldunov walked briskly, prodding on his weak companion. The entire company of actors was sitting on the terrace of a corner café, and, noticing Lik, greeted him with a peripatetic smile that skittered across the lips of each member of the company like a spot of reflected sunlight.

Koldunov led Lik up a crooked little street, mottled here and there by jaundiced, and also somehow crooked, sunlight. Lik had never visited this squalid, old quarter. The tall, bare façades of the narrow houses seemed to lean over the pavement from either side, with their tops almost meeting; sometimes they coalesced completely,



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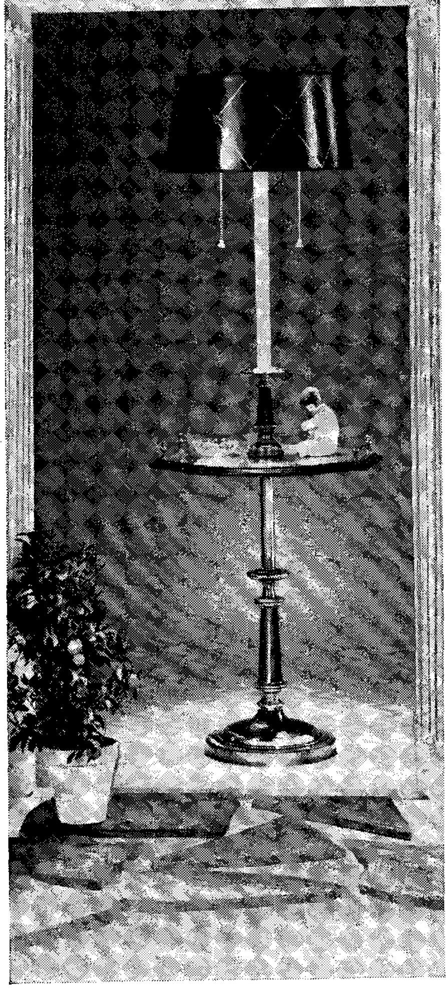

forming an arch. Repulsive infants were puttering about by the doorways; black, foul-smelling water ran down the sidewalk gutter. Suddenly changing direction, Koldunov shoved Lik into a shop and, flaunting the cheapest French slang (in the manner of many Russian paupers), bought two bottles of wine with Lik's money. It was evident that he was long since in debt here, and now there was a desperate glee in his whole bearing and in his menacing exclamations of greeting, which brought no response whatever from either the shopkeeper or the shopkeeper's mother-in-law, and this made Lik even more uncomfortable. They walked on, turning into an alley, and although it had seemed that the vile street they had just ascended represented the utmost limit of squalor, filth, and congestion, this passage, with limp washing hanging overhead, managed to embody an even greater dejection. At the corner of a lopsided square, Koldunov said that he would go in first, and, leaving Lik, headed for the black cavity of an open door. Simultaneously a fair-haired little boy came dashing out of it, but, seeing the advancing Koldunov, ran back, brushing against a pail, which reacted with a harsh clink. "Wait, Vasyuk!" Koldunov shouted, and lumbered into his murky abode. As soon as he entered, a frenzied female voice issued from within, yelling something in what seemed a habitually overwrought tone, but then the scream ceased abruptly, and a minute later Koldunov peeped out and grimly beckoned to Lik.

Lik crossed the threshold and immediately found himself in a low-ceilinged, dark room, whose bare walls, as if distorted by some awful pressure from above, formed incomprehensible curves and corners. The place was crammed with the dingy stage properties of indigence. The boy of a moment ago sat on the sagging connubial bed; a huge fair-haired woman with thick bare feet emerged from a corner and, without a smile on her bloated pale face (whose every feature, even the eyes, seemed smudged, by fatigue, or melancholy, or God knows what), wordlessly greeted Lik.

"Get acquainted, get acquainted," Koldunov muttered in derisive encouragement, and immediately set about uncorking the wine. His wife put some bread and a plate of tomatoes on the table. She was so silent that Lik began to doubt whether it had been this woman who had screamed a moment ago.

She sat down on a bench in the back

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Hutchinson, Kan.	Peques, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.	Jacobson's
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	The Jones Store, all stores
Kansas City, Mo.	Kline's
Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's, all stores
La Jolla, Calif.	Meanly's
Lancaster, S. C.	Belk's Dept. Store
Levittown, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Lincoln, Neb.	Gold & Co.
Lincoln, Neb.	Miller & Paine, Inc.
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffums'
Lubbock, Texas	Dunlap's
Memphis, Tenn.	The John Gerber Co.
Midland, Texas	Grammer-Murphy
Milwaukee, Wis.	Milwaukee Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Monroe, N. C.	Belk Brothers, Inc.
Mountain View, Calif.	Rhodes D. S.
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
New York, N. Y.	Macy's and branches
Oakland, Calif.	Rhodes D. S.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Omaha, Neb.	Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner & Co.
Peoria, Ill.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Pomona, Calif.	Fedway
Raleigh, N. C.	The Linen Closet
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimers
Saginaw, Mich.	Jacobson's
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co., all stores
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller, all stores
St. Louis, Mo.	Vandervoort's, all stores
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's
San Francisco, Calif.	City of Paris
Shreveport, La.	Rubenstein's
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle & Koch Co.
Topeka, Kan.	Crosby's
Topeka, Kan.	Pelletier Stores Co.
Trenton, N. J.	Nevius-Voorhees
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin
Ventura, Calif.	Great Eastern Store
West Palm Beach, Fla.	Pioneer Co.
Whittier, Calif.	Hinshaw
Wichita, Kan.	Buck's Dept. Store
Wichita, Kan.	Innes Dept. Store
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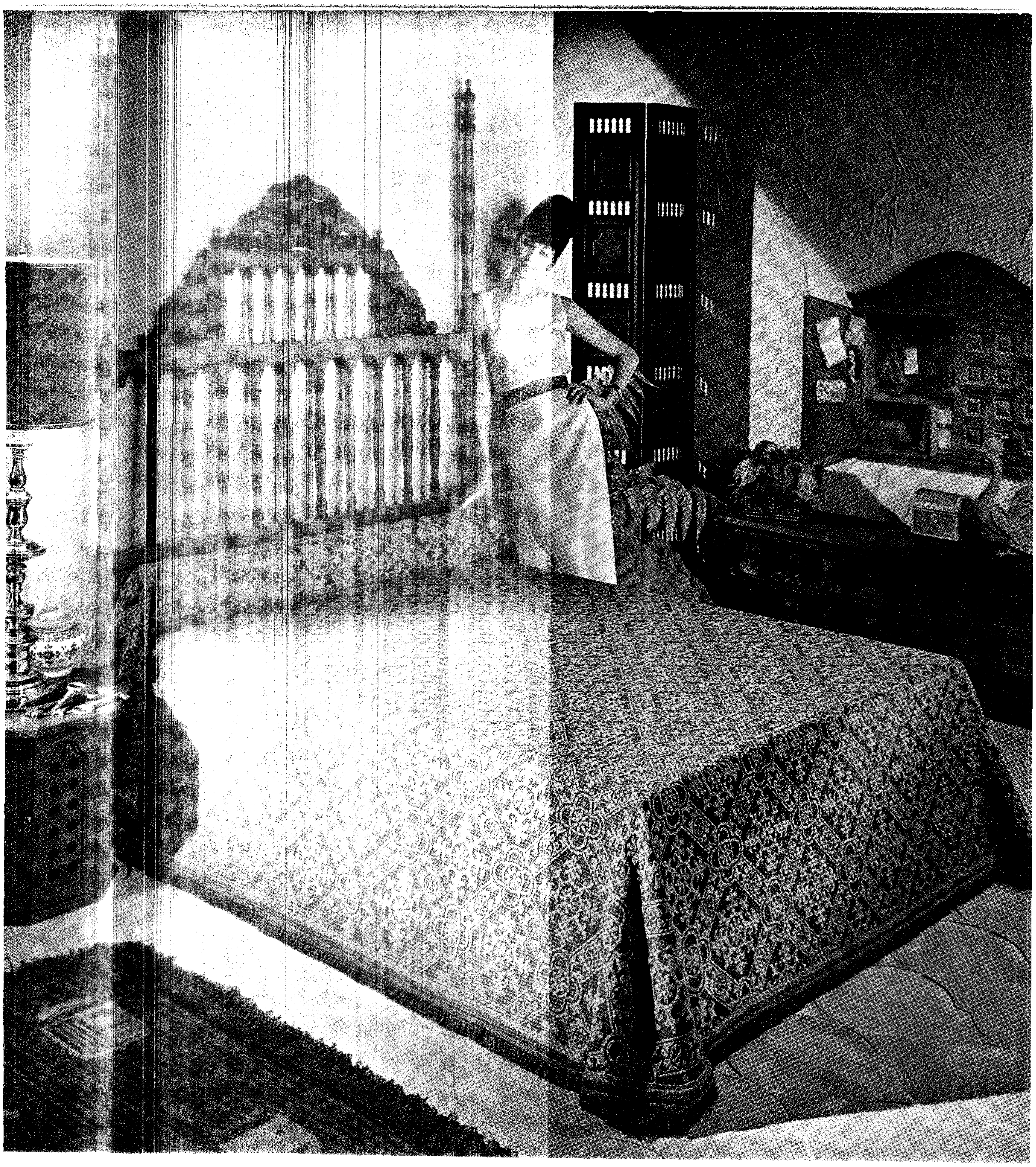

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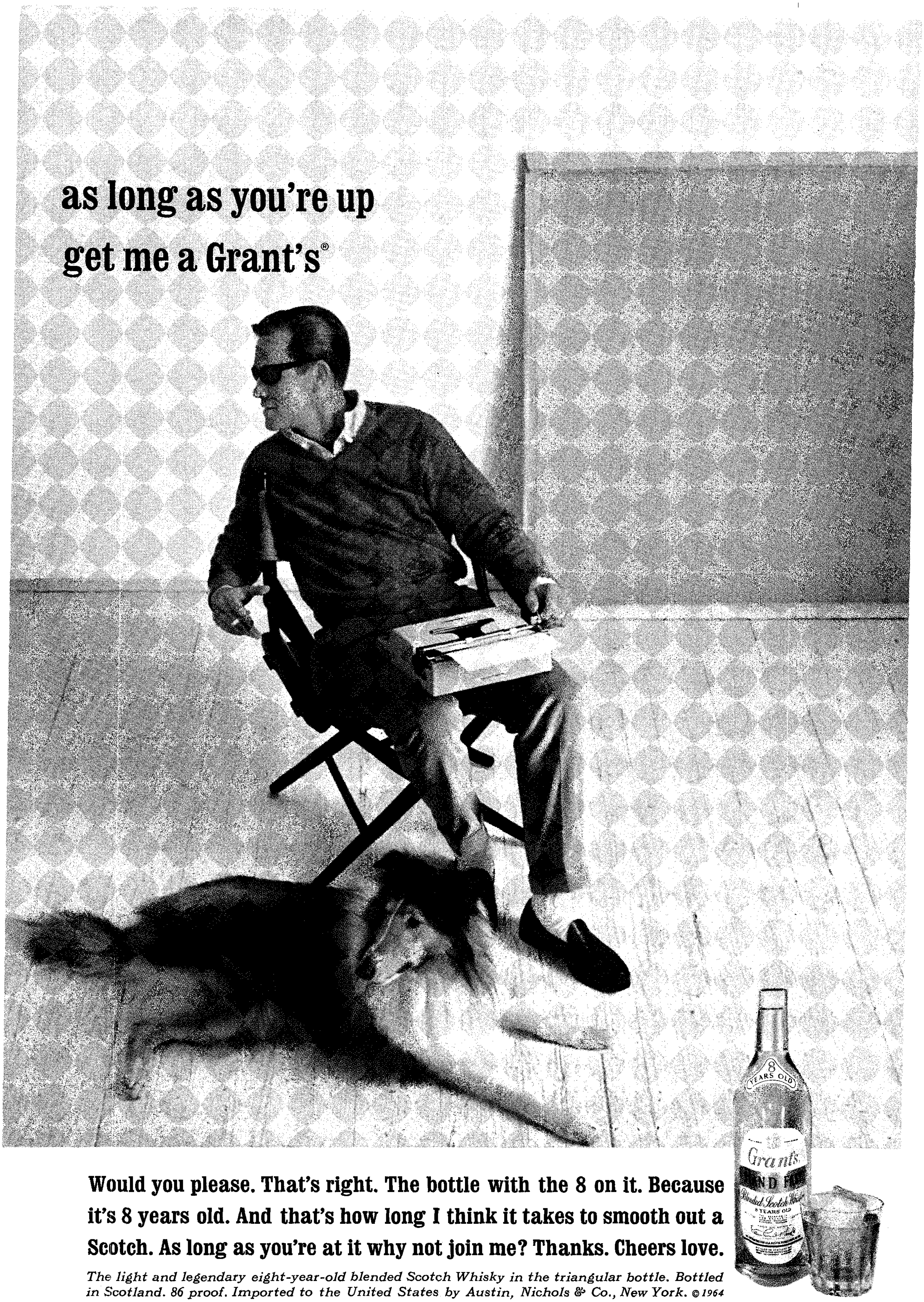
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The light and legendary eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York. ©1964 of the room, busying herself with something, cleaning something . . . with a knife over a spread newspaper, it seemed—Lik was afraid to look too closely—while the boy, his eyes glistening, moved over to the wall and, maneuvering cautiously, slipped out into the street. There was a multitude of flies in the room, and with maniacal persistence they haunted the table and settled on Lik's forehead.

"All right, let's have a drink," said Koldunov.

"I can't—I'm not allowed to," Lik was about to object, but instead, obeying the oppressive influence he knew well from his nightmares, he took a swallow—and went into a fit of coughing.

"That's better," said Koldunov with a sigh, wiping his trembling lips with the back of his hand. "You see," he continued, filling Lik's glass and his own, "here's the situation. This is going to be a business talk! Allow me to tell you in brief. At the beginning of summer, I worked for a month or so with some other Russians here, collecting beach garbage. But, as you well know, I am an outspoken man who likes the truth, and when a scoundrel turns up, I come right out and say, 'You're a scoundrel,' and, if necessary, I punch him in the mouth. Well, one day . . ."

Koldunov began telling, circumstantially, with painstaking repetition, a dull, wretched episode, and one had the feeling that for a long time his life had consisted of such episodes; that humiliation and failure, heavy cycles of ignoble idleness and ignoble toil, culminating in the inevitable row, had long since become a profession with him. Lik, meanwhile, began to feel drunk after the very first glass, but nevertheless went on sipping, with concealed revulsion. A kind of tickling fog permeated every part of his body, but he dared not stop, as if his refusal of wine would lead to a shameful punishment. Leaning on one elbow, Koldunov talked uninterruptedly, stroking the edge of the table with one hand and occasionally slapping it to stress some particularly sombre word. His head, the color of yellowish clay (he was almost completely bald), the bags under his eyes, the enigmatically malignant expression of his mobile nostrils—all of this had completely lost any connection with the image of the strong, handsome schoolboy who used to torment Lik, but the coefficient of nightmare remained unchanged.

"There you are, friend. . . . This is no longer important," said Koldunov

"I've got to see their Gun Fair. But don't worry, dear, I won't buy a thing. Not me!"

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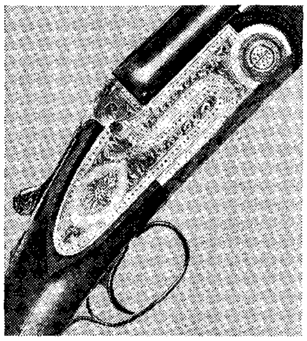

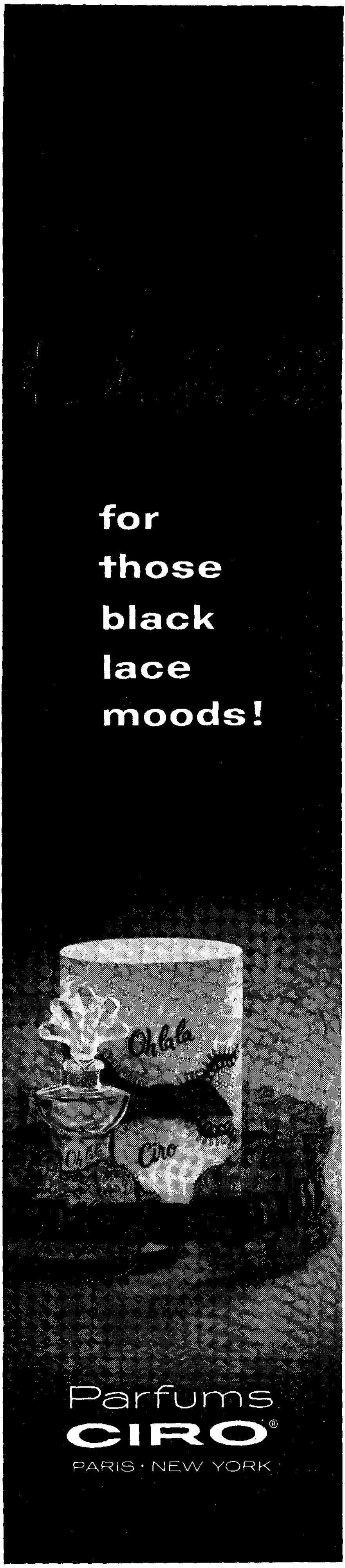

in a different tone. "Actually, I had this little tale all ready for you last time, when it occurred to me that fate—I'm an old fatalist—had given a certain meaning to our meeting, that you had come as a savior, so to speak. But now it turns out that, in the first place, you—forgive me—are as stingy as a Jew and, in the second place . . . Who knows, maybe you really are not in a position to make me a loan. . . . Have no fear, have no fear. . . . This topic is closed! Moreover, it would have only been a question of a small sum to get me back not on my feet—that would be a luxury—but merely on all fours. Because I'm sick of sprawling with my face in the muck. I'm not going to ask anything of you; it's not my style to beg. All I want is your opinion about something. It's a philosophical question. Ladies need not listen. How do you explain all this? You see, if a definite explanation exists, then fine, I'm willing to put up with the muck, since that means there is something logical and justified in all this, perhaps something useful to me or to others, I don't know. Here, explain this to me: I am a human being—you certainly cannot deny that, can you? All right. I am a human being, and the same blood runs in my veins as in yours. Believe it or not, I was my late mama's only and beloved. As a boy, I played pranks; as a youth, I went to war, and the ball started rolling—God, how it rolled! What went wrong? No, you tell *me*—what went wrong? I just want to know what went wrong, then I'll be satisfied. Why has life systematically baited me? Why have I been assigned the part of some kind of miserable scoundrel who is spat on by everybody, gypped, bullied, thrown into jail? Here's an example for you: When they were taking me away after a certain incident in Lyon—and I might add that I was absolutely in the right, and am now very sorry I did not finish him off—well, as the police were taking me away, ignoring my protests, you know what they did? They stuck a little hook right here in the live flesh of my neck—what kind of treatment is that, I ask you?—and off the cop led me to the police station, and I floated along like a sleepwalker, because every additional motion made me black out with pain. Well, can you explain why they don't do this to other people and then, all of a sudden, do it to me? Why did my first wife run away with a Circassian? Why did seven people nearly beat me to death in Antwerp in '32, in a small room? And look at all this—what's the reason for it?—these rags,

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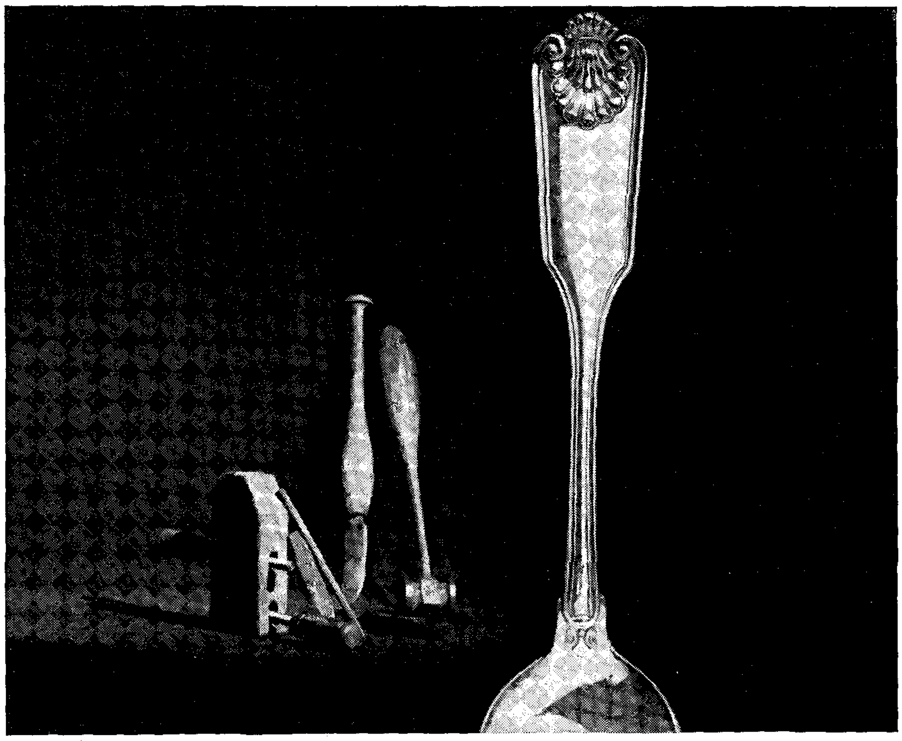

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GASTON de LAGRANGE

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these walls, that Katya over there? . . . The story of my life interests me, and has for a long while! This isn't any Jack London or Dostoevski story for you! I live in a corrupt country—all right. I am willing to put up with the French. All right! But we must find some explanation, gentlemen! I was talking with a guy once and he asks me, 'Why don't you go back to Russia?' Why not, after all? The difference is very small! There they'd persecute me just the same, knock my teeth in, stick me in the cooler, and then invite me to be shot—and at least that would be honest. You see, I'm even willing to respect them—God knows, they are honest murderers—while here these crooks will think up such tortures for you, it's almost enough to make you feel nostalgic for the good old Russian bullet. Hey, why aren't you looking at me . . . you, you, you . . . or don't you understand what I'm saying?"

"No, I understand everything," said Lik. "Only please excuse me. I don't feel well. I must be going. I have to be at the theatre soon."

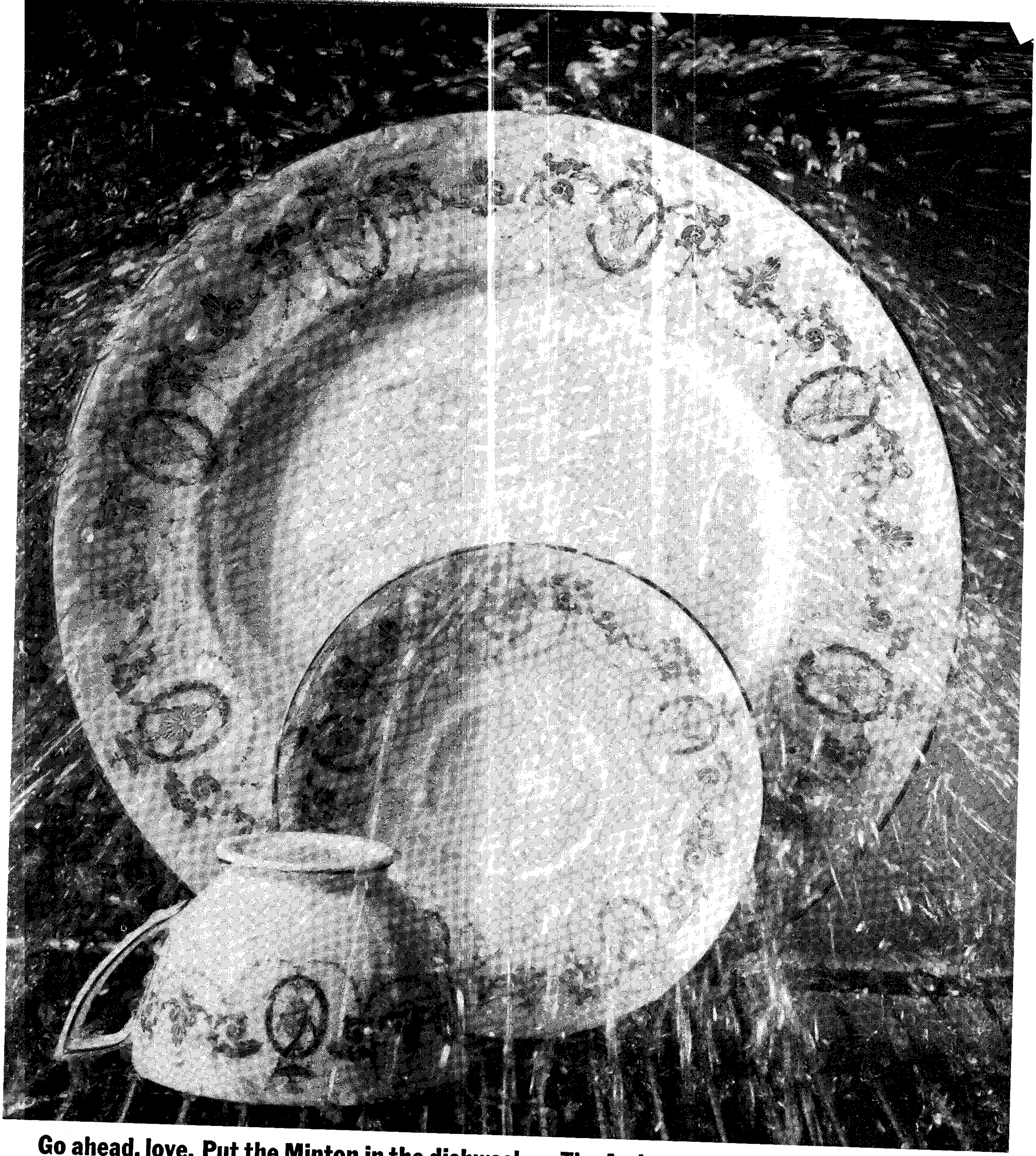
"Oh, no. Wait just a minute. I understand a few things myself. You're a strange fellow. . . . Come on, make me an offer of some kind. . . . Try! Maybe you'll shower me with gold after all, eh? Listen, you know what? I'll sell you a gun—it'll be very useful to you on the stage: bang, and down goes the hero. It's not even worth a hundred francs, but I need more than a hundred—I'll let you have it for a thousand. Want it?"

"No, I don't," said Lik listlessly. "And I really have no money. I've been through it all myself, the hunger and so forth. . . . No, I won't have any more, I feel sick."

"You keep drinking, you son of a bitch, and you won't feel sick. All right, forget it, I just did it to see what you'd say—I won't be bought anyway. Only, please answer my question. Who was it decided I should suffer, and then condemned my child to the same lousy Russian fate? Just a minute, though—suppose I, too, want to sit down in my dressing gown and listen to the radio? What went wrong, eh? Take you, for instance—what makes you better than me? You go swaggering around, living in hotels, smooching with actresses. . . . What's the reason for it? Come on, explain it to me."

Lik said, "I turned out to have—I happened to have . . . Oh, I don't know . . . a modest dramatic talent, I suppose you could say—"

"Talent?" shouted Koldunov. "I must say, that's a good one!" Koldunov



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started shaking in very primitive mimicry of sidesplitting laughter. "You're a dirty rat, chum. That's your only talent. So, according to you, I'm the lowest, filthiest vermin and deserve my rotten end? Splendid, simply splendid. Everything is explained—eureka, eureka! The card is trumped, the nail is in, the beast is butchered!"

"Oleg Petrovich is upset—maybe you ought to be going now," Koldunov's wife suddenly said from her corner, with a strong Estonian accent. There was not the least trace of emotion in her voice, causing her remark to sound wooden and senseless. Koldunov slowly turned in his chair, without altering the position of his hand, which lay as if lifeless on the table, and fixed his wife with an enraptured gaze.

"I am not detaining anyone," he said softly and cheerfully. "And I'll be thankful not to be detained by others. Or told what to do. So long, Mister," he added, not looking at Lik, who for some reason found it necessary to say, "I'll write from Paris, without fail."

"So he's going to write, is he?" said Koldunov softly, apparently still addressing his wife. With some trouble Lik extricated himself from the chair and started in her direction, but swerved and bumped into the bed.

"Go away, it's all right," she said calmly, and then, with a polite smile, Lik stumbled out of the house.

His first sensation was one of relief. He had escaped from the orbit of that drunken, moralizing moron. Then came a mounting horror: he was sick to his stomach, and his arms and legs belonged to different people. How was he to perform that night? The worst of all, though, was that his whole body, which seemed to consist of ripples and dots, sensed the approach of a heart attack. It was as if an invisible stake were pointing at him and he might impale himself any moment. This was why he must follow a weaving course, even stopping and backing slightly now and then. Nevertheless, his mind remained rather lucid; he knew that only thirty-six minutes remained before the start of the performance, and he knew the way home. . . . It would be a better idea, though, to go down to the embankment, to sit by the sea until he felt better. This will pass, this will pass, he told himself, if only I don't die. . . . He also grasped the fact that the sun had just set, that the sky was already more luminous and more tender than the earth. What unnecessary, offensive nonsense. He walked, calculating every step, but sometimes he would err and

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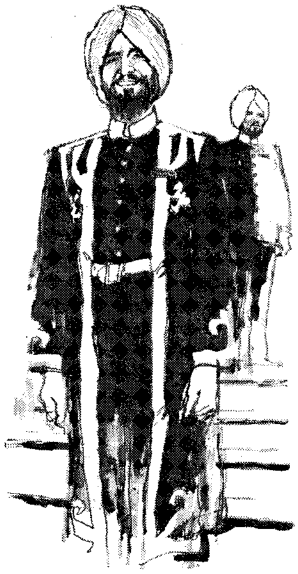

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passersby would turn to look at him. Happily, he did not encounter many of them, since it was the hallowed dinner hour, and when he reached the seafront, he found it quite deserted; the lights burned on the pier, casting long reflections on the tinted water, and these bright dots and inverted exclamation marks seemed to be shining translucently in his own head. He sat down on a bench, hurting his coccyx as he did so, and shut his eyes. But then everything began to spin; his heart was reflected as a terrifying globe on the dark inner side of his eyelids. It continued to swell agonizingly, and, to put a stop to this, he opened his eyes and tried to hook his gaze on things—on the evening star, on that black buoy in the sea, on a darkened eucalyptus tree at the end of the promenade. I know all this, he thought, I understand all this, and, in the twilight, the eucalyptus strangely resembles a big Russian birch. Can this be the end? Such an idiotic end. . . . I feel worse and worse. . . . What's happening to me? . . . Oh, my God!

ABOUT ten minutes passed, no more. His watch ticked on, trying tactfully not to look at him. The thought of death coincided precisely with the thought that in half an hour he would walk out onto the bright stage and say the first words of his part: "*Je vous prie d'excuser, Madame, cette invasion nocturne.*" And these words, clearly and elegantly engraved in his memory, seemed far more real than the lapping and plashing of the weary waves, or the sound of two gay female voices coming from behind the stone wall of a nearby villa, or the recent talk of Koldunov, or even the pounding of his own heart. His feeling of sickness suddenly reached such a panicky pitch that he got up and walked along the parapet, dazedly stroking it and peering at the colored inks of the evening sea.

"In any case," Lik said aloud, "I have to cool off. . . . Instant cure . . . Either I'll die or it'll help."

He slid down the sloping edge of the sidewalk, where the parapet stopped, and crunched across the pebbly beach. There was nobody on the shore except for a shabbily dressed man, who happened to be lying supine near a boulder, his feet spread wide apart. Something about the outline of his legs and shoulders for some reason reminded Lik of Koldunov. Swaying a little and already stooping, he walked self-consciously to the edge of the water, and was about to scoop some up in his hands and douse

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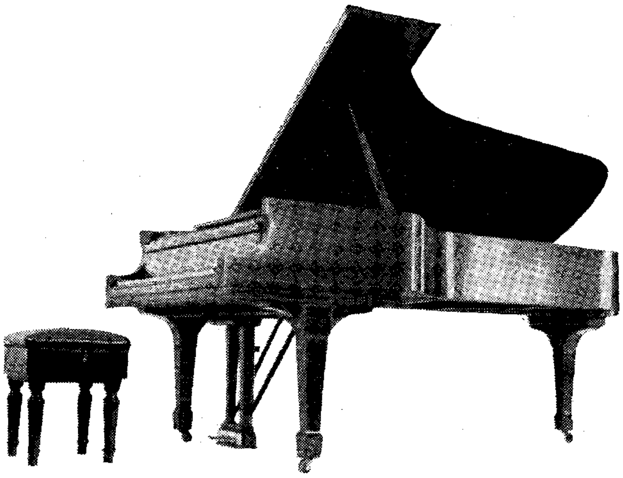

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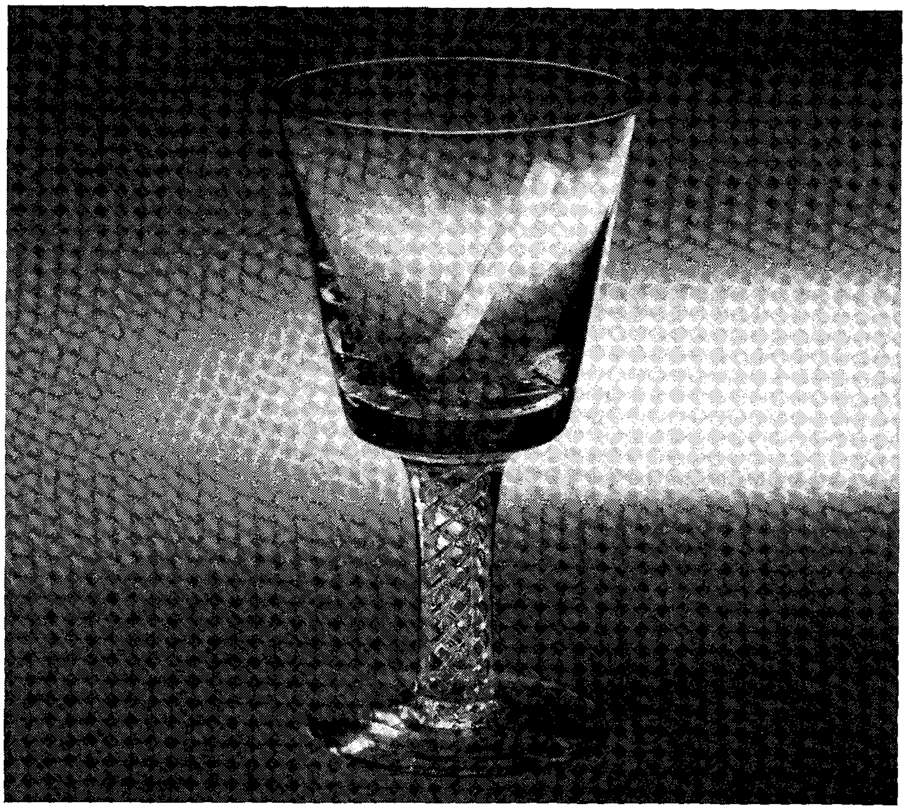

No butts about it, Stuart Crystal

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his head; but the water was alive, moving, and threatening to soak his feet. Perhaps I have enough coördination left to take off my shoes and socks, he thought, and in the same instant remembered the box containing his new shoes. He had forgotten it at Koldunov's!

And as soon as he remembered it, this image proved so stimulating that immediately everything was simplified, and this saved Lik, in the same way that a situation is sometimes saved by its rational formulation. He must get those shoes at once, there was just time enough to get them, and as soon as this was accomplished, he would step onstage in them. (All perfectly clear and logical.)

Forgetting the pressure in his chest, the foggy feeling, the nausea, Lik climbed back up to the promenade, and in a sonorously recorded voice hailed an empty taxi that was just leaving the curb by the villa across the way. Its brakes responded with a lacerating moan. He gave the chauffeur the address from his notebook and, even though the entire trip—there and from there to the theatre—wouldn't take more than five minutes, told him to go as fast as possible.

The taxi approached Koldunov's place from across the square. A crowd had gathered, and it was only by dint of persistent threats with his horn that the driver managed to squeeze through. Koldunov's wife was sitting on a chair by the public fountain. Her forehead and left cheek glistened with blood, her hair was matted, and she sat quite straight and motionless, surrounded by the curious, while, next to her, also motionless, stood her boy, in a bloodstained shirt, covering his face with his fist—a kind of tableau. A policeman, mistaking Lik for the doctor, escorted him into the room. The dead man lay on the floor amid broken crockery, his face blasted by a gunshot in the mouth, his widespread feet in new, white—

"Those are mine," said Lik, in French. —VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(*Translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov.*)

•

MAYNARD—The Maynard Historical Society will meet at 7 o'clock at the house tonight at 7:30 o'clock. Further plans will be discussed for the centennial of the town, which will be observed in 1871. R. Birgir Koski is chairman of the society and anyone interested is welcome to attend.
—*Lowell* (*Mass.*) *Sun.*

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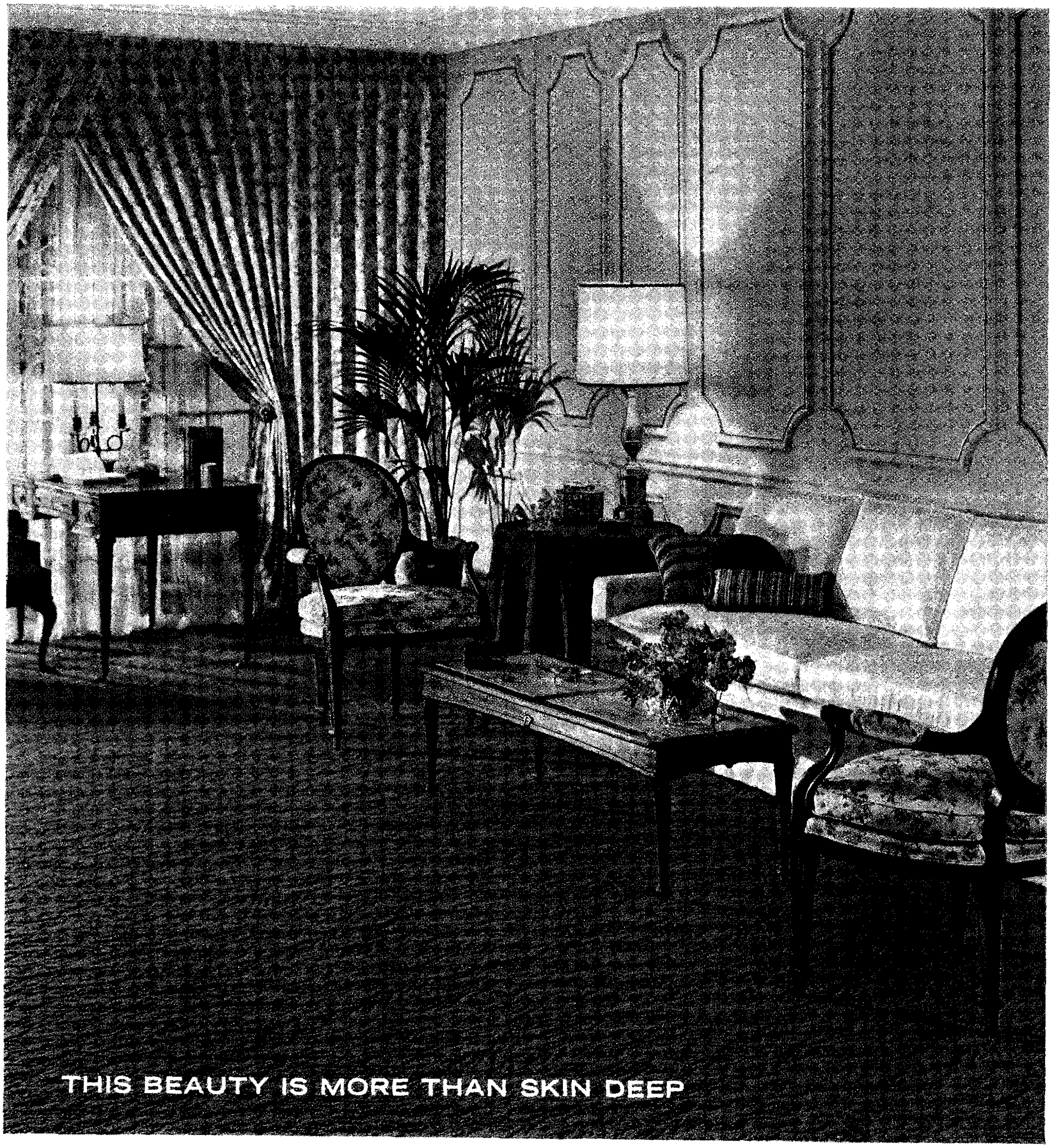

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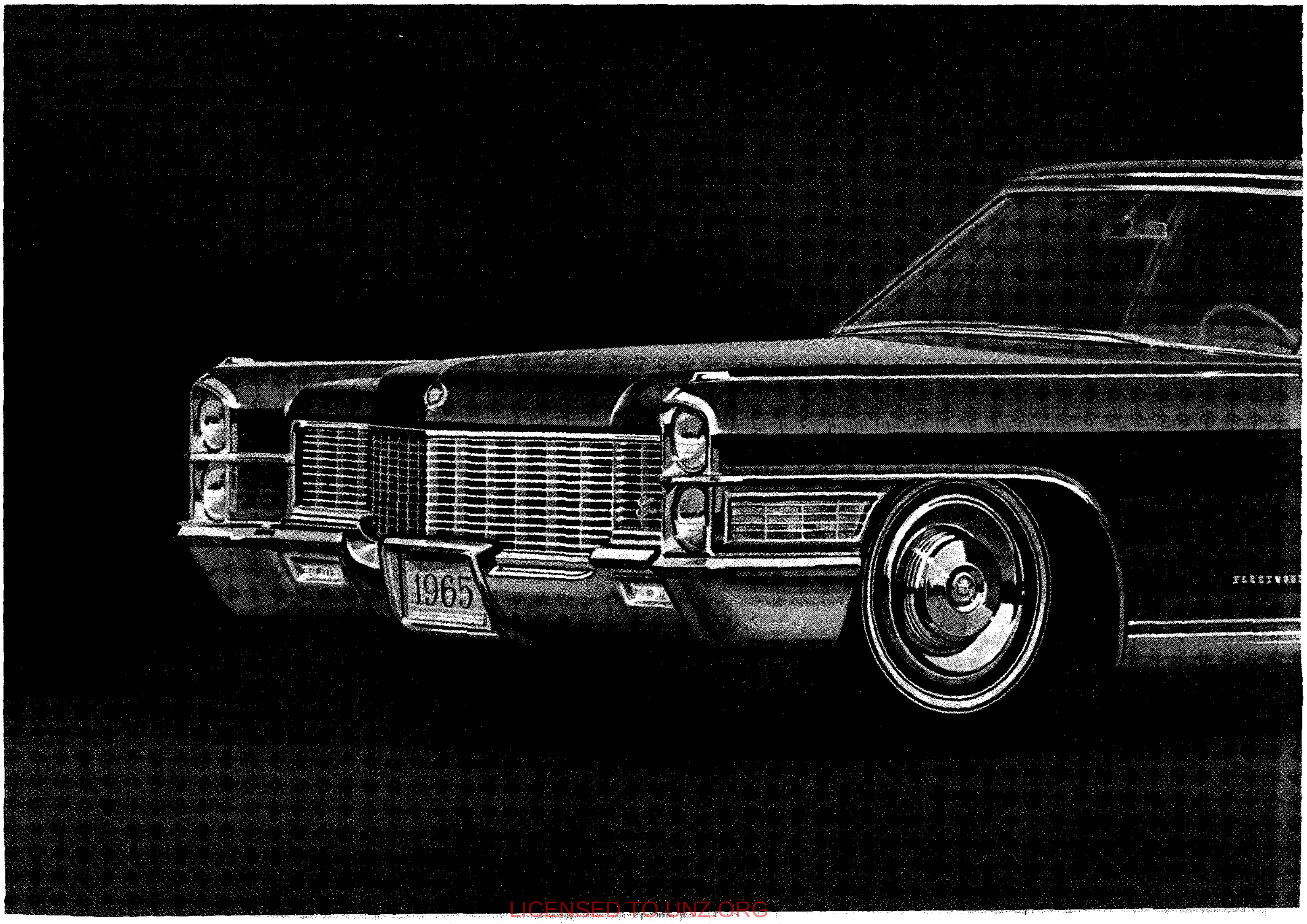

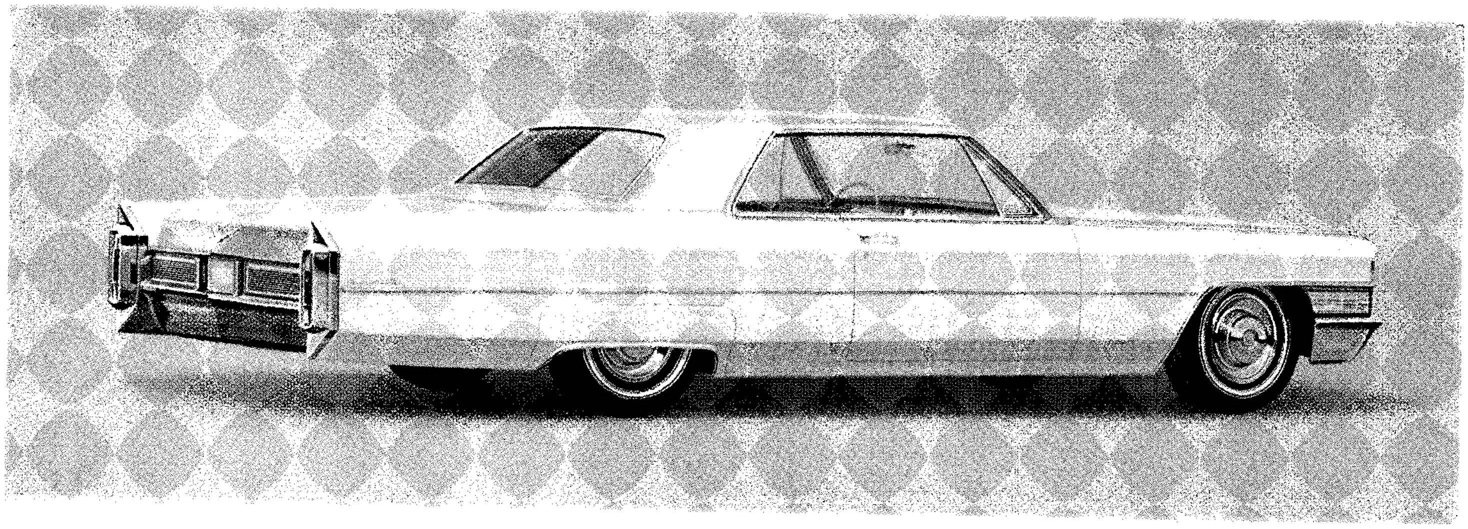

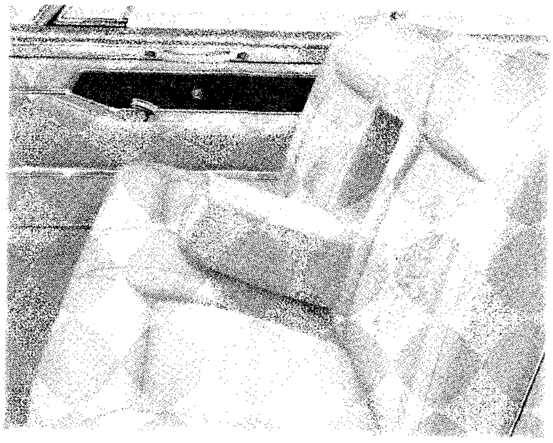

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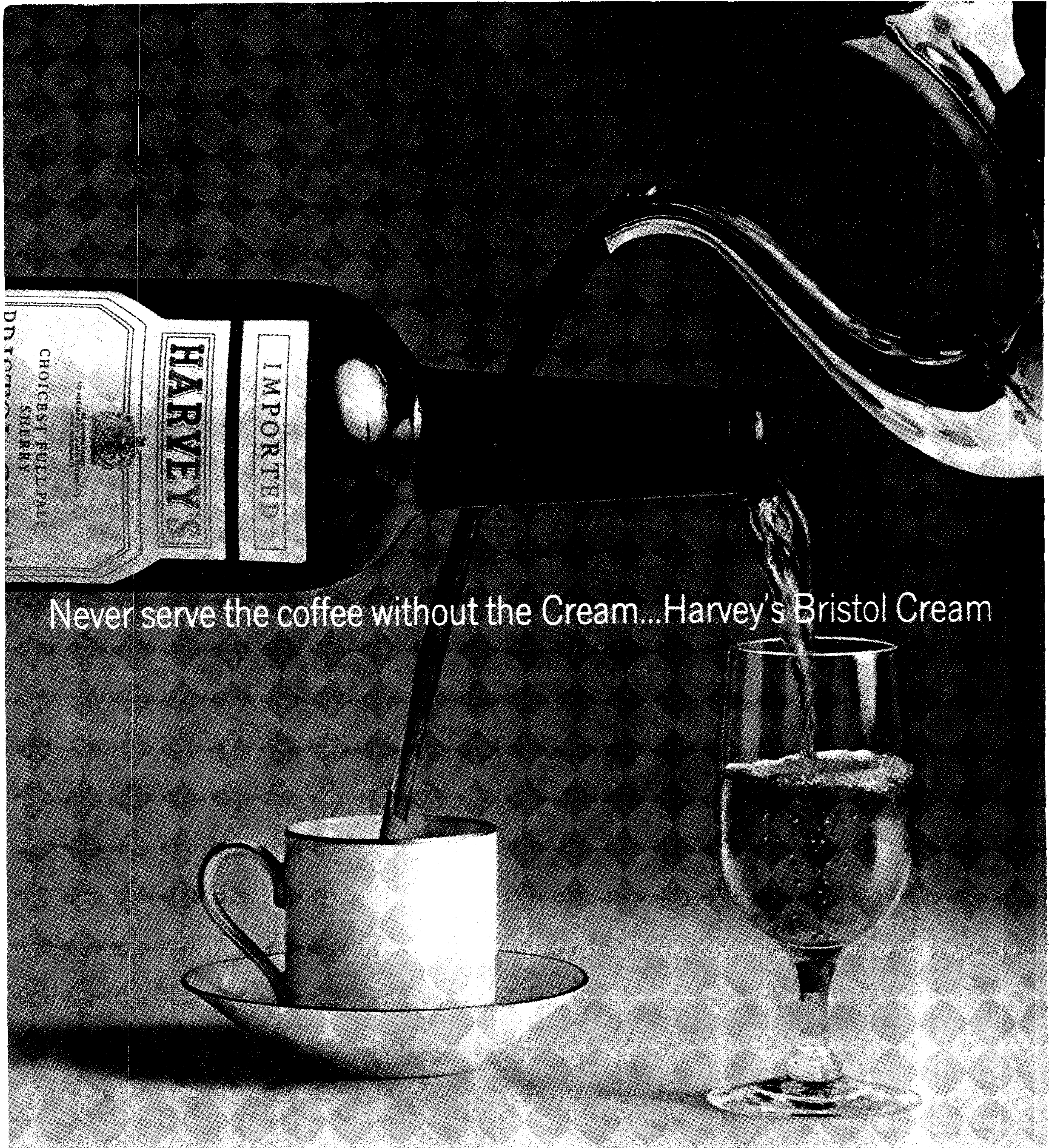
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THE THEATRE

LITTLEWOOD'S HOSTILITIES

"Oh What a Lovely War," at the Broadhurst, is a compendium of the foolishness that accompanied the First World War, and, as directed by Joan Littlewood, it is a notable enterprise. Thanks to our General Sherman and a couple of others, we are aware that war is hell, but Miss Littlewood and her colleagues in the Theatre Workshop Group Production, who put this musical entertainment together, point up the fact that war isn't only satanic but also horrendously silly. Before the curtain went up on "Oh What a Lovely War," I was beguiled by this note in the program: "In 1960 an American Military Research Team fed all the facts of World War One into the computers they use to plan World War III. They reached the conclusion that the 1914-18 war was impossible and couldn't have happened. There could not have been so many blunders or so many casualties." Miss Littlewood, however, who knows a fact when she sees it, insists that there *was* a First World War, and if she and her associates are a bit obvious in their satire, they are nevertheless most amusing. Dressed in Pierrot and Pierrette costumes, the cast performs in front of a kind of Times Building news tape that recounts such things as the fact that thirteen thousand casualties were incurred to gain a hundred yards. (This, presumably, is when the computers turned in their suits.) You may be sure that the usual inept military set—Sir John French, Sir Douglas Haig, the Kaiser, Moltke, and that popular Irish target Sir Henry Wilson—are given their lumps here, but the show by no means consists entirely of kicking dead dogs. It is full of the songs and absurdities of the First World War (which, of course, persisted into the Second World War), and it has on hand a cast that cannot be faulted. As far as the songs are concerned, I missed "Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty" and a few others, but I was pleasantly surprised by the durability of the war songs that I learned *post hoc*. In a cast drilled with enormous precision, Victor Spinetti stands out as a sort of military master of ceremonies (one of his turns involves a magnificent bit of double-talk), and then there is Valerie Walsh, who is miraculously configured, and then there is Barbara Windsor—But why go on? These are all fine people.

At about the halfway mark of "The Last Analysis," which is at the Belasco and represents Saul Bellow's first contribution to Broadway, I came to the conclusion that his means of communication with me was not only down but irreparably out. The play concerns a has-been comedian who figures that if he can reënact his life on closed-circuit television for the benefit of a clutch of psychiatrists, it will adjust his twisted psyche. When he got around to toilet training with an old-fashioned commode, I thought it was time for me to vanish. Sam Levene, a good man, heads the cast.

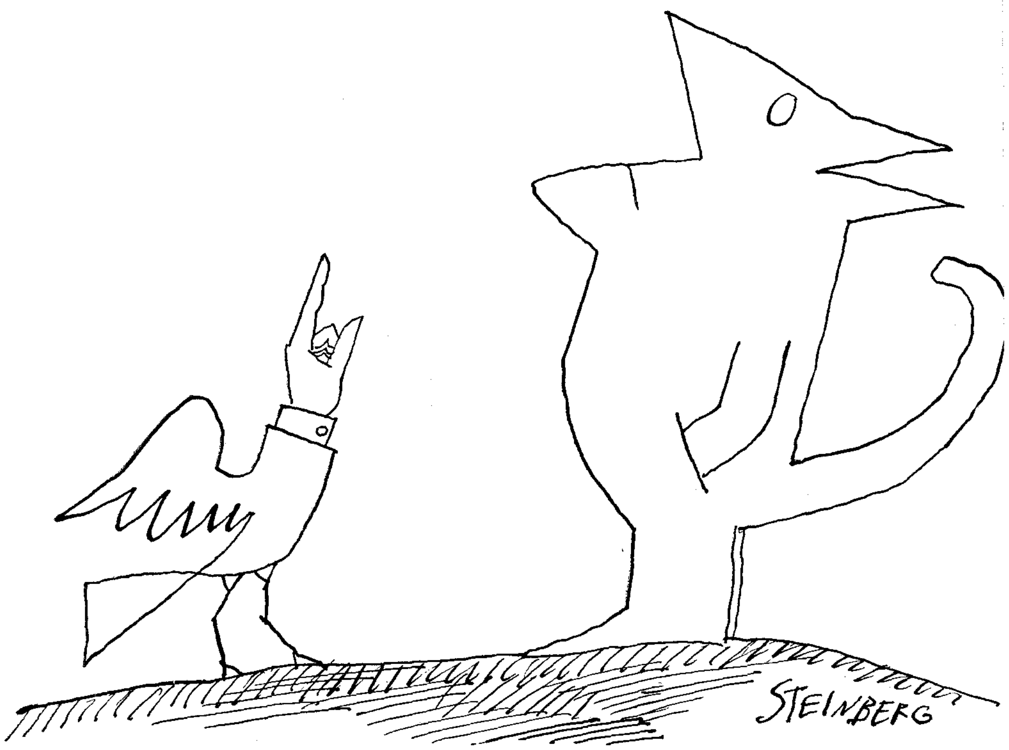
—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

At Home with the Caparutas

The performances in "Kiss Mama," at the Actors Playhouse—especially the performances of Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, and Val Bisoglio—are so good that for the first of its two acts, at least, they transform a modest, amusing script into a truly merry comedy. The script is the most recent of George Panetta's affectionate salutes (fictional and dramatic) to the Italians of this city—a subject that he apparently knows well, and one that I've always found very attractive anyway. Mr. Pedi's rasping, lumbering innocence makes every line that comes his way—and some quite good ones do come his way—sound funny. Miss Beers is a natural, with a straight-faced, dead-on-the-mark delivery, who may remind you of a young Jean Dixon or of a younger Nancy Walker. Mr. Bisoglio's comic style is quiet and earnest. By the way, Julius La Rosa, the television troubadour, does nicely, too.

The play concerns an elderly couple named Caparuta, their sons and son-in-law, and their daughter and daughters-in-law. All of them New Yorkers by adoption or birth, they congregate on Sunday afternoons, the men to play poker, the women to gossip. Any summary of the play's contents, combined with that discouraging title, is bound to make it sound like just another aren't-we-darling, with the members of a clan giving themselves cozy little hugs as they trip lightly over the day-to-day horrors of domestic life. Well, it is, but it really isn't. Italians may, indeed, have domestic life licked. The details of character and action and conversation—non-plot action and conversation, that is—are entertaining and certainly sound authentic. There are squabbles and reports of squabbles and flareups and sim-



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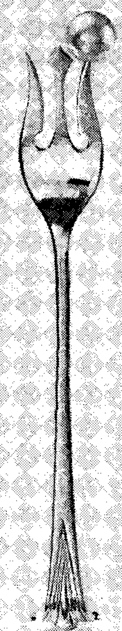

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mering downs. Nothing that happens to anyone concerned is too trivial or too private for panel discussion. Under Ruth Rawson's direction, the playing of even the weakest of the actors usually remains well this side of hokum. What a pity it is that so much of the merriment seeps away in the second act, mostly because Miss Beers, Mr. Pedi, and Mr. Bisoglio spend a long stretch offstage while the old couple play an endless and foolish scene, but partly, too, because a great deal of time is wasted winding up the waste-of-time plot, which concerns the campaign of the mother to induce one of her sons and his Jewish wife to get properly married in a Catholic church and to have their child (unborn and even, as yet, unconceived) baptized. All the action takes place in the Caparuta living room (a useful, appropriate set by Jack Cornwell), where the men sit at the card table, stage left, and the women sit around the sofa, stage right, talking about the men. "Kiss Mama" can be considered an attempt to restore the theme of matriarchy to light comedy (or whatever the opposite of black comedy is). It is a daring and unconventional try, come to think of it, as well as a fairly successful one. Bossy mothers have been getting it in the neck in dramas and stories these days, and up to last week Off Broadway was an anti-mother festival.

OBIT: "That Hat!," which ran for one night, was a musical non-show performed with numbing skittishness all over the stage of Theatre Four. The usually droll French comedian Pierre Olaf, an ingenious scene designer named Bill Hargate, and a refreshing young singer and dancer named Barbara Sharma were its principal victims.

—EDITH OLIVER

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For Time Capsule II, the pages of books, magazines, newspapers and other printed matter will be reproduced on microfilm. Tape recordings of famous sounds and voices also will be included. Among papers to be microfilmed will be those concerning the making and dropping of the first atomic bomb. A committee member, Dr. Watson Davis, director of science service, said such information, although not giving precise details for building an A-bomb, will provide enough clues to construct one, if man in some future generation has forgotten how. Other articles will include contact eye lenses, detergent, tranquilizers, a Bikini bathing suit, an electric tooth brush and the Beatles' recording "Hard Day's Night."—*Newsday.*

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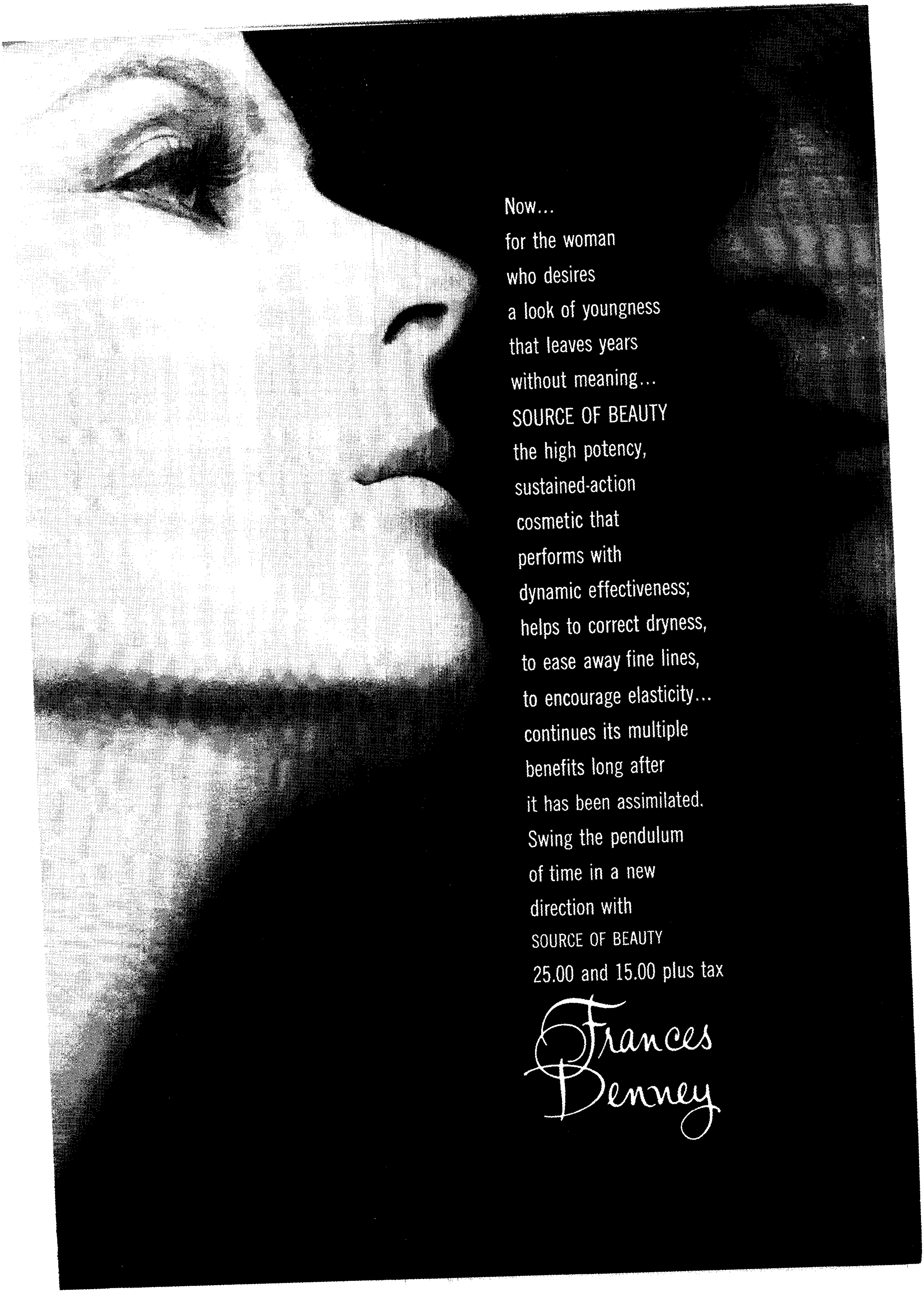

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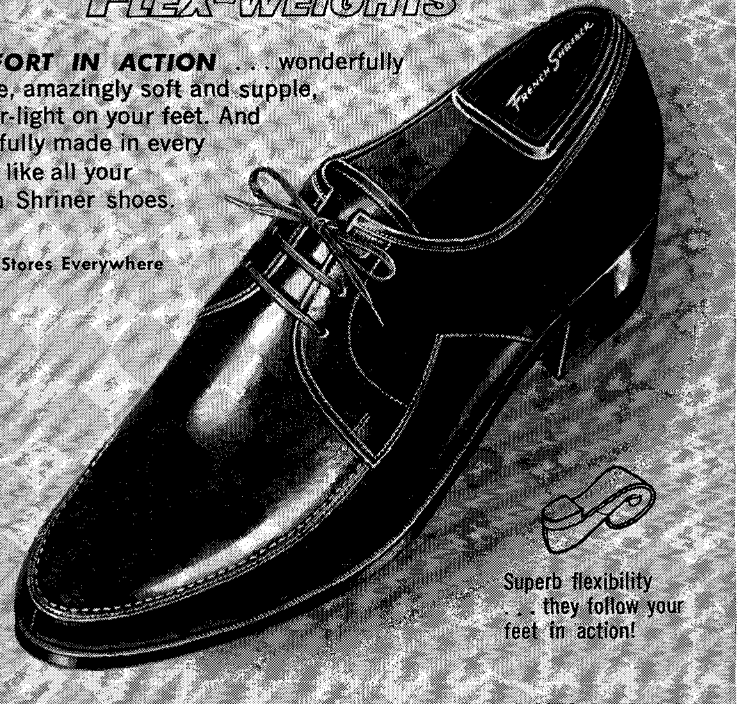

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FOOTBALL

New Highs, New Lows

THE fact that three records—two for throwing and one for galloping—were established in a single Ivy League match last weekend must be a record itself. Nineteen of the passes thrown by Archie Roberts, the Columbia quarterback, against Princeton were valid, and this amounts to the best afternoon any passer in the League has ever had. Mr. Roberts, in his Columbia career, had already thrown two hundred and twenty valid passes in other matches, and his cumulative total set a Columbia record. On earth, Cosmo Iacavazzi, who travels with a speed that leaves pursuers behind, galloped for two Princeton touchdowns; because he had already amassed twenty-one others, Cosmo (his fellow-undergraduates call him this, as a timesaving device) set a record for Princeton gallopers. Breaking two records and nevertheless blowing the game in which they were broken (Princeton 23, Columbia 13) is probably another record. Roberts, an all-round American boy, can run the ball, throw the ball, punt the ball, pick it up when someone else drops it, and steal it away from the enemy, but last Saturday two or three of his best aides were laid up for repairs. Princeton, which had been manic-depressive the week before, against Rutgers, was more manic and less depressive against Columbia, and it soon got on to the idea that Roberts was to be Columbia's man of all work.

DICK KENNEY, a barefoot boy from Hawaii, set a record for Michigan State by kicking a forty-nine-yard field goal (still without benefit of shoes) against Southern California. This was two yards better than the field goal Keith Lincoln, of the San Diego Chargers, kicked that evening in Shea Stadium against the Jets, and Kenney's singular accomplishment puts him up on a par with the professionals, in whose ranks (and not by coincidence) more than a few of our college teams are already enrolled. Yale set a national record by racking up its six-hundredth triumph, beating Lehigh 54–0, and Dick Niglio punched out two of the frequent touchdowns—his first since his return to Yale's good scholastic graces. Bucknell broke a record of seventy-three years' standing by finally overcoming an Ivy League opponent—Harvard. The score was 24–21. Bucknell once produced Christy Mathewson (he was a celebrated fullback and dropkicker on campus before he became the celebrated pitcher for the New York Giants) and several backs who were good enough to move on to West Point, but it has hardly been heard of since. Bobby Leo, who last season looked to be the best of the Ivy League freshman backs, managed two touchdowns against Bucknell. Army broke its record of never having played a night game (Navy broke *its* comparable record a good twenty years ago), and broke its two-game winning streak, too, in Austin, where it was beaten by Texas, 17–6. It was the first of Army's far-ranging personal appearances this season. The defeat did not, however, dim the repute of the strength-of-ten hero Carl Stichweh, the team's quarterback. Navy broke its twenty-game record of always running up a score for Roger Staubach, its quarterback, by letting Michigan beat it, 21–0. Navy has half a dozen long-distance personal appearances on its datebook, and Navy is famous for picking on teams its own size or a lot bigger. Good luck!

SATURDAY night is no longer the loneliest night in the week since the Jets were created, and at Shea Stadium one can count on seeing forty-five or fifty thousand customers, two hundred thousand frankfurters, one or two high-school marching bands (augmented by a platoon or so of drum majorettes, brave as anything in their very bare legs), and rousing football. Shea Stadium has made the best of all possible compromises in arranging itself for both baseball and football, and if you are prompt and smart enough to book loge seats, it doesn't matter how many guests stand up in front. Loge seats! The Strand and the Capitol and Radio City Music Hall! And how like a movie palace Shea Stadium is by floodlights, and without any feeling of constriction or confinement, but how unlike Yankee Stadium, where the football Giants live. Let us rebuild Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium in its image before another Army-Navy match is played there. —J. W. L.

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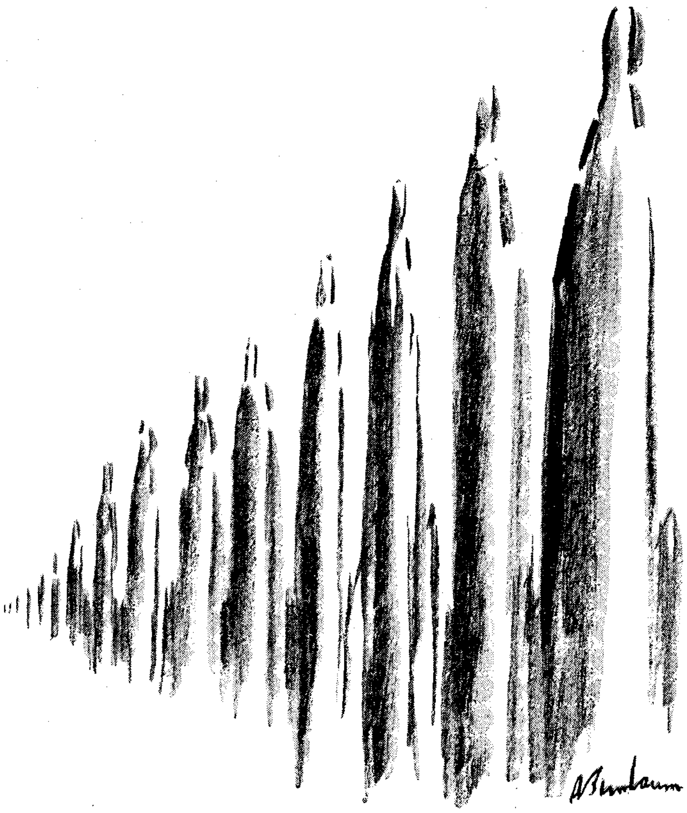
Betz, a candidate himself, also directed an attack against Evan's opponent. He said Rep. J. Edgar Chenoweth has been an abacus around the neck of the people he represents.—*Colorado Springs Free Press.*

Not a bad arrangement.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.

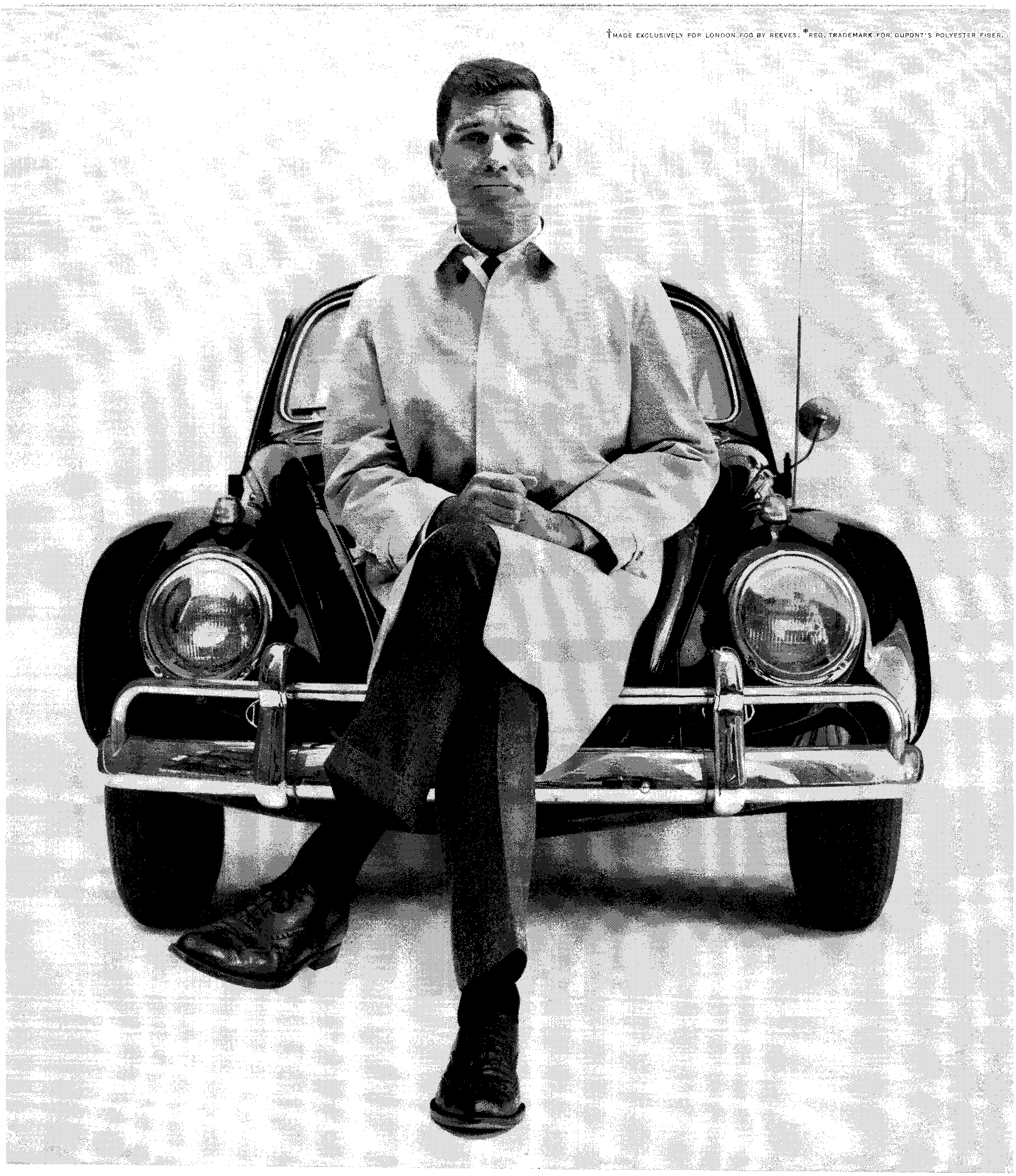
A REPORTER AT LARGE

AN INQUIRY INTO ENOUGHNESS



THE great, and conceivably the final, commonplace of our time is that nuclear war is unthinkable, and yet, as heads of state keep telling us, the weapons that make such a catastrophe possible continue to be turned out daily in the United States and in Russia (and, at a far slower tempo, in Great Britain and France). Once begun anywhere, stockpiles of this formidable ordnance have done nothing but grow, following a pattern that has prevailed ever since the first atomic bomb was put together, nearly twenty years ago. As world leaders have also repeatedly told us, there are "devices" in existence now that are thousands of times as powerful as the two that were detonated over Japan in 1945. We hear, too, of "low-yield" weapons—"refined" or "sophisticated" models—that military men consider ideally suited to such "tactical" pursuits as the taking of a bridge or a beachhead. (Certain of these models have forty times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb, which is now categorized as "nominal" in size.) There are now on routine patrols planes each of which is armed with bombs whose combined potency is the equivalent of all the firepower expended in the Second World War; this is less than half the firepower of a single one of the Polaris submarines that lie ready for action at the bottom of the sea. The chiefs of the nuclear governments bluntly state that there can be no perfect defense against incoming rockets. Repeatedly, in pleading for disarmament, these personages have declared that the opening minutes of a nuclear war could leave millions of casualties. The broad effect of this steady preachment, delivered for years from the secular pulpits of scattered chancelleries, has been to call forth the question—profoundly and widely, I believe—of just how much is enough when it comes to nuclear weapons. If two "nominal" specimens could do what they did to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, then why the assembly-line production of thousands upon thousands more, every one of them the potential cargo of a missile or a plane capable of travelling at several times the speed of sound? Given the nature of these weapons, I have been asking myself, is it reasonable to imagine that a country can reach the point of deciding that its arsenal is strong enough to see it through any crisis—of feeling that it need no longer concern itself with the comparative strength of rival powers? In short, is it reasonable to imagine that Russia or the United States could choose to resign unilaterally from the present arms race? While the question might apply to either nation, it probably makes more sense to address it to the stronger of the two—which, according to all the intelligence reports that our leaders believe in, is our own. In any event, I have recently put in a fair amount of time in Washington exploring the idea of enoughness, so to speak, with members of the United States government. Among the people with whom I discussed the various aspects of this idea were the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Director of the Bureau of the Budget, senators, congressmen, multi-starred generals, and decision-making scientists. And as far as I can make out, the idea of armed sufficiency, in any settled, static form, is a tortuous and elusive one, as hard to define as the state of the world. Wandering the capital in search of elucidation, I grew accustomed to hearing earnest answers that were charged with dilemma and paradox, with fact shaped by opinion, with logic rooted in prayer. Indeed, before I was through, it seemed less a concept that I was looking into than the mentality of a nuclear capital—of a collection of individuals responsible for the country's safety. Much the same state of mind, with all its doubt and dissension, may also be encountered in the other great nuclear capital, I learned from officials who had spent time in Russia.

A number of the officials I talked with, in the Pentagon, on Capitol Hill, and at the State Department, displayed a surprisingly personal reaction when I asked their opinion on what was enough in the way of arms. A scientist with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency began his reply with "Don't think for a minute that I'm soft-headed, but . . ." A Regular Army colonel, after inviting me to sit down in his Pentagon office, wanted me to know that he was a devoted family man, the father of four children. "So, whatever I tell you, remember that," he said, and thereupon set forth his belief that the United States needs every last weapon it is capable of manufacturing. It was a viewpoint, incidentally, that was far from universal in the Pentagon. In fact, I met senior officers there who proved to be far more diplomacy-minded than certain officers of the State Department, who were all for solving a political impasse or two around the globe with a few well-aimed conventional bombs. I met numerous "hawks" and "doves"—people with strong views on whether our nuclear stockpiles should go up or down. Few of them, though, were thinking in terms of a fixed level of such armaments, possibly because they were too deeply absorbed in their own positions, or else, as I have suggested, because of the elusiveness—or even the unreali-



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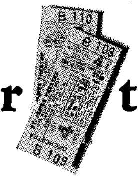

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ty—of any such idea. Some of these partisans, whichever side they were on, sounded as though they were guided less by set convictions than by fear of their opponents' position. One "dove" with whom I talked—a senator's legislative assistant—envied his opponents for having on their side a man with the fierce tenacity of General Curtis LeMay, the Air Force Chief of Staff, an unswerving champion of an all-out weapons buildup. Compared to the General, he said, a certain well-known leader of the "doves" was positively bashful. "Oh, he thinks arms control is important and all that, but he also thinks there are other issues just as important," the legislative assistant told me.

The incessant cross fire of views drove me at one point to seek refuge in the office of the Defense Department's Historian, Dr. Rudolph A. Winnacker, a man of about sixty, who had a genial, professorial detachment that conveyed the impression that the course of history would flow on and on. "Enough? Enough?" he said, reflecting on the subject of my inquiry. "Enough is a matter of circumstances, isn't it? It depends on a nation's ambitions, and on the threats it faces." I asked him whether history couldn't teach us something about the matter of enough, and he smiled benignly. "No, no—please don't take history too seriously," he said. "It's an illusion—the thought that we can perceive the familiar in the past. History does *not* repeat itself. The fact is we have never been more on our own than we are right now, and it's the peculiar power of the atom, combined with the speed of technological change, that has made it so."

SECRETARY McNAMARA, a direct, efficient man, believed he had a clear picture of what constituted enough. He described it for me unhesitatingly when I talked to him in his office, and, for emphasis, he wrote it down on a sheet of paper as he spoke. The paper read, "Enough = the amount required to deter a Soviet strike + the amount needed to minimize damage to this country in the event of a strike." The formula was not new to me; in fact, I had already discovered that most government officials subscribed to it, but that it didn't mean the same thing to all of them.

That word "deter" was forever being differently defined, and in my view this was of supreme importance, inasmuch as "deterrence" was the basis of our entire policy—including, of course, any possible American resig-

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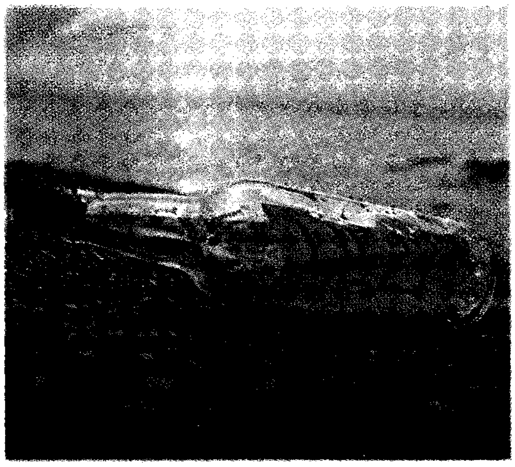

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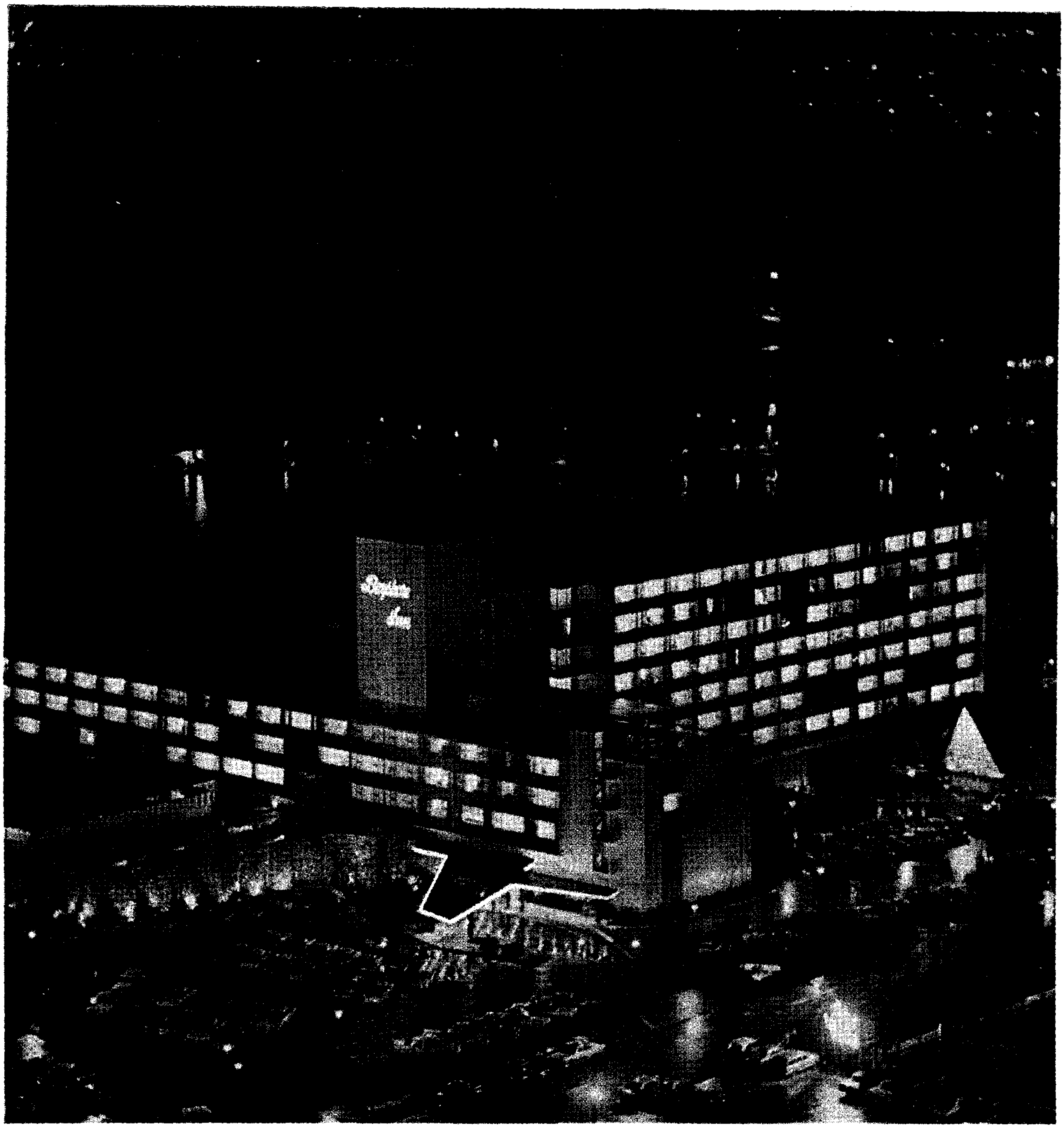

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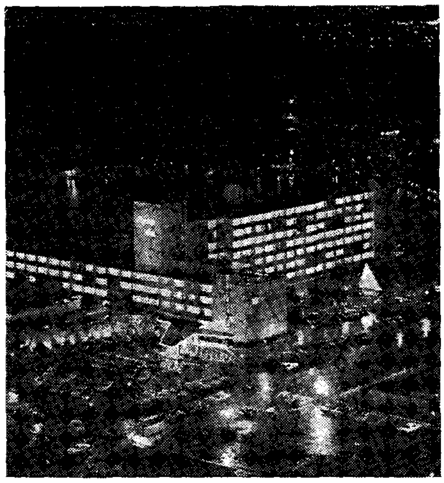

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nation from the arms race. Indeed, as I heard the word invoked again and again, it took on an almost mystical quality, as though it represented a truth revealed in Genesis. Actually, I knew, its use in this context went back no more than fourteen or fifteen years, to the time when Soviet troops in Europe enjoyed a numerical superiority and we retained our nuclear monopoly. A Soviet invasion of the West was feared, and we announced that we would deter any such invasion, even if it meant the use of nuclear arms. Now that we no longer have our monopoly, the original concept of deterrence has altered radically. The doctrine has become essentially psychological, because victory in a nuclear war, according to nearly everyone I met, is largely a mirage. "People talk of 'nuclear superiority,' but that's not synonymous with winning a war, as they imply," Secretary McNamara told me. "As a matter of fact, 'nuclear superiority' is ours this very minute. It makes it possible for us to take a Russian strike and hit back, and although that is a considerable achievement, it is not what I think of as victory."

The Secretary's attitude toward victory is shared by most people in Washington, but some officials—particularly elected ones—doubt whether it has yet been widely accepted by the country at large. One congressman—an Ohioan who is an admirer of Mr. McNamara—told me this was certainly true in his district. "The Department of Defense has become the Department of Retaliation," he said, "but it's asking a lot of Americans to expect them to understand that, even when we seem to be getting along with the Soviets. We were all brought up to believe that America was one country that always won its wars. But beyond that, in my opinion, most people, whether they're Russians or Chinese or Laplanders, have an almost animallike faith that in a showdown force can always provide the solution."

For Dr. Winnacker, the policy of deterrence had far-reaching historical implications. In his view, it had the effect of making recent events seem like moments in antiquity. "To think," he said, "that as recently as the Second World War ninety per cent of us were able to remain at home, driving our cars, eating in restaurants, and going to the movies, while the government had the power to call for unconditional surrender abroad. And a few decades earlier, in the days of the Ottoman Empire, the skipper of a gunboat could make foreign policy by going ashore to

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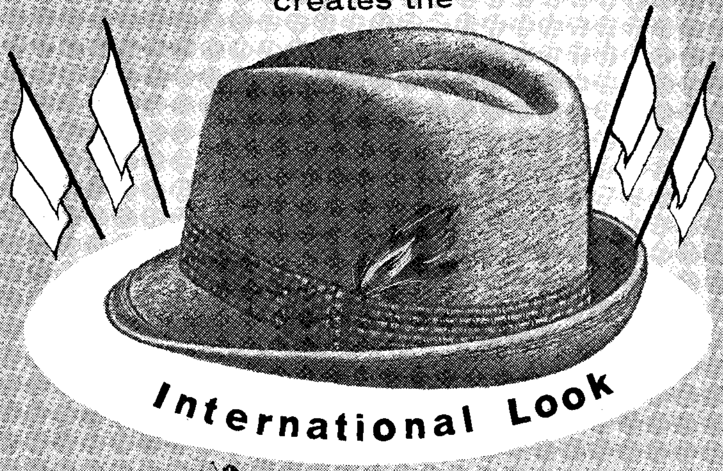

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"WHAT will deter a Soviet strike? Answer: Unacceptable damage from our surviving forces." These were words that Secretary McNamara wrote down, emphatically, on another sheet of paper during my talk with him. But, like his formula for deterrence, I found, the words meant different things to different officials. This time, it was the phrase "unacceptable damage" that was variously defined, and this again seemed very important, since, I reflected, the casualties we could inflict on a would-be aggressor were, in effect, synonymous with deterrence. The number of such casualties, it seemed to me, had everything to do with the question of enoughness, but the estimates I heard rarely agreed, though they were all appallingly high. Moreover, they were all admittedly speculative—even the ones offered by officials of the highest rank. "What level of destruction is it that will deter?" Dr. Harold B. Brown, the Defense Department's Director of Research and Engineering, asked. "One impact on Moscow or a hundred and fifty million casualties throughout the Soviet Union? I'd call those the extremes, but someone else might consider either one reasonable, depending on his point of view." Another official suggested that the point of enough as far as the Russians' willingness to absorb punishment was concerned would probably not be reached until their losses exceeded the ones they suffered in the Second World War—about twenty million dead. A sub-Cabinet officer believed that the cause of deterrence as it is now being served by both East and West held out the prospect of three hundred million fatalities in the Soviet Union, Western Europe, and the United States. "Definitely unacceptable," he said. "Definitely unacceptable, too, when one takes into account the factor of associated industrial destruction." So high are casualty expectations, I was given to understand, that even if a nuclear attack were to be made on us, we might choose not to respond in kind, lest nuclear hostilities be stepped up to their full potential. This, I learned, is in keeping with the idea of "flexible response," to which the government is at present committed. This flexibility, it was explained to me, permits us to choose among retaliatory measures ranging from a "spasm response," which means hitting back at

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an attacker with everything we have, to a "controlled response," which means letting the punishment fit the crime. "Even if New York were destroyed, I would want to investigate the reason and motive before responding," one of the most important members of our government informed me. "Would you want us to respond spasmodically to a single insane attack made by one man with one weapon, for instance? Wouldn't you want us to bear in mind the possibility that we would bring about a worldwide holocaust if we were to do such a thing? I am not suggesting for an instant that an attacker would escape punishment. Our response would be swift, but would it need to be so swift that the President would lack time to evaluate the attack and match it? I know that many people doubt whether measured retaliation could ever be practiced, but if it should be practicable, then our duty, I believe, would be to try to keep any conflict down to a level that, however tragic, was not apocalyptic."

All of the people I talked with assured me that the human species was destined to survive, come what might. Not one of them, whether a "dove" or a "hawk," took much stock in the notion of "overkill"—the assertion that there are already many more than enough nuclear weapons in existence to wipe out the entire populations of the Soviet Union and the United States. ("Why wouldn't things be bad enough anyway?" one man at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency asked me.) "Overkill" was generally dismissed, I found, as logistically specious. The "overkill" theorists, employing the Hiroshima bomb as a unit of measurement, assume that for every twenty kilotons of nuclear explosive—the power of the Hiroshima bomb—there would be a hundred thousand casualties, which was approximately the number killed in the Japanese city. Thus, one megaton of nuclear explosives would produce five million casualties. Once this premise is accepted, there is nothing to do but add up the supposed megatonnage in nuclear arsenals, which, as everyone knows, now equals many, many times twenty kilotons—or, for that matter, twenty megatons. "By this chain of reasoning, the 'overkill' people could claim that the existence of a single bomb of a hundred megatons would prove their theory, and that's patently impossible," I was told by a senator who leaned to the side of the "doves." "Besides, their calculations are based on what would happen to cities of a hundred thousand or over, and don't allow

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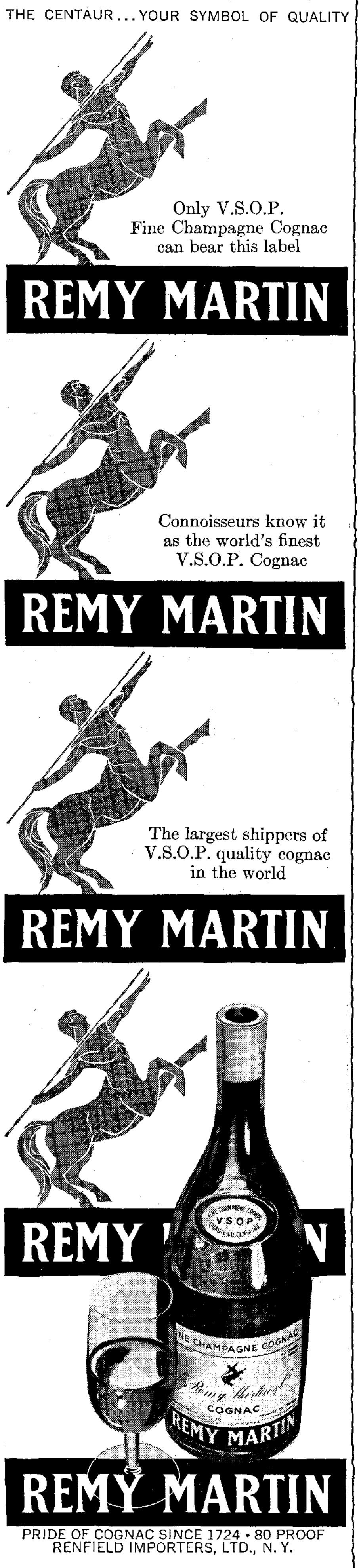

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for people living in sparsely settled areas. Still, as a catchword, rather than a concept, 'overkill' is hard to beat. I know I've been tempted to use it that way more than once."

Perhaps the most authoritative assurance that the species is safe from extinction was given me by General Glenn A. Kent, of the Defense Department's Office of Research and Engineering, who has drawn the grim assignment of projecting the likely casualty tolls in the United States from various types of enemy attacks. General Kent, a quiet-spoken, pleasant man, told me, "Even if we did nothing to protect ourselves, enemy attacks would be unlikely to kill more than seventy per cent of the American people. That's where we find the curve of our graph flattens out. Strong diminishing returns set in there, you see, and that's a law that the Russians can't repeal any more than we can. Naturally, the more protection we had, the higher our survival rate would be. With an efficient system of civilian defense—and, of course, some ballistic-missile defense—we might save seventy per cent or more of our society—and by 'society' I mean the viability of the country. Some people claim that if we were to get below a certain survival threshold, we couldn't ever recover, but in my opinion that threshold would be represented by a very, very low figure. The number of survivors certainly wouldn't be anywhere near as low as the number of Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, and look at what that small number was able to do with this country in a comparatively short time."

"WE have tens of thousands of bombs, but if only we had just a single way of telling when we'll ever have enough of those horrible things!" Senator John O. Pastore, of Rhode Island, said to me. "We're up against the fear of the unknown, and it makes us suspect we have too little when all the time we may have far too much. How long do you suppose we can go on the way we're going?" The Senator, who is chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, was discussing still another facet of enoughness—the question of whether we possess the patience and forbearance to go on indefinitely adhering to a policy whose triumph lies in the preservation of a "terroristic peace" (as General Austin W. Betts, of Army Research and Development, had called it when I talked to him). Like many of his colleagues, Senator Pastore saw deterrence as a mosaic of precarious

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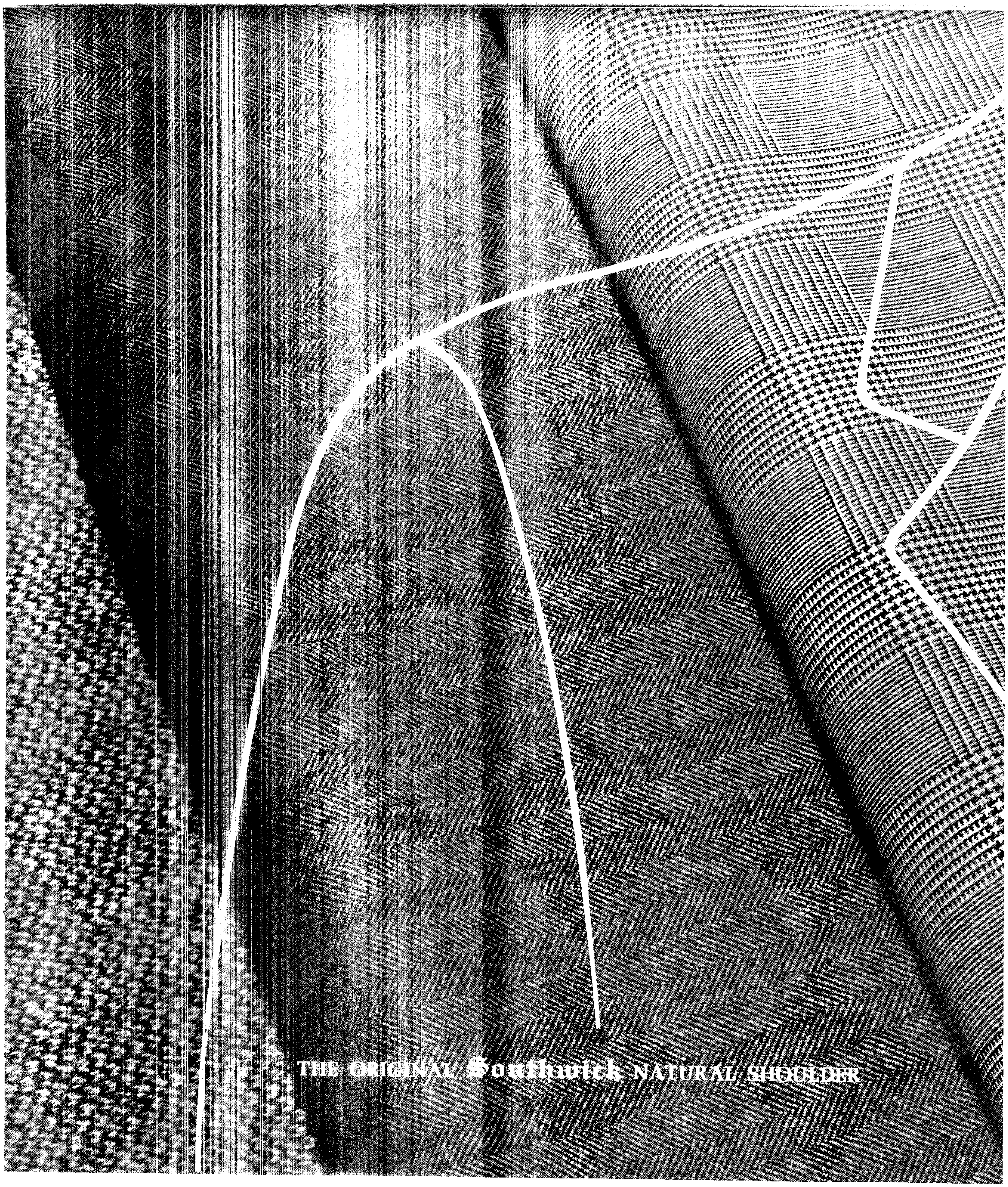

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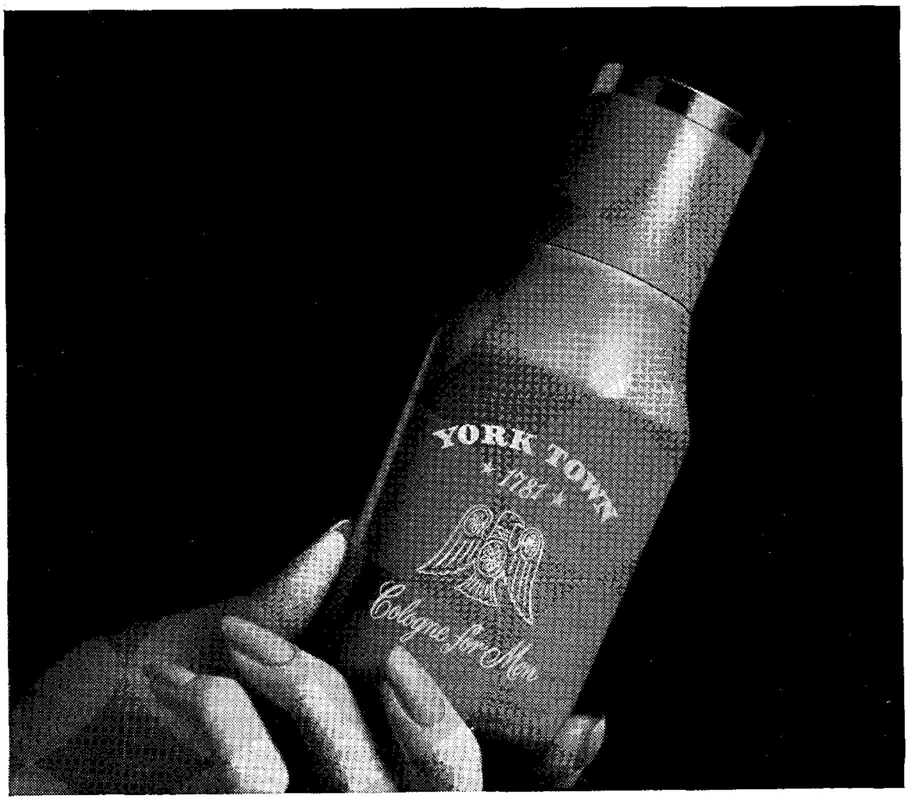

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details and assumptions, every one of which must be kept carefully in place, lest (as the Russians also theorize) a glaring weakness prove irresistible to a would-be aggressor. It seemed to the Senator to demand unending alertness—the whole distracting, expensive process of contriving a proper "mix" of conventional and nuclear weapons, small and big, in order to present the Communists with a "credible deterrent." This term, which I heard frequently, refers to our having a "family" of weapons so variegated that the Communists could not doubt, as it is sometimes thought that they *may*, our *disposition and ability* to employ violence whether the action required should be limited or all out in scope. As Secretary McNamara testified last winter before the House Armed Services Committee, "The greater our variety of weapons, the more political choices we can make in any given situation."

The claims on our endurance of which Senator Pastore spoke are everywhere apparent, a stark and now familiar vista. The bombs and missiles, the submarines and newly developed tactical weapons, all stand for such claims, and so, of course, do the defense plants in which millions of men are earning a livelihood. So do the vast numbers of men in uniform—each of whom, as an Air Force major observed to me, can accomplish his mission "only if he never does what he's been trained for." Moreover, I was often told, the longer we hold to our present course, the more binding grows our commitment to deterrence—a word that, it might be mentioned, some officials consider simply a euphemism for "arms race." Certainly our nuclear stockpiles must tend to have such a binding effect, for their longevity, it appears, is almost as impressive as their potency. "Nuclear materials aren't products that go away," I was informed by Spurgeon Keeny, of the United States Office of Science and Technology. "They're not like tanks or planes, whose life expectancy is ten to twenty years. They're made of uranium 235 and plutonium, and that stuff lasts forever, as far as I'm concerned. Plutonium has only lost half of its power after twenty-four thousand years, and as for uranium 235, the period is seven hundred million years." The plants turning out our nuclear weapons are another binding factor. Their capacity, I was told, had been set at formidable levels in the somewhat panicky months immediately after we discovered that our nuclear

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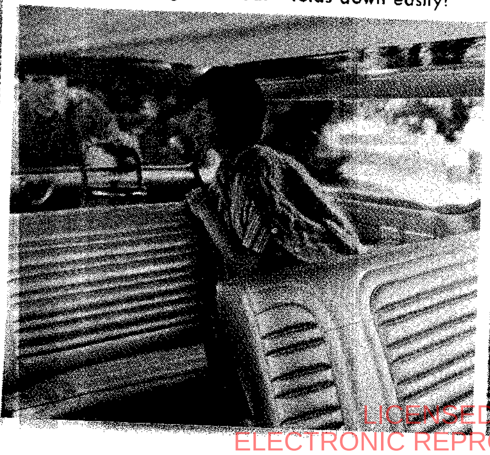

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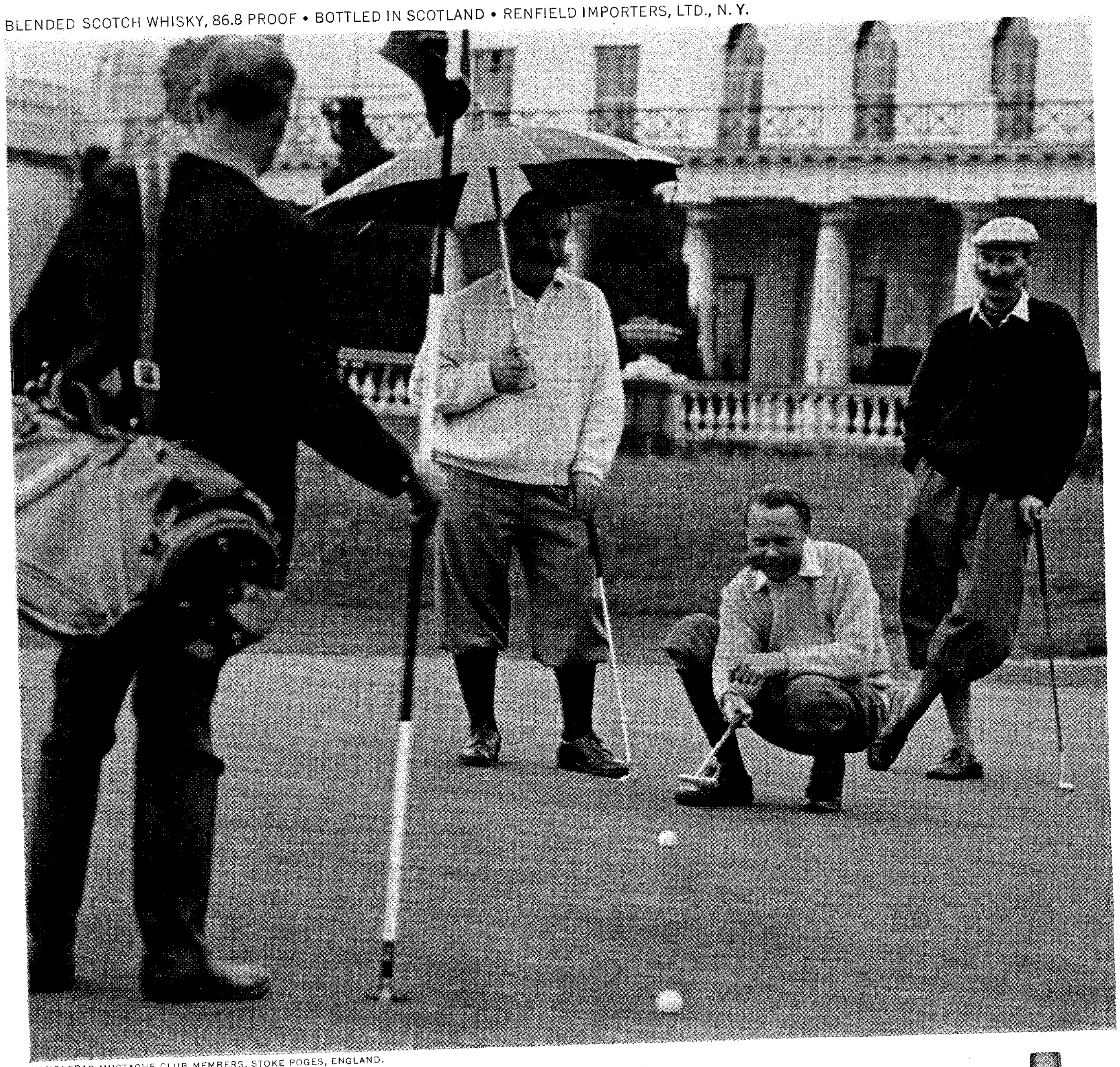

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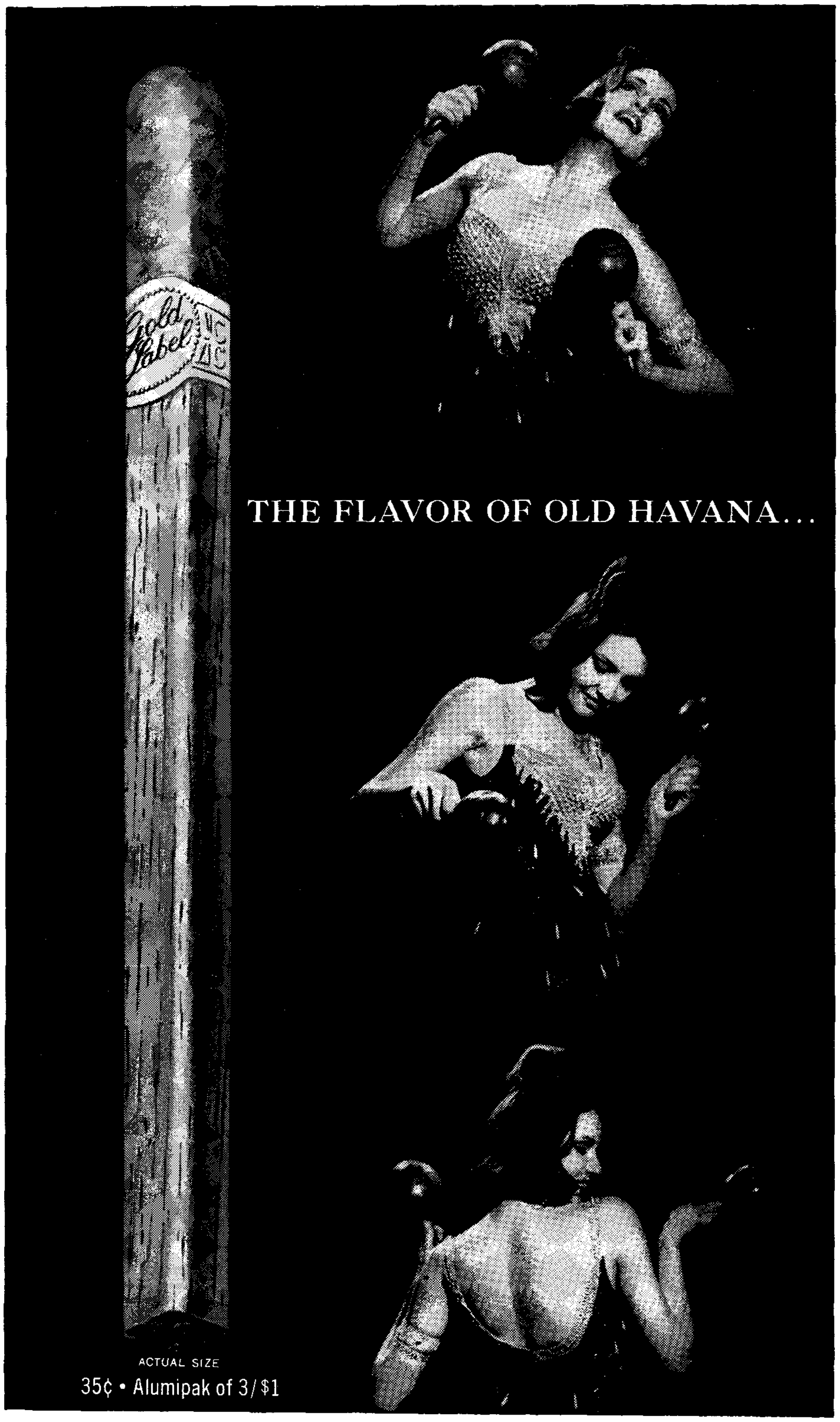
monopoly was gone. Production quotas were considered not only high but unattainable, though they proved not to be so. Costs, too, were overestimated, as it developed, which inflated both the government's outlay of capital and the size of its industrial empire. Subsequently, demand, too, became inflated. "Having atomic weapons became a status symbol for our services," Arthur Barber, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, told me. "The Army wanted to push them into artillery guns, the Navy wanted to pipe them aboard carriers, and the Marines didn't want to have that left-out feeling." In this same connection, James T. Ramey, a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, told me, "What we called the tin-cup theory was then the fashion. The military would come to the Commission and simply say, 'We'll take whatever you're capable of giving us.' "

Tin cups haven't been rattled quite so freely since 1961, when Secretary McNamara took office. Even the Secretary's detractors concede that he is not given to indiscriminate buildups. The standard business practice of evaluating cost effectiveness has been brought to bear heavily on the operations of the Defense Department, and while this may not quite be a redemptive event, it has lent a certain circumspection to the thinking of our military establishment. There are many Pentagon officials, I found, who are quite as well aware as General Kent that the law of diminishing returns isn't easily repealed. "It isn't true, as many people seem to think, that the more weapons we have, the stronger we are," I was told by Alain Enthoven, a former university economics professor who is serving in the Pentagon with the title of Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense (Systems Analysis). "That's not so, any more than if a man were to go out and spend his money on every pair of shoes in sight. How many of them would he ever get around to wearing? These weapons systems are too damn expensive for us not to ask ourselves whether the next billion we're thinking of spending will do as much as the last billion." I got some idea of just what could be done with one of those billions from Kermit Gordon, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, who was happy that in the year just past defense costs had been cut by almost precisely that amount. "That billion is a lot bigger in civilian terms than it is in military terms," he said. "With it we can underwrite the anti-poverty program for a year. It's more than the government



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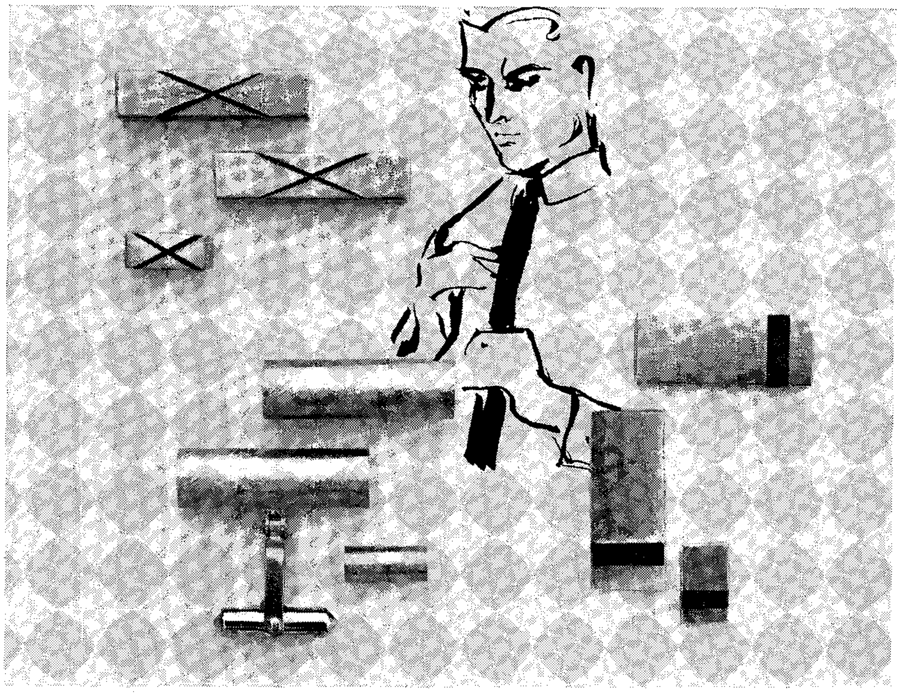

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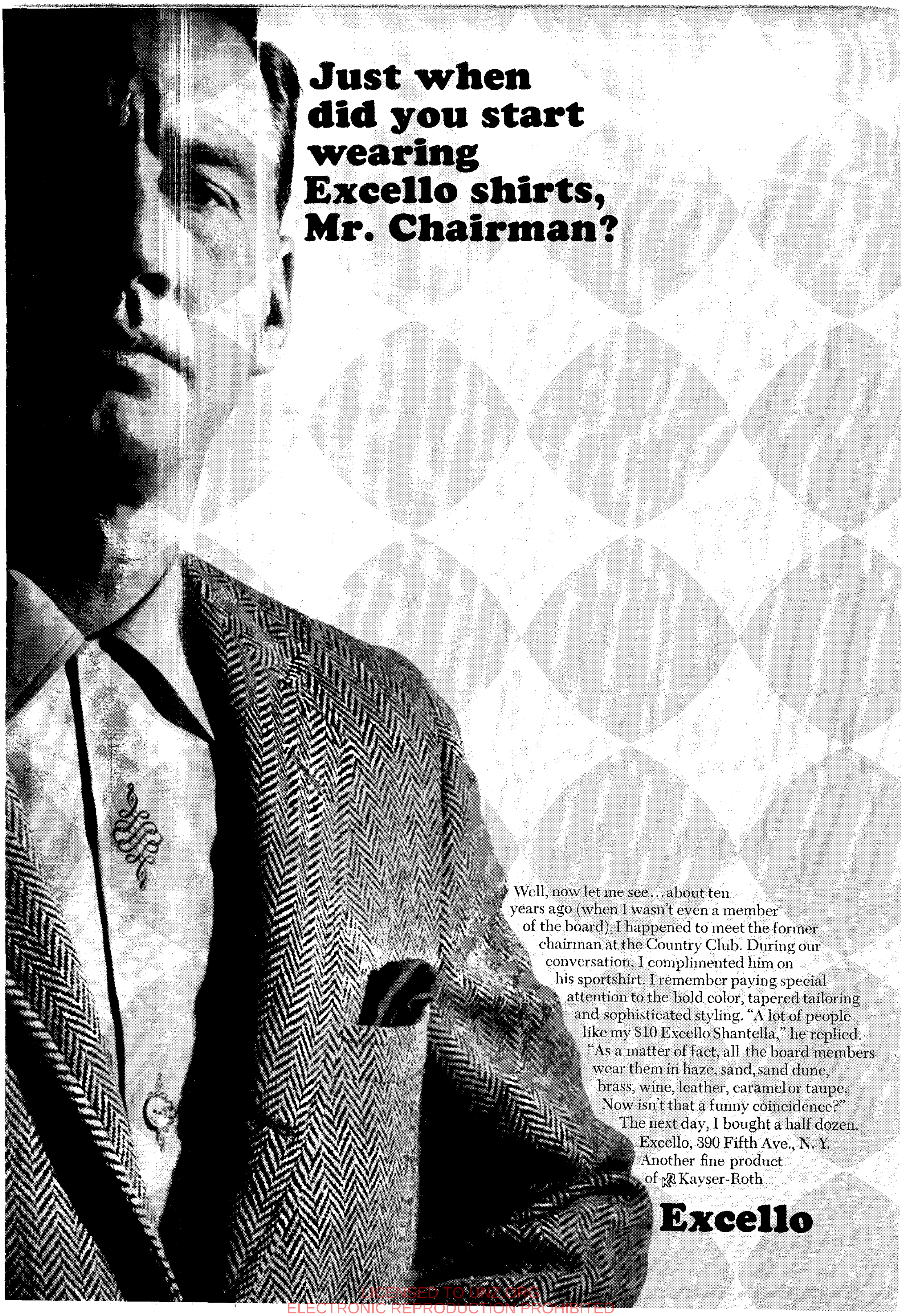
spends on medical research, and it could make it much easier for us to lay out funds on nurses' education and on the construction of libraries and college classrooms. We could use more of these billions, of course, and perhaps they'll be forthcoming. The Secretary is asking questions that have long been overdue. He is insisting on knowing just what contingencies we are preparing to meet; in other words, he is taking the trouble to relate plans and procurement."

Mr. McNamara's application of the cost-effectiveness principle notwithstanding, our vast industrial complex for producing weapons is a long way from a shutdown. Only a few months ago, William C. Foster, director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, disclosed at the current disarmament conference in Geneva that since 1962 we had tripled our inventory of strategic missiles, and that, unless the concept of enoughness becomes clearer, we shall have more than eight times as many missiles by 1965 as we had in 1962. New production schedules always seem to spring up, as if they followed some immutable law of nature. One justification for increased production was described to me as "humane." This is a variation on the concept of deterrence, and is known as "damage-limiting capability." Its humaneness, in practice, would consist in our aiming our warheads at specific military targets—missile-launching sites, for example—rather than at the enemy's cities. Thus, it was explained to me, densely populated areas would be spared, and at the same time our warheads, by forestalling the dispatch of Communist warheads, would limit damage to this country. The man who gave me this explanation, a highly placed official in the Defense Department, went on to mention that we wouldn't necessarily know it if warheads were being fired at Communist missile silos whose weapons had already been launched or at airfields whose bombers were already en route to our shores, but then, imponderables had to be expected in defense planning. "The important thing to remember about damage-limiting capability is that it's not anti-population but anti-military," he said. "Naturally, it takes fewer weapons just to kill people than to wipe out military targets that are shielded and widely dispersed." (Dr. Brown of the Defense Department informed me, philosophically, "In peace it's called deterrence, and in war it's called damage-limiting capability. One country's capacity for destruction is



Just when did you start wearing Excello shirts, Mr. Chairman?

Well, now let me see... about ten years ago (when I wasn't even a member of the board), I happened to meet the former chairman at the Country Club. During our conversation, I complimented him on his sportshirt. I remember paying special attention to the bold color, tapered tailoring and sophisticated styling. "A lot of people like my $10 Excello Shantella," he replied. "As a matter of fact, all the board members wear them in haze, sand, sand dune, brass, wine, leather, caramel or taupe. Now isn't that a funny coincidence?" The next day, I bought a half dozen.

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another's damage-limiting capability.")

Often, I gathered, nothing more than a kind of atmosphere and momentum keeps production rolling. One man who told me about this was a former member of the A.E.C., a veteran of the tin-cup days who left the government a few years ago to resume the practice of law. "Perfectly sensible people would sit around a conference table saying they wanted more and stronger weapons," he recalled. "More targets were constantly being dreamed up. There were times when I thought *individuals* would be named as targets. I myself started out as one of those people whose attitude toward nuclear bombs was the simple, traditional one that they were damned powerful weapons and a good thing to have. I wasn't on the Commission long before I discovered that all that seemed to count was the efficiency of the manufacturing complex we were running—from uranium mines to the finished product. No one ever mentioned what the product was, what it could do. We might have been punching out autos. Eventually, my business instincts were offended. I realized that the Defense Department's budget was—and still is, for that matter—far bigger than is apparent. Thanks to the legal setup, the Defense Department didn't have to pay a cent for the bombs it was insatiably demanding. The A.E.C. was the one that footed the bill. It was then that I began to pay some careful attention to the product, and in doing so I went out to the Pacific for some weapons tests. I stood on an island seventeen miles from where one of those products went off, and felt my skin grabbed and pricked, as though someone had put a match to it—as though it had been exposed to the heat from some new sun. When I got back, I began to ask questions, which was then much less fashionable in the government than it is now, and pretty soon I found that I was no longer going home with the bunch, so to speak—that I was off the circuit."

As I wandered about Washington listening to high government officials, it sometimes crossed my mind that one of the most elusive aspects of the elusive question of enoughness might be whether there was enough wisdom in our own nuclear capital—or in any capital—to resolve the dilemmas that our own ingenuity had called forth. Such doubts were certainly not inspired by any lack of diligence on the part of the officials I met; many of them were putting in twelve-hour days in their offices and doing homework over the

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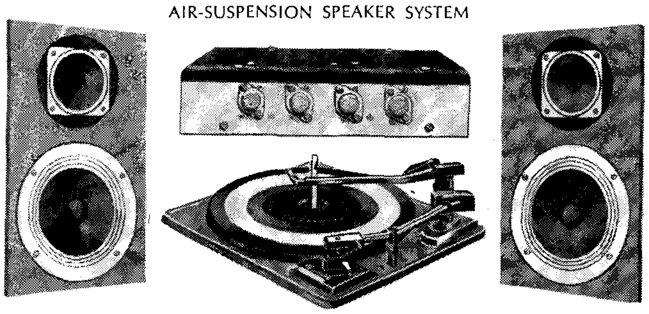

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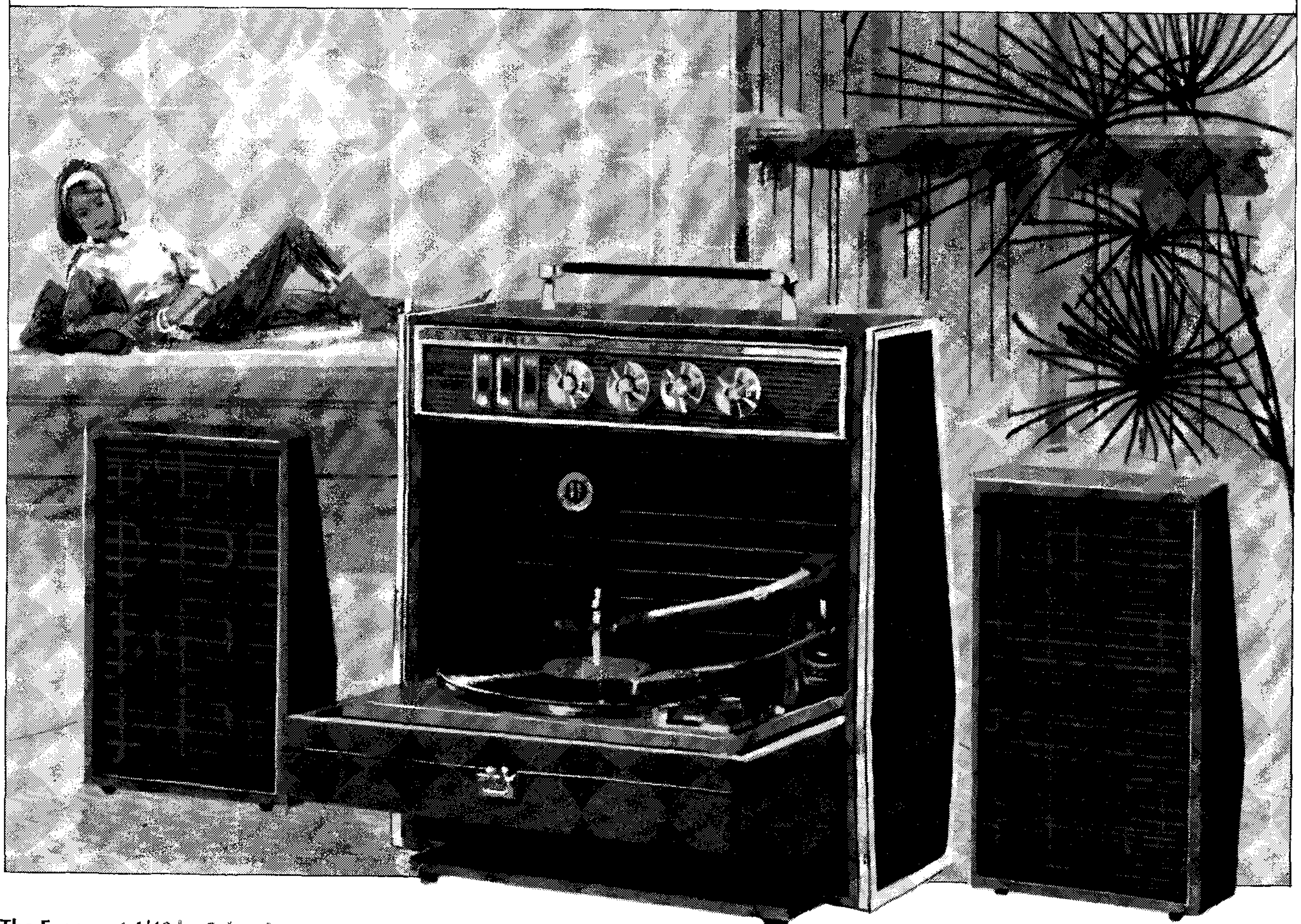

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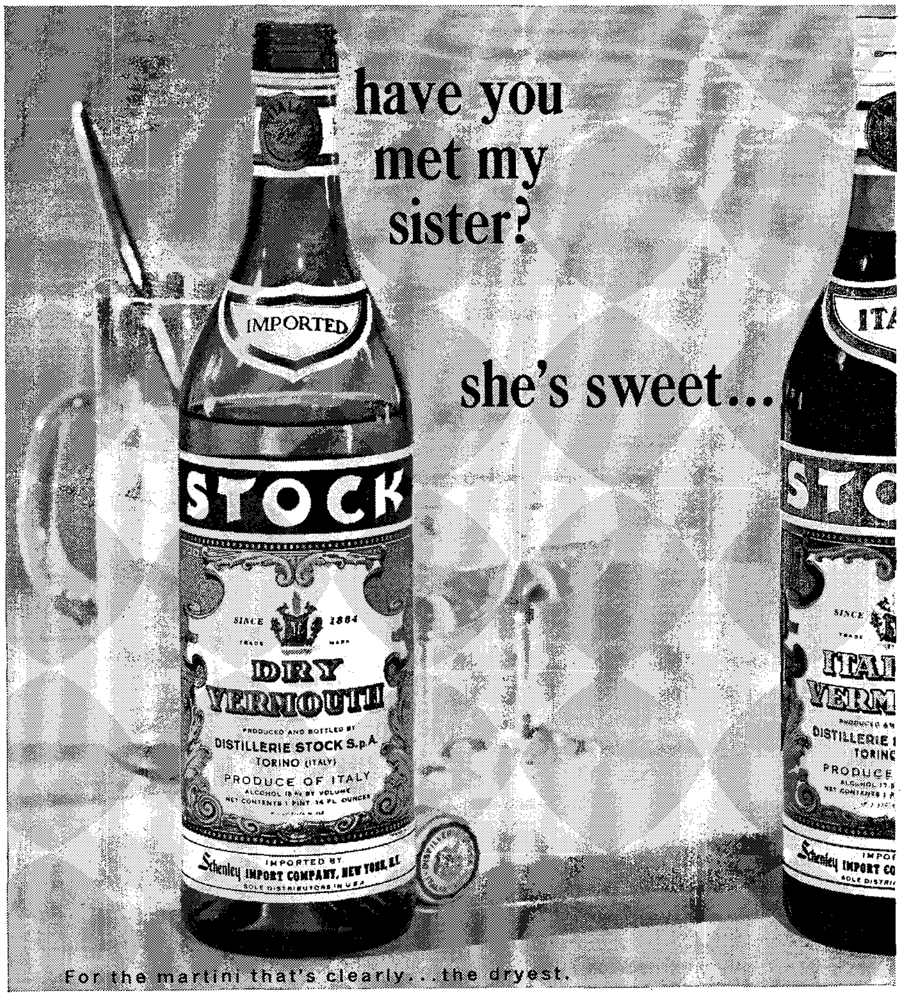
weekend besides. Nor did I encounter a shortage of intelligence, or even of intellectuality. Wherever I went, though, I listened to thoughts that were touched with uncertainty and misgiving. This was true even of the statements made by the most ardent proponents of a particular point of view. These men might start out loud and clear, but sooner or later qualification would creep in. Occupied as they were with the daily pressure of duty, they seemed more pragmatic than philosophical in their realization that with nuclear weapons there could be little margin for error. It seemed that only infallibility would do, and, as though that weren't a tall enough order, it had to be achieved before new nuclear countries emerged, for such a development, it was made clear to me, was bound to complicate the already complex choices that had to be made. Yet time and again I heard my questions answered with questions. Although high officials unhesitatingly cited the opinions of writers and thinkers who were unburdened by the cares of government, I came to see that within the government itself tentativeness was everywhere, and nothing was a closed book. One man, a scientist who spends his twelve-hour day designing weapons in the Pentagon, wasn't even sure we *should* defend ourselves under any and all circumstances. "I think we should defend ourselves only if we don't give up essential elements of our national life," he told me. The principle of deterrence itself was open to question. Everyone accepted it as our official position now but not necessarily as our permanent one. "I think of deterrence as something to build on," Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said to me. "It might lead us to a different policy at some point in the future, but, naturally, we would require solid evidence that it was a better one than what we now have." Another prominent congressional figure felt that the policy of deterrence was gradually losing its good name. "Deterrence is beginning to sound like a blueprint for winning the next war," he said. "Both sides are talking too much about knocking out each other's communications networks and resorting to tactical weapons." Many officials, I found, included among our unresolved dilemmas the disposition of tactical nuclear weapons. Some held that if we opened up a runaway lead over Russia in this department, it would enhance our political influence for a good long time, but others saw different implications. They



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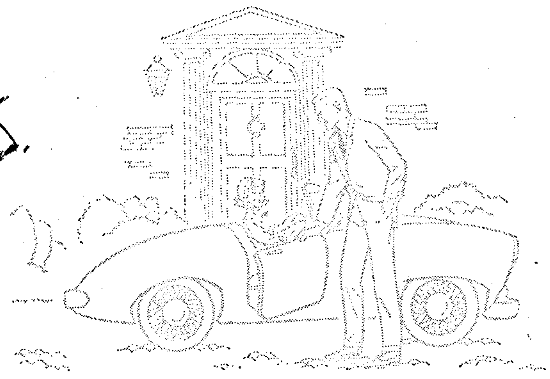

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were concerned lest the use of tactical nuclear weapons in the field lead inevitably to retaliation with strategic, or anti-population, nuclear weapons. Nor were these people happy about the ease with which low-yield weapons were being turned out, to be placed in the hands of military units as small as battalions. "We're on record as opposing proliferation of nuclear weapons among nations, but we're proliferating them among ourselves," a Foreign Service man remarked.

Money was another widespread concern. Many officials raised the question of whether we might conceivably be subverting our economy in the name of the most patriotic of all causes—the nation's defense. If we invested unwisely in the arms race over a long enough period, I was frequently told, we might have to pay dearly in terms of taxes and inflation. We might also have to pay dearly in terms of peacetime international economic competition, for defense production, being for the most part narrow and specialized, could have little application to consumer markets. On this subject, Mr. Barber of the Defense Department observed a few months ago at a seminar of the Peace Research Institute, a private Washington organization, "If this trend [of emphasizing defense contracts] continues unabated, in ten years we may have a world monopoly on vehicles that will take us to Venus and Mars, but we may all be driving cars made in Germany, France, and Japan. These nations are putting far more research and development into increasing their commercial efforts than American industry is." The economy was also on the mind of Lawrence Mirel, a young legislative assistant to Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, at the time I discussed with him his ideas of enough. "Enough is a function of what *else* you think is important," he said. "Can the military ever have enough money to do what they believe in? No—no more than there could ever be enough teachers and schools to satisfy me. Enough is a matter of weighing national needs against each other—wisely, without catering to one need above all the others."

Among members of Congress, too, I encountered mixed feelings about the money being spent for national defense. One congressman from the Midwest told me that he found it hard to apply ordinary standards of prudence to the defense-appropriation bills that came before him. "It's crisis money they're asking for," he said. "It's like money for an operation—you don't ask questions, you just go ahead and spend it." Sena-

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tor Pastore had also mentioned difficulties in judging such legislation. "When Mr. McNamara and the Joint Chiefs and the Air Force come up here to the Hill and ask us for fifty billion dollars, there's an expertise demanded of us that isn't easy for laymen," he said. "How do I really know whether or not we need those thousands of bombs that Defense claims we need? And maybe Mr. McNamara, who is no technical man either, is wrong when he tells us he's against the country's having a nuclear aircraft carrier. And how can we tell exactly what's wrapped up in that fifty-billion-dollar defense budget? Maybe it includes some unnecessary office chairs. It all ends up with our having to have trust, the same as the public has to trust us legislators. When we behave like jackasses, I think the public is more hurt than vexed."

Numerous officials assured me that even if we *thought* we had enough weapons, we wouldn't dare really believe it, because there was always the chance that foreign researchers might hit on new kinds of weapons that would render ours obsolete and ineffective. This view may well be equally prevalent in Moscow and other capitals, since it is widely known how busily we ourselves are engaged in "r. and d."—short for "research and development." A good part of our r. and d. is actually concerned with improving the weapons we already have, but its futuristic side has more appeal for our government officials. Many of them, I found, hoped that our scientists and engineers might come up with a weapon at once so novel and so decisive that it would, in effect, restore the political power we had during our years of nuclear monopoly. (Presumably, we would use the power differently.) But with r. and d., as with other aspects of defense, there were officials who discerned a basic dilemma. Innovation had always begotten innovation, these people said, and went on to argue that r. and d. might well amount to little more than a technological egging on of the arms race. "If you let it, r. and d. can lead you straight into fantasy," one official told me. "Why, just the other day I heard of some Air Force people who are itching for space weapons with which to fight battles back of the moon."

Many r.-and-d. projects definitely in the works have an aura of fantasy. Among them, according to statements given out by the House Armed Services Committee, are a death-ray type of weapon that may be evolved from laser research, chemical and biological agents

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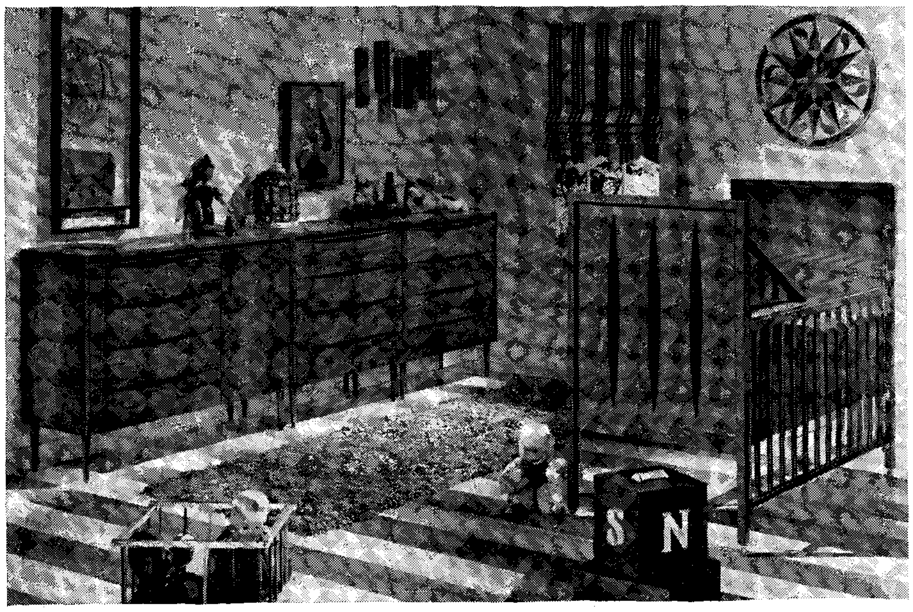

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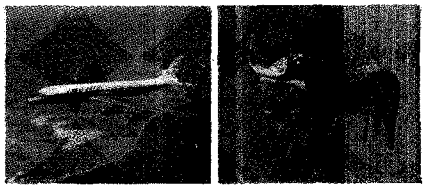

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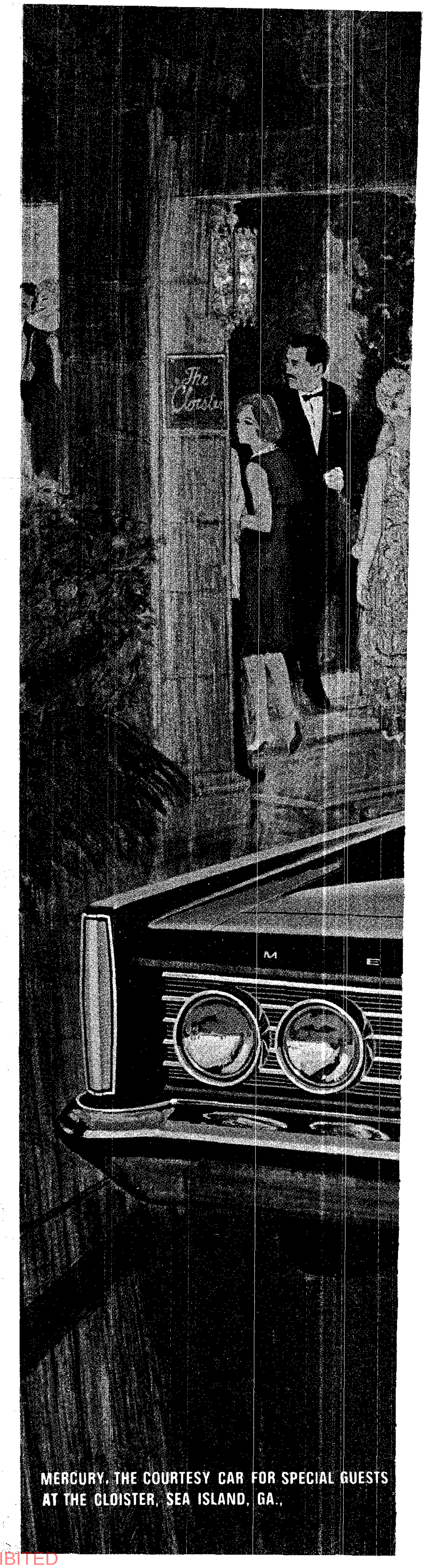

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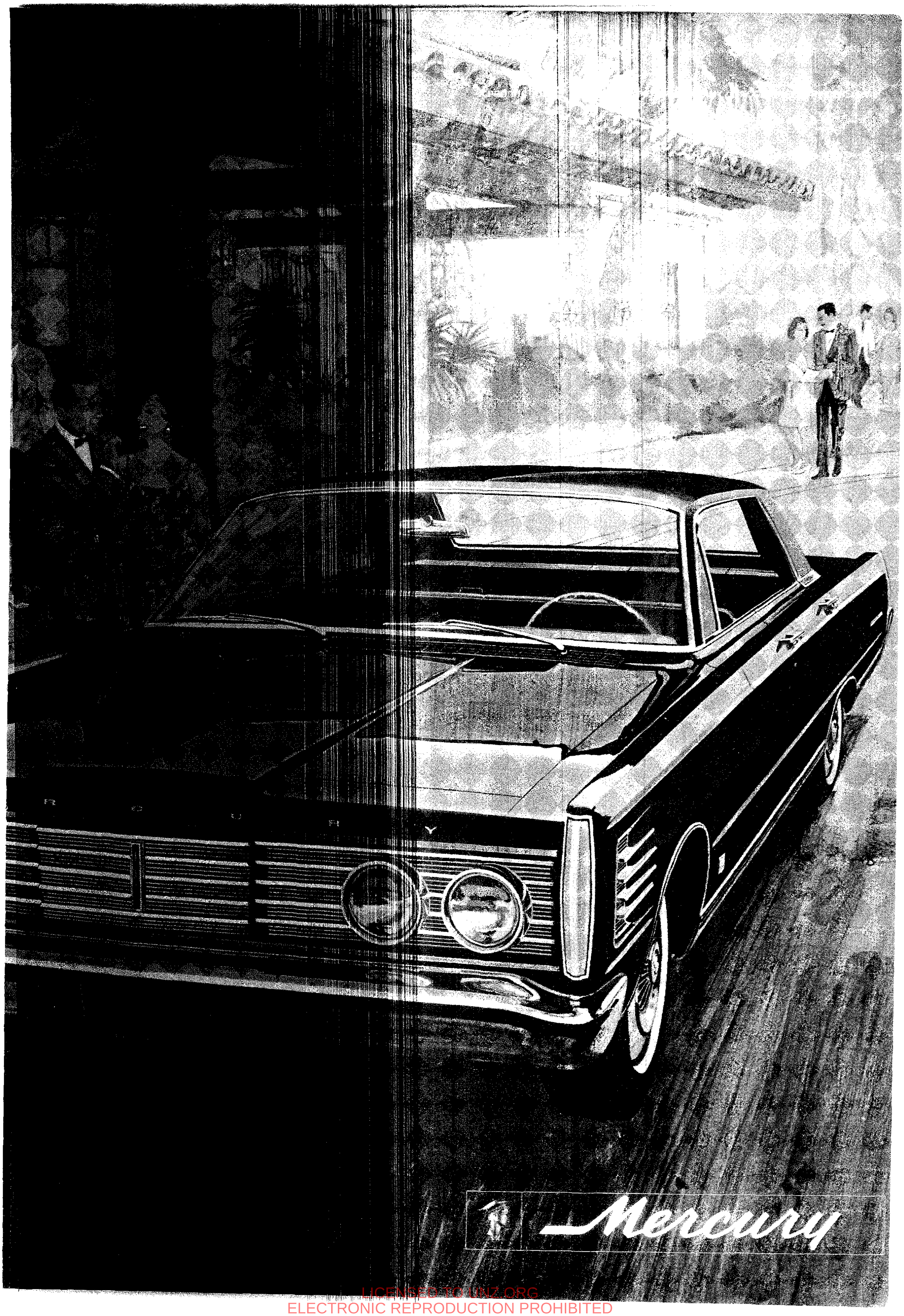
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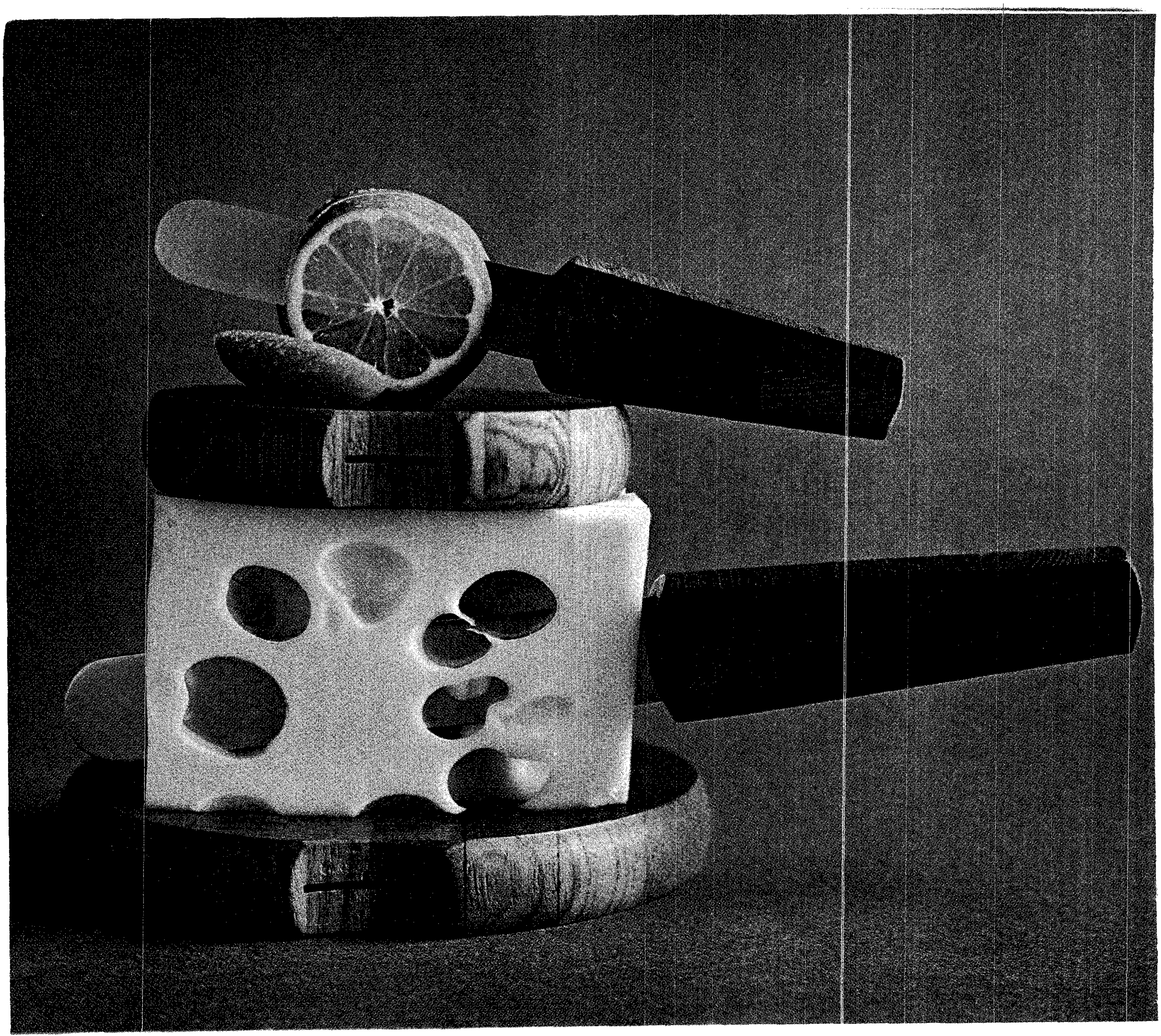

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that can temporarily incapacitate human beings, space platforms for the launching of weapons, and orbiting missiles that can be made to strike targets on command. The possibility of an anti-missile missile is also, of course, widely mentioned, but there is no general agreement that it would prove a hundred per cent effective as a defensive weapon, which is probably the only standard that matters. Its responses, it has been suggested, might well be thrown out of whack by decoys or by bombs fitted with multiple warheads. Moreover, I was told that sheer numbers of missiles could overtax the responses of anti-missile missiles—a possibility that clearly would call for a sharp increase in weapons production. One man I talked with—a researcher with the A.E.C.—wasn't sure that even a foolproof anti-missile missile would be useful. "Suppose that an enemy missile heading for Detroit is intercepted just as it crosses high over Cleveland," he said. "Well, Detroit will come out all right, but there will be one hell of an explosion in Cleveland."

The two men directly in charge of r. and d. for the Defense Department—Dr. Brown and his deputy, Dr. Eugene Fubini—attributed no special mystique to their domain, saying that whatever unusual ingenuity was involved had to be closely tied to the needs of the political world. "There are very few technological facts that cannot be explained to intelligent laymen," Dr. Fubini told me. "R.-and-d. men simply try to present a kind of gross geometry for the consideration of those responsible for particular decisions. If the deployment of a particular type of weapon is being considered, we show different frameworks in which this may be accomplished, each framework having its own set of details, such as costs and effects. If one framework doesn't suit, then another is presented. That's the basis on which r. and d. has always operated—as far back as the bow and arrow. The musket, you know, didn't succeed the bow and arrow because it was technologically superior. Those first muskets were dreadful, as a matter of fact. They were far less accurate than the bow and arrow, but the bow and arrow, you see, had priced themselves out of the market. The cost of making arrows and of training archers had got way out of line." As for Dr. Brown, he felt that we had to go ahead with our r. and d. as long as the Communists went ahead with theirs. We simply couldn't afford to be sloppy, and hence vulnerable, he said; nuclear war might well

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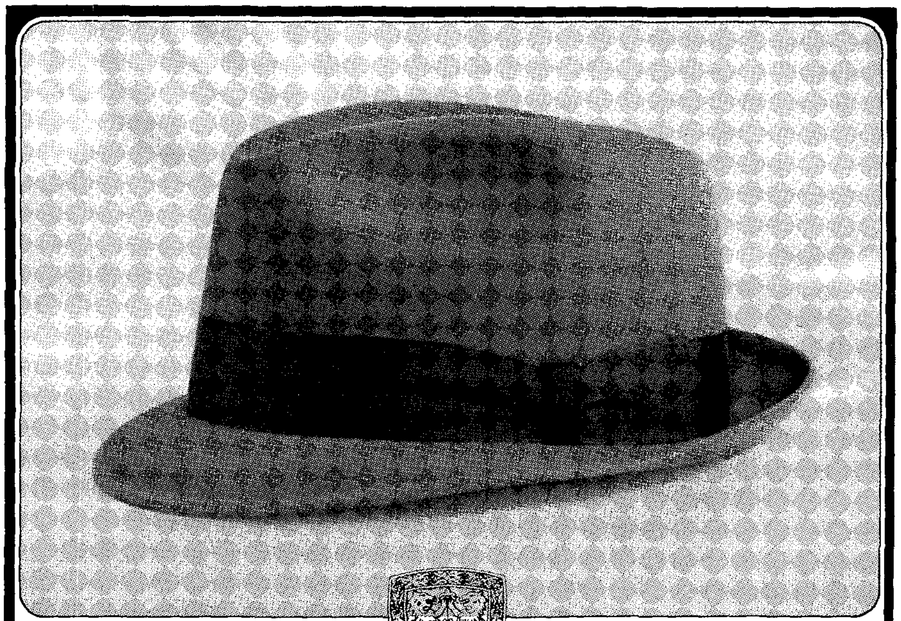
be unthinkable but that wouldn't make it impossible. "It's too bad that this is a two-man game," he went on, referring to our r.-and-d. contest with the Communists. "But the game is growing older, and someone, I suppose, might argue that it's a good thing—that the more weapons systems the two sides devise, the fewer surprises there can possibly be in store."

The need for wisdom, it was pointed out to me in the course of my inquiry, is compounded by the curious possibility that the United States and the Soviet Union may be in arms races with themselves as well as with each other. This possibility, which adds immeasurably to the elusiveness of the question of enough, derives from the fact that the arms race is by no means the symmetrical affair that it is commonly supposed to be. We and the Russians, it appears, do not match new weapon for new weapon, production schedule for production schedule. In the period when we were building up our fleet of B-52 bombers, for example, the Russians were concentrating on missiles, and when the Russians were preoccupied with submarines, we were busy expanding our ground forces. Moreover, according to Defense Department people who have dealt with the Russians, their nation and ours don't even go about assessing the respective threats to themselves in the same way. "We don't believe a nuclear war would last long, but they seem to think in terms of campaigning through one," I was told by one of Secretary McNamara's chief assistants. "They envision a devastating beginning for both sides and then a war that would go on and on until the Americans finally learned the same lesson that Napoleon and the Nazis did—that Mother Russia's sons, and her winters, and her geographical vastness are unconquerable."

The upshot of this asymmetry, I gathered, is that to a considerable extent there may now be in progress two unilateral races that bear little relation to each other or to the main one that we are constantly hearing about. These races, clearly, would not be going on if each side knew what the other was up to, but until such a day dawns, the Pentagon and its Soviet counterpart will be understandably preoccupied with perfecting what they do know about for certain: their own military establishments. "If we had no guessing to do about Russia's plans, there would be no problem of enough," one of our leading military researchers told me. "There will always be a need for some



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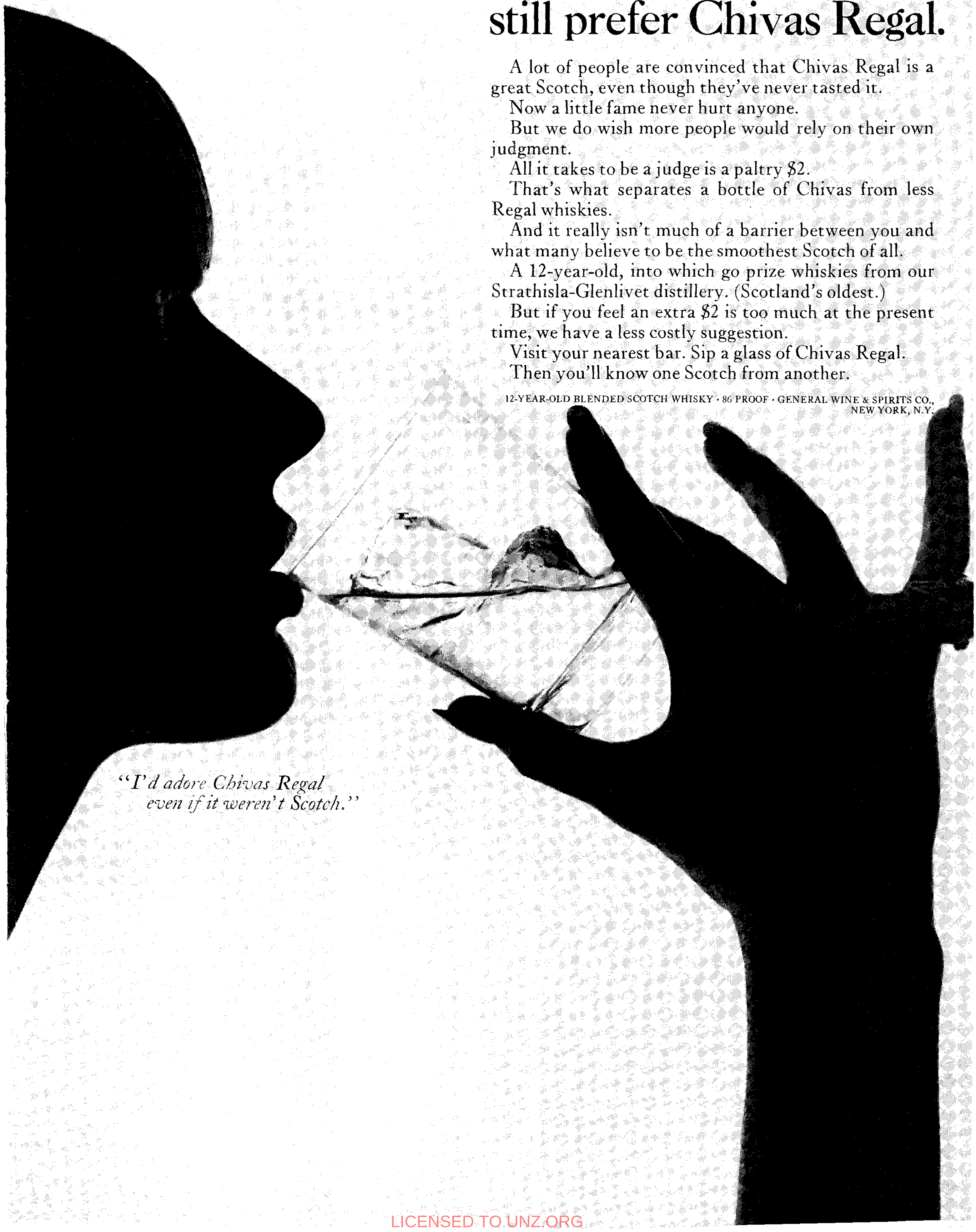

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weapons, in my opinion, but if we knew there would be no thermonuclear war, would we need to deploy as many missiles as we have? And, conversely, if we knew there *would* be a war, wouldn't we damn well be doing even more than we are? In other words, what I am saying to you is that decisions are being made today on the basis of incomplete information."

Some of the guesswork that currently guides governments is being eliminated by means of inventions like the so-called spy satellites now in orbit over both Russian and American territory, but potentially, according to various officials, the great breakthrough in mutual intelligence could come through treaties that effectively limit the production of weapons and control their possible use; if agreements of this sort should ever be reached, then international inspection of defense plants, laboratories, missile bases, airfields, and the like would become automatic and routine. Until that occurs, though, "we're in the catastrophe business," as one official put it. "Quite simply, there are two approaches to security: through arms and through arms control," I was told by Adam Yarmolinsky, Special Assistant to the Secretary of Defense. The arms-control approach has never been tried, of course, and its unfamiliarity, I found, seemed to impose upon some officials the need for exerting a nuclear wisdom, so to speak, as opposed to the conventional variety. A number of them appeared to look upon arms control with an instinctive mistrust, denouncing it as colossal naïveté or a colossal swindle or both. It conjured up for them the spectre of politicians' capitulating to "peace demands" from the multitude. "Disarmament isn't some vague, wishful evangelism," a career man in the State Department told me. "If it ever comes, it will be the culmination of a long series of delicate political settlements."

Reservations about arms control are, of course, not a purely American phenomenon. Many of the governments that are accustomed to our protection, I was told, fear that arms control might lead to the withdrawal of that protection. (In fact, I was frequently informed that probably the only country as keenly interested in disarmament as we are is the Soviet Union.) Nor are our sister nations above a hypocritical maneuver or two when it comes to the ideal of disarmament. A member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee recalled that back in 1961, at the very moment the United Nations General Assembly was unanimously passing a reso-

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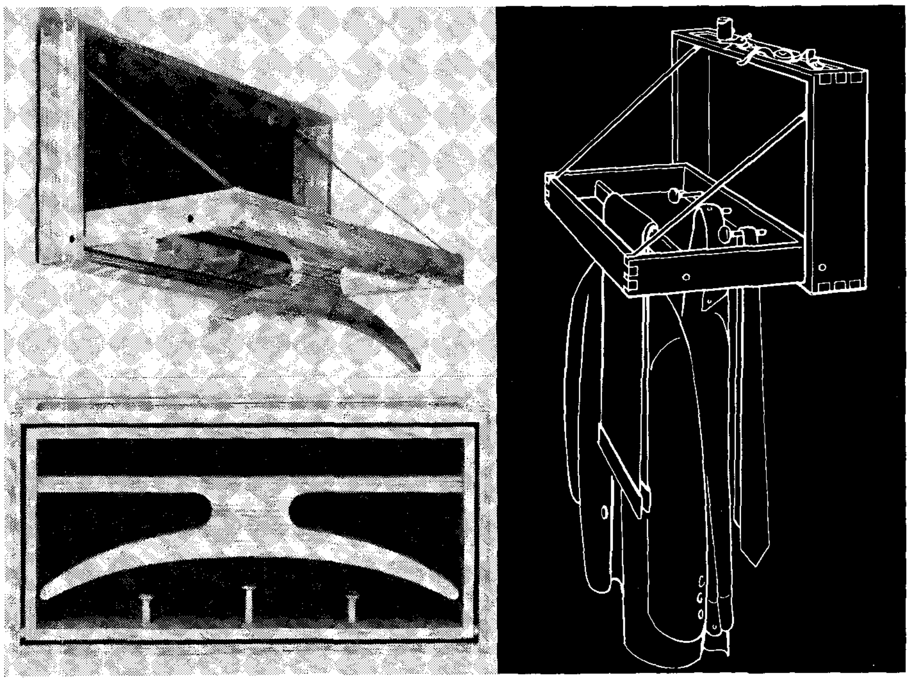

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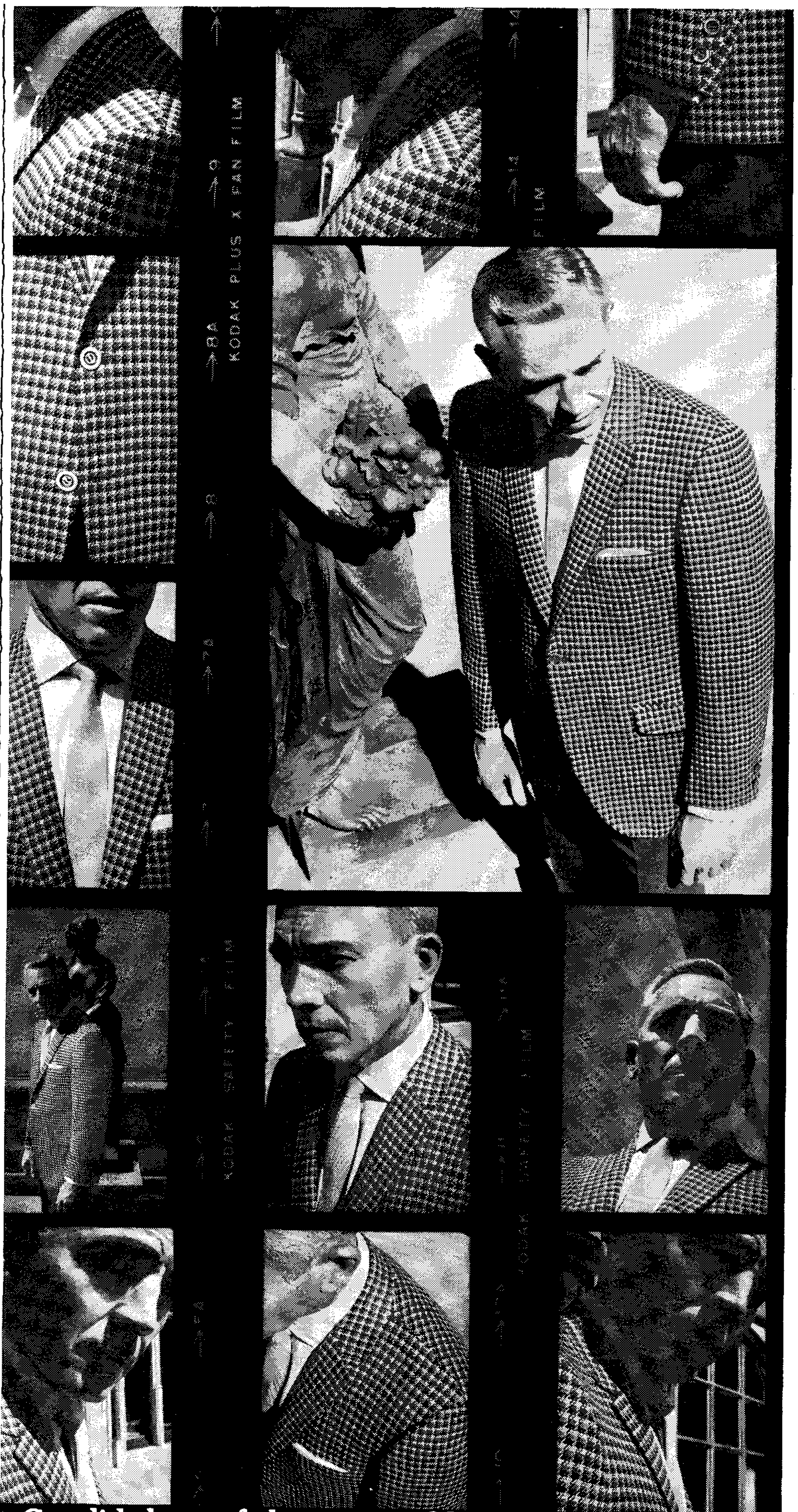
lution calling for worldwide disarmament, seventy of the voting nations were dickering with the United States for military aid. And about a year ago, Secretary Rusk told me, when the relations between Russia and this country were in one of their more benign phases, he was sounded out on the subject by a European Foreign Minister as the two men were leaving a conference table abroad. "The Foreign Minister apparently had rosy hopes for the future," the Secretary told me. "As we walked out together, he said, 'If you and the Russians sign a disarmament treaty, would you give us a good price on some of the weapons you're getting rid of?' "

Skeptical or not, practically everyone I saw recognized in arms limitation a potential method of relaxing the present military standoff. One senator was for it because he thought we were too trustful in our attitude toward the Communists. "Every day the sun comes up, we're letting them decide whether they feel like being deterred or not," he said to me. "If we or some international inspection commission could get in there, we could tell for sure what they had in mind." The more I discussed arms control with government officials, the more it seemed to me that no sharp line divided the "doves" from the "hawks." It was certainly not a case of their being in harmonious agreement without knowing it, but they did have a bond in the seriousness with which they approached the subject of arms control. When I remarked on this to Dr. Herbert Scoville, Jr., Assistant Director for Science and Technology of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, he nodded, and cited as supporting evidence his own government career. "I was with the Defense Department, then I went over to the C.I.A., and now here I am with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency," he said. His present boss, William C. Foster, the director of the A.C.D.A., previously served as Deputy Secretary of Defense.

The absence of a sharp dividing line was evident everywhere, especially in the last place where many people would expect this to be true—in the Pentagon. The various military services there, I heard, were all sponsoring arms-control studies of varying sorts; even the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the very heart of American militarism, were doing so. "We're used to dealing in weapons in this building. We can fire them for you or control them," I was told by a Navy captain whose chest was awash with decorations from the last war. Paeans to relaxing the arms race were almost suspiciously easy to come by, but I did hear of a number of specific steps that had been taken toward this end. One of them is the disclosure, since 1961, of fairly complete data concerning our arsenal of missiles, bombers, submarines, and the rest. By advertising our strength in some detail, our policymakers reason, we may help to discourage any rash enterprise on the part of a potential enemy. "It's a new conception of security," a Defense Department official told me. "Security used to be regarded as *synonymous* with secrecy, but now it's being turned into a form of open communication. The President himself has coöperated in this, even telling the world, last July, the number of special-action teams we have trained to combat subversive activities abroad."

Paradoxical though it may seem, the goal of restraining the arms race is taken into account even in the designing of our weapons. Some types of arms, it appears, convey a more menacing impression abroad than others do, equally devastating though they may all be. Consequently, Defense Department technicians seek to devise weapons that they consider "unprovocative." A Polaris missile, whose yield is fifty times that of the Hiroshima bomb, is considered a model of tact, I was informed, because it lends itself to both mobility and concealment. "It's as much out of sight under those waves as though we had general and complete disarmament," a young weapons designer told me. "But that Jupiter missile! It's been phased out for two years now, but that sure was a provocative weapon. It gives me the willies to think we ever deployed it over in Turkey and Italy. It practically screamed that it had no place to go but Russia. It sat out in the open for everyone to see—sleek and erect aboveground, with armed troops guarding it. And it was so vulnerable! I mean, its skin was so thin you could probably shred it with a couple of bullets. All you needed for an anti-missile missile back in those days was a rifle."

Very soon, I was told, all our strategic missiles will be out of sight, deep in underground silos, whose cylindrical walls are hardened with tons of concrete. Far from being vulnerable, these buried missiles are all certified as "survivable"—capable of withstanding a one-megaton shot less than a mile away. While survivability naturally has its military implications, I was told that it is also a formidable political achievement, for if an enemy knows he is up against invulnerable weapons, he is un-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likely to be tempted into taking any rash action; in short, it is theorized that the stability of weapons and the stability of the arms race are as one. "Our gain in security doesn't necessarily imply a concomitant Soviet loss," a Defense Department official told me. "That is the great distinction of all arms-control measures that aren't phony. They make for a mutual security. And if the Russians achieve survivability of their strategic missiles, which might be in the next few years, the arms race may be further stabilized."

DESPITE these halting steps toward mutual security, it is secrecy about military and political strategy that remains the general rule, and it is deterrence—the great alternative to arms control—that remains our fixed policy, as it may for years to come. Its fortunes record now moments of high jeopardy, now phases of almost millennial promise, these rises and falls all being traceable to the fear we share with the Communists; namely, the fear of the daily possibility of a surprise attack. Neither side, I was assured over and over, has any wish to initiate such an attack, but both are deeply aware that an accident may upset their plans. Our own officials are haunted by the thought that we may all be ambushed by error, human or mechanical, Soviet or American. They are in almost continuous conclave about this, I learned, their sessions being devoted to imagining what could possibly go wrong, since they know that in the absence of a deliberate attack the policy of deterrence depends for its efficiency on their imagination. Fortunately, we are not alone in grasping this point. One of our highest officials, a man who sees top-secret intelligence reports, told me, "The Russians are storing their weapons carefully. And they, too, are taking care that only their most responsible people retain control over those weapons."

The same official doubted, however, whether the Communists' caution quite matched our own, and as I listened to him and to colleagues of his, I could not help being impressed by the meticulous efforts we are making to forestall mishaps. The construction of our bombs is a case in point. They are fitted out with all manner of safeguards. A bomb, I was told, will not go off accidentally even if it is dropped from an airplane, consumed by a fire, or struck by lightning. At most, its non-nuclear high-explosive section—its priming fuse, so to speak—might go

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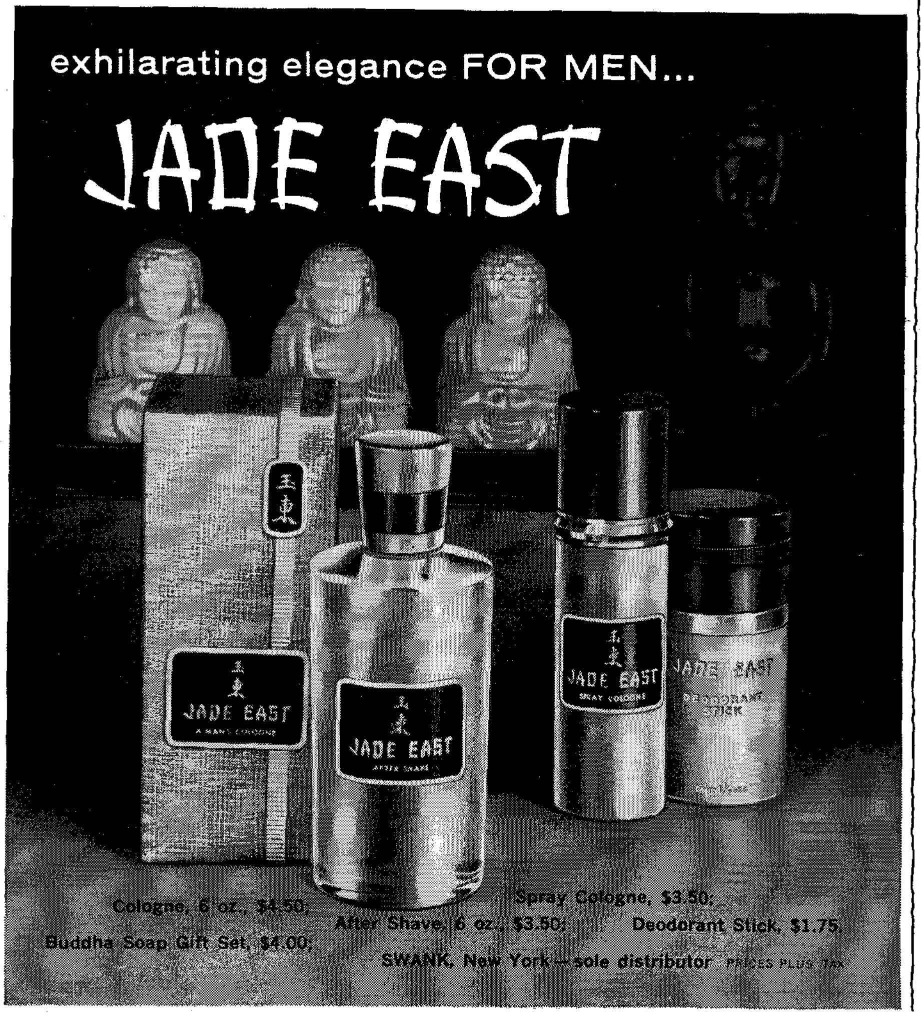
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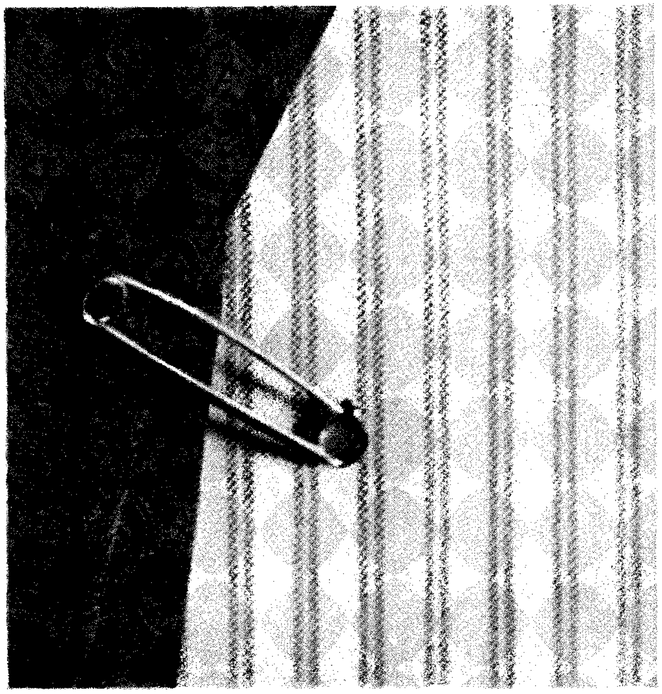

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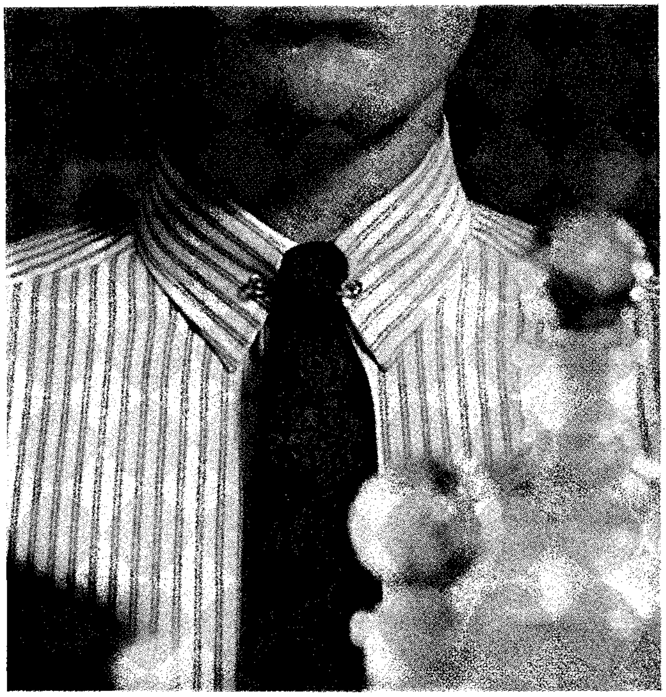

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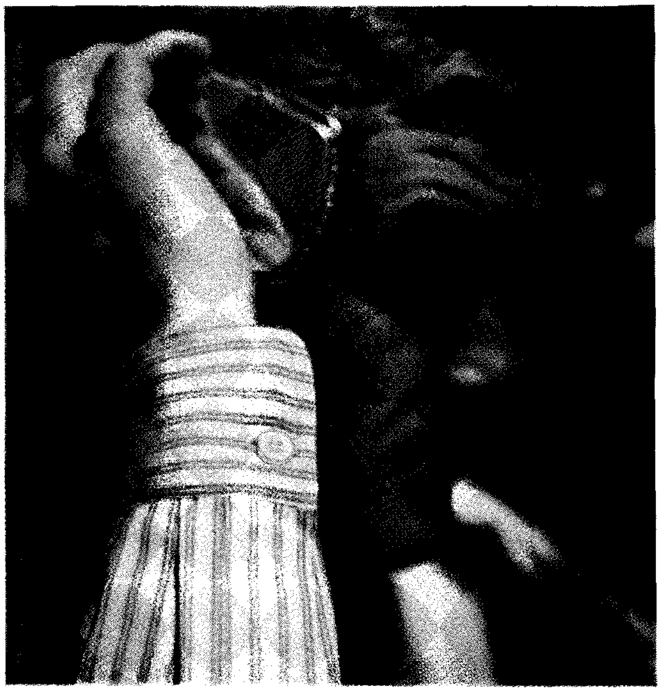

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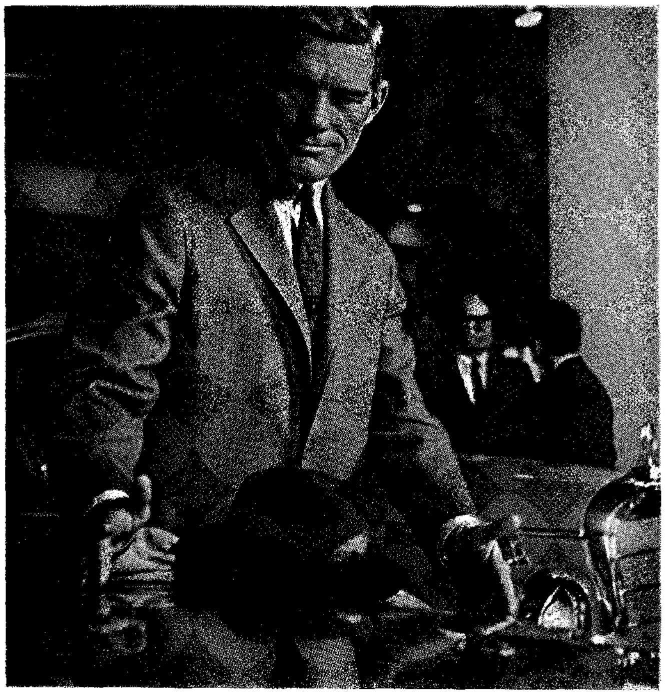

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off, but that would produce only a high-explosive blast. The nuclear warhead, it seems, can be activated only if "several things" happen in proper sequence, after which a set of electrical signals have to be flashed in a certain pattern with precise timing. Even then, I was told, a weapon will still not be activated until it has passed through various environmental changes involving velocity and barometric pressures. A special switch for arming the weapon can be tampered with only if the weapon is disassembled—and therefore disarmed. As another form of safeguard, nuclear-weapons designers sometimes deliberately omit automated gadgetry from their creations, to keep them from being fired too easily. For example, I was told by John T. McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, that one of the most important steps in the launching of a certain kind of missile, the process of providing the launching mechanism with its critical power supply, is performed in a fashion that might make an onlooker think he was down on the farm. "When the signal for that step is given," McNaughton said, "a man standing in a distant corner starts turning a hand crank that looks just like the one on an old-fashioned ice-cream freezer." As for the arming of such a weapon, the various steps necessary have been made too numerous and too complex for any one man to handle. This also applies, McNaughton said, to preparing a one-man fighter-bomber for takeoff with nuclear armaments. "The pilot would have to be an octopus with a twenty-foot reach to be able to do it all by himself," he went on. "And even if he were able to, he couldn't take off without proper authorization. If he tried it, he'd find his plane's runway blocked by barricades on the airfield. They're always in place to provide against the possibility of anyone's trying a stunt like that."

Such acts of individual impulsiveness, it was emphasized to me by numerous Defense Department officials, were possible only in movies and novels, and my informants displayed a distinct touchiness about plots that involved pilots zooming off on self-authorized bombing missions. "Positive control," as it was called, was exercised at all times, I was told. Thus, no Strategic Air Command pilot was permitted to fly beyond a predetermined point without an explicit "go" order, which had to come from the highest authority and could not be sent out by mistake, as

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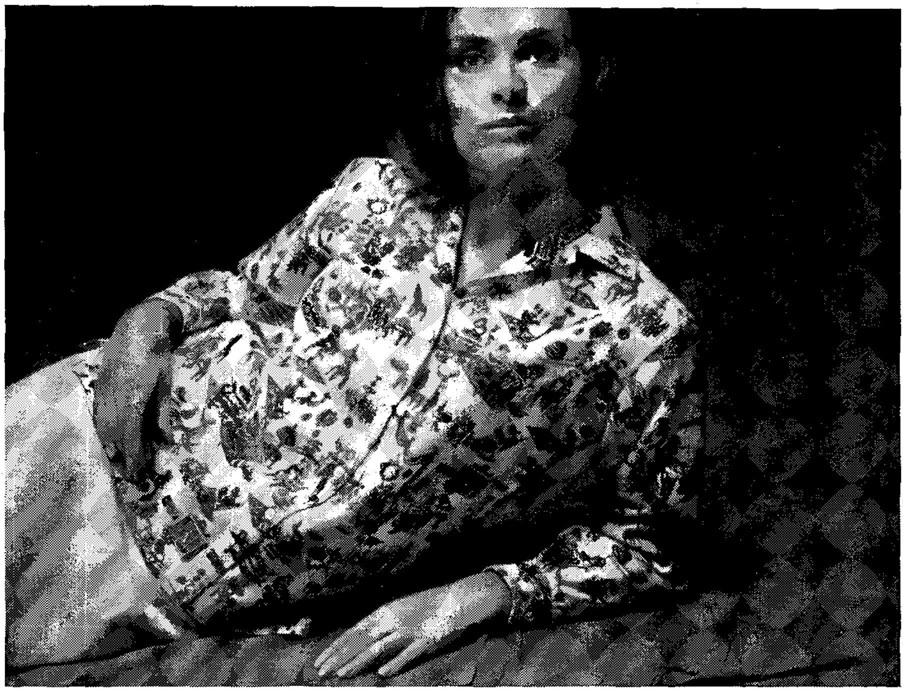

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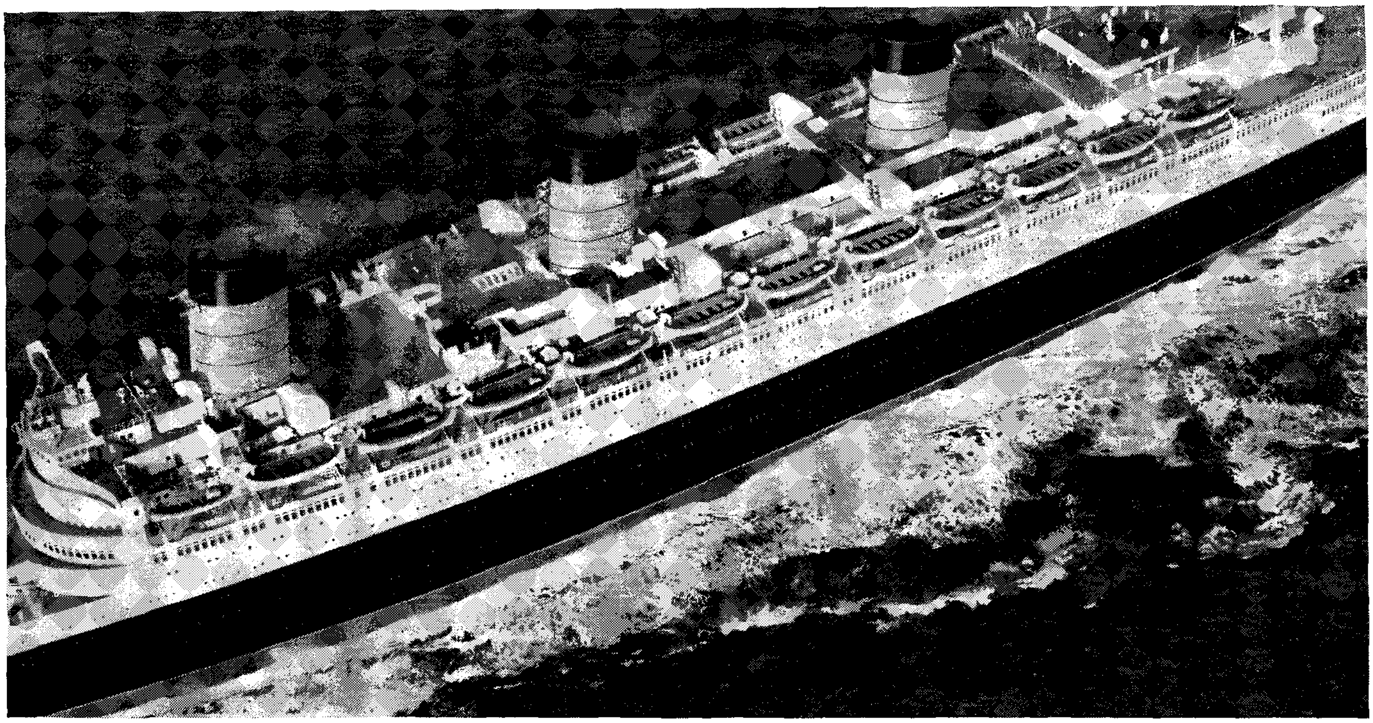
novelists have suggested. I gathered, though, that this was an administrative rather than a physical restraint—and that, as an official put it, was "the difference between 'may' and 'can.' " One Defense Department man did concede that, through what he described as "a fantastic combination of extremely unlikely possibilities," the crash of an S.A.C. plane could result in an accidental nuclear explosion. The odds against it were enormous, he emphasized, but he did reluctantly contemplate the possibility. "What if the plane crashed on an American city?" he asked. "We wouldn't know who or what had hit us. Until we investigated, we wouldn't know whether there had been a crash or an attack. And in a few years the investigation might be truly complicated if new nuclear powers had entered the arms race."

One important safeguard on nuclear missiles consists of "permissive-action links" (known, cozily and inevitably, as PAL), which are electro-mechanical locks that only American officers in possession of a special code can unlock. The inspiration for PAL was itself a sort of accident, I learned from Commissioner Ramey of the A.E.C. Ramey, who was formerly the executive director of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, told me that the PAL system was largely the by-product of an inspection tour of missile bases in NATO countries that he and members of the committee made in 1960. "We were scared stiff by what we saw," he recalled. As the group looked over the bases, he said, they became increasingly worried by the infringement of our national sovereignty, since it was apparent that we didn't necessarily retain control of our own weapons when they were in foreign territory. "It was always the same, whether we were in Britain or in Turkey," Ramey went on. "The ally on whose soil the base was situated owned the delivery vehicle but not its warhead. That belonged to us. If the missile ever had to be launched, a so-called two-key arrangement was supposed to go into effect, which meant that an officer of ours and, say, his Turkish counterpart each had a special key of his own, which was to be inserted in the proper place. When that was done, the weapon would become operational. But we wondered what would happen if, for some reason—two NATO allies falling out, perhaps—the Turk decided to overpower our man and take away his key? Why, the Turk would have himself quite a modern weapon, that's what. It wasn't long



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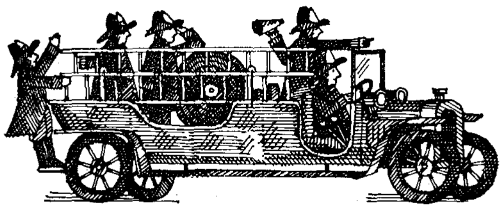

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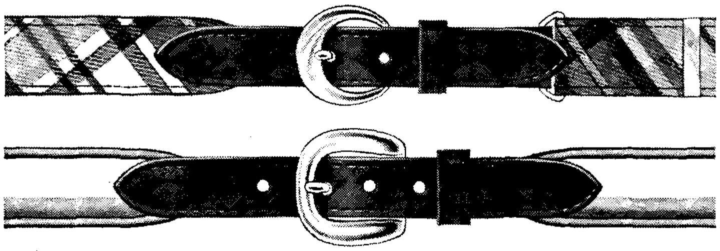

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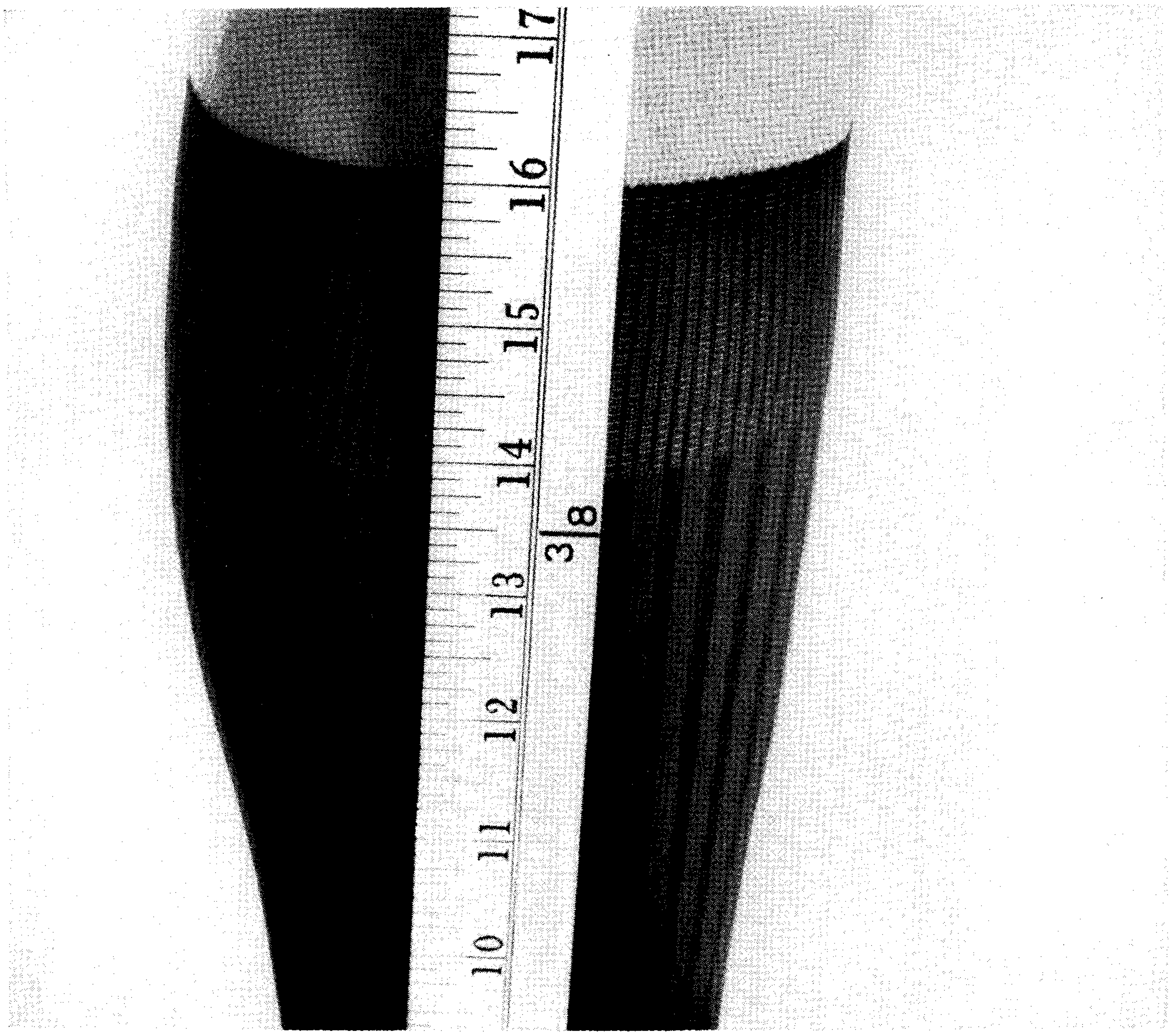
after we returned home that PAL was figured out."

Important though PAL and other such safeguards may be, they are only one aspect of the government's concern that, come what may, in war or peace, the command and control of our men and arms be preserved within the bounds of orderly, Constitutional authority. It is the inordinate power of modern weapons, I was told, that has made something special of "command and control," as officials now refer to this once routine matter. A governmental committee has met dozens of times to figure out ways of preventing an accident from irretrievably harming our form of government, and a number of these meetings have been attended by the President himself. "There wouldn't be much sense in defending ourselves if we neglected to preserve the Constitution," I was told by Deputy Secretary Cyrus R. Vance, a forthright, thoughtful lawyer who is the second-highest member of the Defense Department, and who has spent many long hours pondering the intricacies of command and control. Under the law, Vance informed me, the President, and the President alone, controls the detonation of American nuclear weapons, even for peacetime testing. Once the President has decided that such an event may take place, his order makes its way down the long chain of command that ends with the man on the firing line. This arrangement appears manageable enough at present, but in a time of nuclear crisis unexpected contingencies might come thick and fast. It is the possibility of such contingencies, I gathered, that has provoked the thoughts and speculations of the committee considering command and control, nearly all of which have to do with insuring that we are never without the services of a President. "The President's survivability is crucial to our way of life," a member of the committee told me. "As our highest elected official, he normally goes a long way toward standing for the popular will. If we were attacked, that might be more true than ever, because it might be impossible to convene Congress."

This official didn't discuss the committee's conclusions, if any, but he did give me an idea of the sort of question it dealt with. One example had to do with just who should be with the President in the event of a severe crisis. The President might have to operate out of a relatively cramped refuge at a time like that, and this would seriously limit the size of his emergency staff. His Secretaries of State and Defense and



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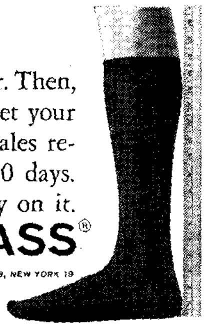

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the Joint Chiefs were obvious choices, but who else? Wouldn't the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission have important opinions about fallout conditions? What about the President's family and his trusted personal advisers? Whoever finally made up the group, what would it have to decide? Incoming reports about the developing situation would determine that, and these reports, in turn, would depend on the President's communications setup. In view of his cramped quarters, it was a question whether it would be realistic to provide him with, for instance, a large display board, like the one at the Strategic Air Command Headquarters at Omaha, which, among other things, can show planes and missiles en route to their targets. And whatever the size of the board, what kind of information, in general, would it make most sense for the President to receive? That was a vital question, the committee member said, since it might determine whether the President ordered a controlled or a spasmodic response to enemy action. Computer data would help the President reach that decision, and this raised the question of what type of computer would do the job best, and with what other computers the Presidential computer would have to be able to communicate if he were to receive adequate data. Since the survivability of the President could not be guaranteed, arrangements would have to be made for the Vice-President's safety, my informant went on, but should our second in command be included among the people who were with the President or should he proceed to an alternate headquarters of his own? As for the President's emergency quarters, the site was another debatable matter. In the past, the consensus had been that it should definitely not be in the vicinity of Washington, but second thoughts are now being had on that score. There were people who doubted if the President would have enough time to get very far from the White House, regardless of whether we were faced with a tactical or a strategic warning—that is, with the prospect of an imminent attack or the prospect of an attack within days or weeks. If a tactical warning came in, the President would only have between fifteen and thirty minutes in which to make his exit. But even if an attack on Washington and other American cities were threatened for weeks, the President would still be strapped for time, because those very weeks might represent a last chance for us and our adversary to come to some sort of understanding. "It might not behoove the President to make for the hills at a time like that," the official said. "It might create panic at home, and as for the reaction abroad, his departure would very quickly be interpreted there as either a sign of weakness or a preparation for the launching of an American attack."

The President's role as capstone of our system of command and control is possibly his most difficult one, it was emphasized by McGeorge Bundy, the Special Assistant for National Security Affairs to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Each morning, Bundy told me, the President wakes up to the uneasy knowledge that he has the power to order a nuclear bombing. "A President may not know the exact pressure measurements of this or that weapon, the way scientists do, but he knows something they don't—the way it feels to be the one man who is able to direct that those weapons be used," Bundy said. "He lives with that knowledge, and he must regard it with the utmost gravity. President Kennedy, I remember, once said to me that he would consider it 'the ultimate failure' if he ever saw fit to use a nuclear weapon. I have the impression that President Johnson feels the same way. I think of them both as men with an enormous desire for historical success."

Apart from the exercise of poor political judgment, the chances of a President's causing an accident are probably remote; he is surrounded by too many advisers and bodyguards for his actions to be governed by such ordinary lapses as forgetfulness, inattention, or fatigue, or by the quirks of personality to which everyone, including Russians, is subject. But a President's military subordinates—hundreds of thousands of disciplined men in uniform operating within the framework of command and control—are another matter. It was freely admitted to me that, explicit though their orders may be, there is never any telling, as all these great numbers of individuals go about their daily duties, when one of them will step out of line for reasons that may not be known even to himself. The possibility of such missteps, I learned, has prompted the Defense Department to organize what is called the Human Reliability Program, a vast undertaking that, as far as I can make out, is dedicated to the proposition that no one in our armed forces may take leave of his senses and let fly with a nuclear weapon. "Twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, I'm concerned with the maturity and sta-

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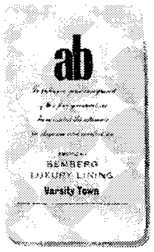

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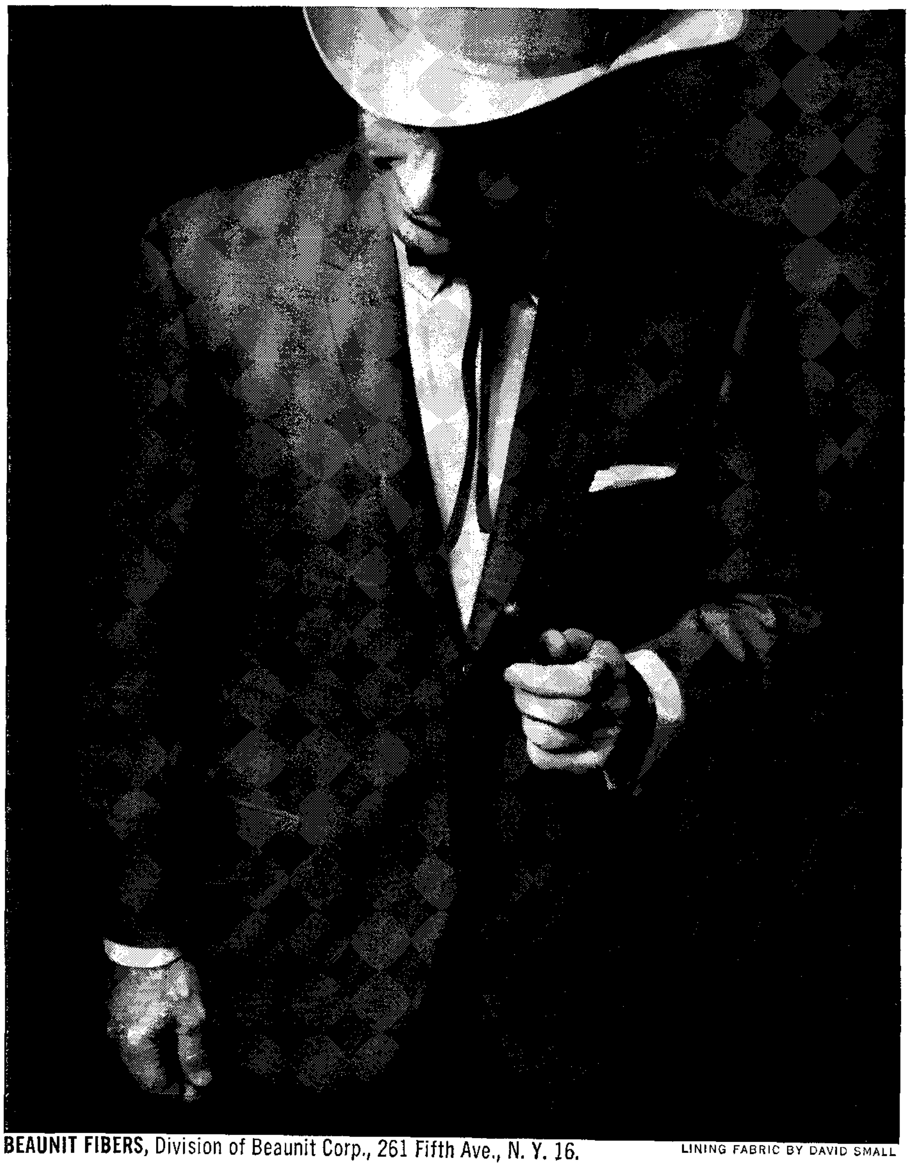

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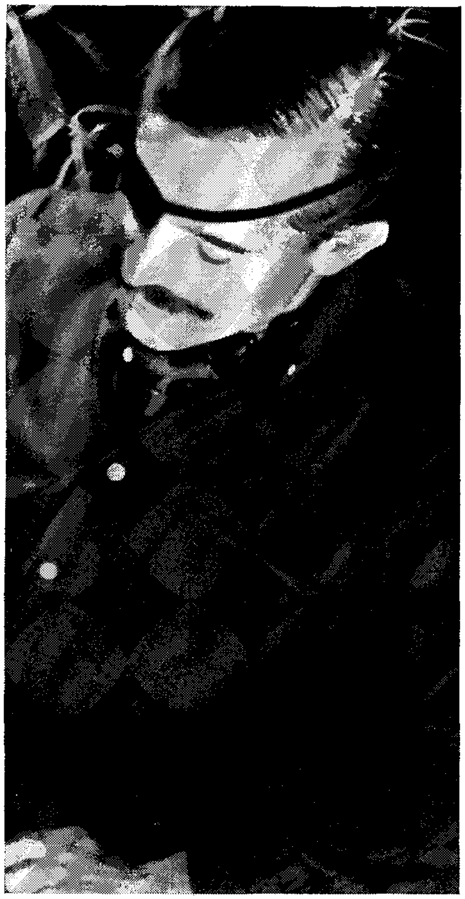

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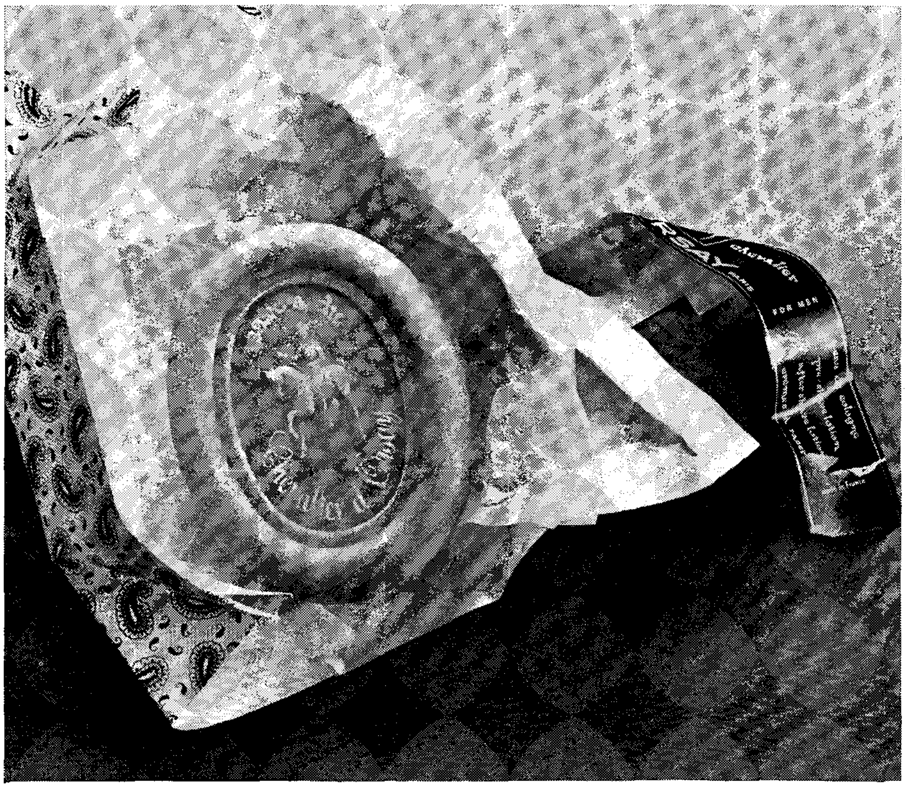

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bility of every man under my command," I was told by Colonel Richard R. Stewart, commander of the 820th Strategic Aerospace Division, at Plattsburgh, in upstate New York, where both bombers and intercontinental ballistic missiles are held ready for action. "Twenty-three years ago, when I was at my first airbase, my C.O. didn't need to think that way. When I reported to him as a second lieutenant, he said to me, 'From eight in the morning to five in the afternoon, what you do is my business, but after the flag comes down, it's strictly your own.' "

Most of my information about the Human Reliability Program came from the two men who head it—Walter T. Skallerup, Jr., a civilian, and Colonel Paul M. Richards, of the Air Force—both of whom, I thought, had a very reliable manner. They eventually referred me to a psychiatrist, but before they did, I learned that the program has been functioning since 1962 and that the need for it was underscored by a security violation whose peculiar aspects had aroused the interest of both the Defense Department and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. (Details of the violation remain classified.) Even before the Defense Department embarked on its Reliability Program, the Air Force had been looking into manifestations of abnormal psychology within its nuclear ranks. Its studies, I was told, were at least partly inspired by an incident in which General LeMay himself had figured, along with an enlisted man assigned to guard the General's parked plane. The incident, Colonel Richards recalled, took place in 1960 at Strategic Air Command Headquarters. "As the General approached his plane, he noticed that someone's initials had been crudely carved on the door of the plane," the Colonel said. "That wasn't much in itself, but it was obvious that anyone who was capable of doing that might have also done something more serious to the plane. Anyway, investigators found that the initials were the guard's, and that he'd scratched them with his penknife."

The Human Reliability Program has since collected other examples of curious behavior, a number of which Skallerup described to me matter-of-factly. "Sometimes Air Police get bored with guard duty and shoot at each other," he said. "Or maybe a guard is spooked by shadows and by his fear of Communists. We once received a report of a sabotage attempt when rocks were found inside a bomber's jet intake. Investigators traced them to a guard who

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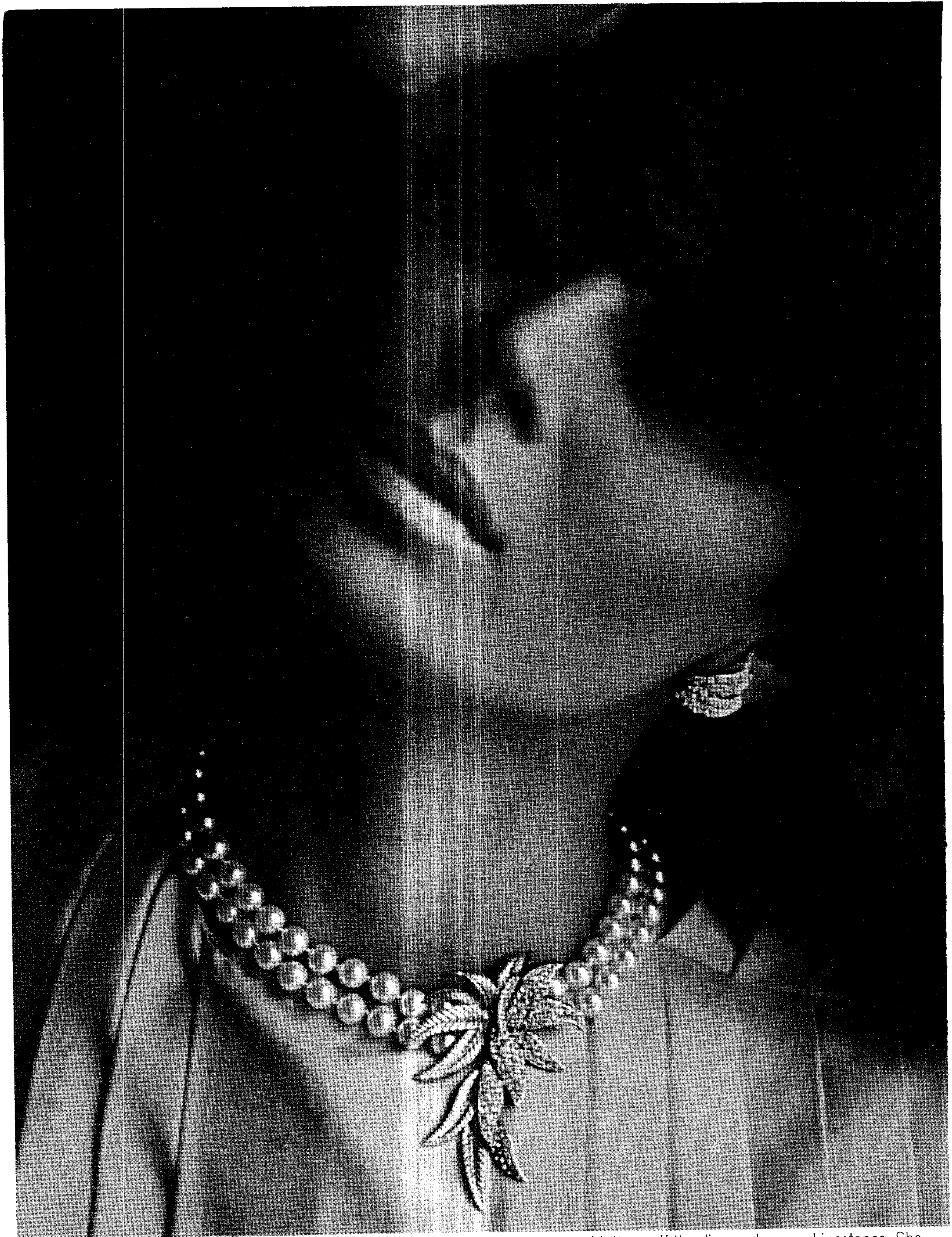

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had hit his head on the plane and had decided to get even by heaving rocks at it."

Colonel Richards observed that occasionally men in more responsible posts tended to become prey to unusual strains of conscience while on the job. "They get disturbed about the consequences of using the weapons to which they've been assigned," he said. "It impairs their motivation. There's a man who's flying a transport right now for that reason. He had to be reassigned from an ICBM silo, and I understand that until he started having doubts about what he was doing, he appeared as happy and integrated as a man could be."

Life in a silo was not easy, Skallerup said, and went on, "It's a little like being locked up in a bank vault. Those silos are a hundred feet or so deep, and they probably seem deeper to someone who thought he was joining the Air Force to roam the wild blue yonder. And even if a fellow does draw flying duty, it's drilled into him that things aren't the way they used to be back in the days when a hot pilot was a guy who would grab himself a couple of Scotches and go. He has to be even-tempered and responsible at all times." Various measures are employed to counter the dangers of non-combat fatigue. The political lesson of armed restraint—of deterrence, that is—is taught and retaught, its theme being summed up in S.A.C.'s well-known motto: "Peace Is Our Profession." Air crews are constantly put through combat alerts, the men spilling out of ready shacks to get their planes off the ground in less than fifteen minutes. Missile teams, huddled in their vaults beneath the rural landscape, are frequently rehearsed in countdowns and in the dangerous process of fuelling their weapons with liquid propellants. The Reliability Program, Skallerup told me, covers all men who have "the knowledge and opportunity" to make trouble at nuclear stations. "Emotional checks," as he put it, have been run on a quarter of a million men in the Air Force alone. Of that number, thousands were judged to need clinical evaluation, and of those a significant number were transferred from nuclear duty. The medical records of men on nuclear duty carry special tabs, to alert the examining physician when they report for sick call. If they should betray any sign of instability, the physician is required to make this known to their commanding officer, so that they can be counselled or assisted in an effort to save them for nuclear

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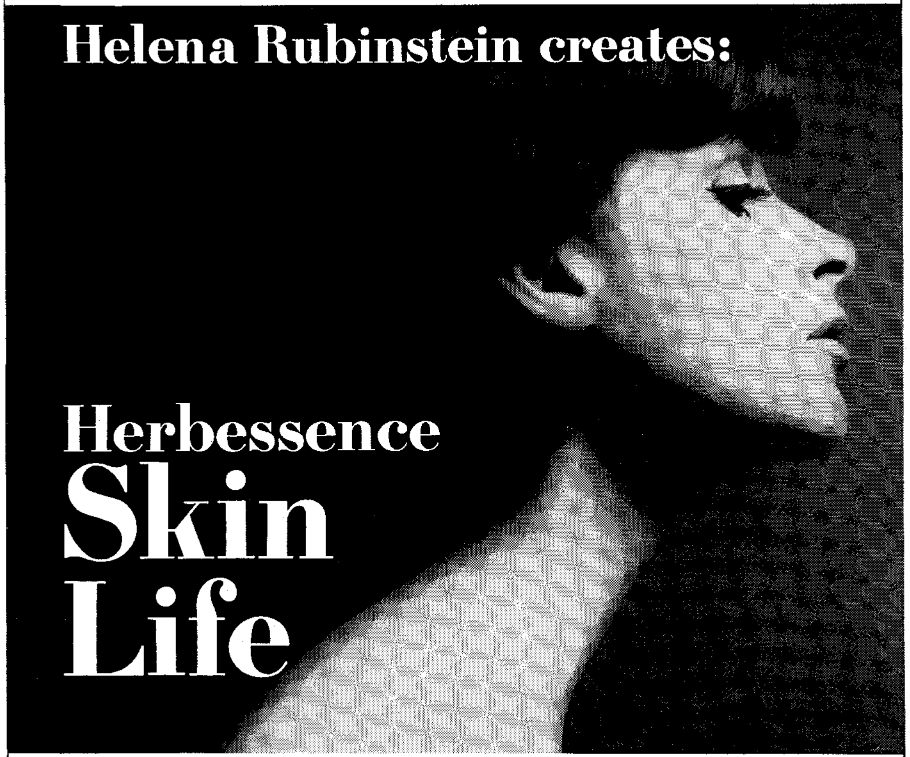

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duty. "It's a delicate balance that we're trying to strike," Skallerup said. "We want the men stable but not phlegmatic. We don't want to hurt their spirit, yet we have to keep them toeing the line."

The psychiatrist to whom Skallerup and Richards referred me was Dr. Eugene R. Inwood, a former Army medical officer who is professor of psychiatry at Georgetown University School of Medicine and who has been associated with the Human Reliability Program since its inception. Dr. Inwood, who received me in the study of his home, outside the capital, provided me with further instances of the wayward nature of even carefully checked, highly trained military technicians. The individual vagaries uncovered had prompted the wider application of a "two-man rule," he told me, whereby officers and technicians on certain duty were under orders to move in pairs when they were in what are called "no-lone zones." The idea back of the arrangement, the Doctor said, was to enable each man to make sure that his *sidekick* wasn't up to anything aberrational. Guards were assigned to enforce the "two-man rule," and the guards, too, had to move in pairs. "There's no question but that technical people and officers whose training or authority is above a certain level can do substantial damage," Dr. Inwood said. "That doesn't hold for maintenance people, though some of them are in a position to set off explosives that are not nuclear in origin." He added that full colonels and some generals now come under the purview of the Human Reliability Program, which didn't use to cover officers of such rank; they had been included only after protracted urging by the Doctor himself and other psychiatrists, and, climactically, the accidental discovery that an S.A.C. colonel was an alcoholic. Dr. Inwood could recall other instances of alarming conduct—conduct of a sort that, he said, could be expected in any large military organization regardless of nationality. An American sergeant stationed in England had pulled his .45 and threatened to shoot at a nuclear bomb. A technical sergeant holding down an important job in New Mexico had been driven to distraction by a nervous wife and had been reassigned just in time. A technical sergeant at one of our bases in Spain had come to the end of his rope after ten years of nuclear duty, but hadn't asked to be relieved, for fear it might hurt his career; he had refused to answer the phone and had behaved so oddly in

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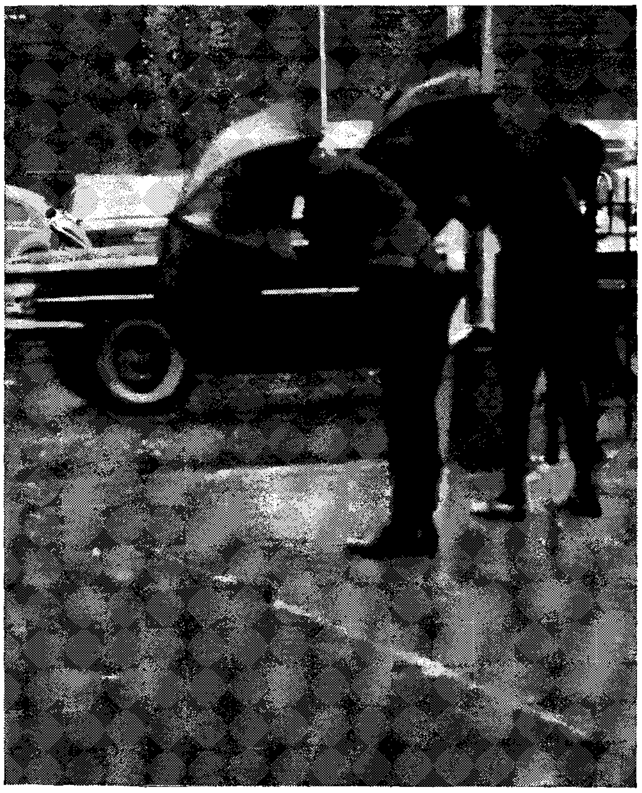

When you wish you had a Wales.

A real raincoat definitely for drizzles, downpours and deluges. Looks smashing. Keeps you dry. Newsiest in exclusive Pluvial® Cloth (Dacron* polyester/cotton/Lycra* spandex), the fabric that looks like silk and stretches for action. This wash and wear precipitation sensation in black or natural, $40. With zip-in alpaca liner, $55 at Sterns, New York & branches; Raleigh Haberdashers, Washington, D.C. & branches; Hughes Hatcher Suffrin, Detroit & branches; Kaufmans, Pittsburgh & branches; Emporium, San Francisco & branches, and other fine stores wherever it rains.

*DuPont's reg. TM   Prices slightly higher in the west   Lord Raglan raincoats styled and made in U.S.A.

A Lord Raglan by Wales, makers of fine rainwear for gentlemen
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yourself all over
with new
N° 5 After-Bath
Oil Spray

Step from your
shower or bath into a
soft, silken veil
of fragrance. Every beautiful
inch of you feels
luxuriously smooth to the touch,
with not a trace of
oily film. In the new
white-and-gold
unbreakable spray
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CHANEL

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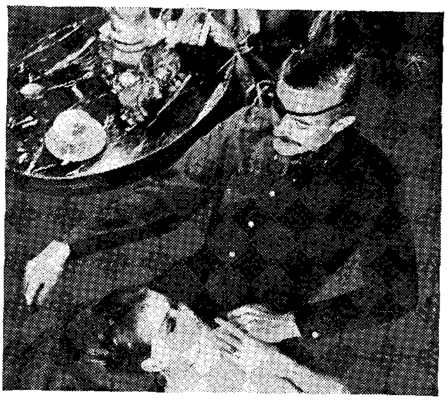
other respects that the men under him had finally petitioned a flight surgeon to examine their superior. "The sergeant is *running* a motor pool now," Dr. Inwood told me, and added, "We try to do the best we can, but if each of us were capable of rational behavior at all times, would there have ever been *any* need for nuclear weapons to be invented?"

THE entrance to an ICBM silo—or, to give its official designation, launch-control center—is called an "entrapment area," and it is accurately named, as I know from having stood inside one on a day I visited an underground Atlas. The entrapment area was a hollow cubicle of darkness, ten feet long, five feet wide, and eight feet high. The steel door through which I had entered it, with a military escort, had closed behind me. Before me was another steel door leading to the interior. In a corner of the ceiling was a closed-circuit television camera, through which the invisible commanding officer of the missile team within the silo peered at me and my escort as he challenged us, in a sepulchral voice. My companion, responding earnestly, identified us and stated our business; his name was Captain Richard W. Wetzel, and he was ordinarily a silo commander himself. Neither Wetzel's voice nor presence, I found, did much to mitigate my sense of entrapment, and I tried to remember the landscape I had just blotted out for myself. I was a mile from the Canadian border, in a corner of upstate New York above Plattsburgh that was in the nuclear domain of Colonel Stewart, and the countryside there was sunny and verdant with maples and birches. Herds of Jerseys were grazing in a nearby pasture, the property of a dairy farmer who had chosen to sell the Air Force an acre of his land for this emplacement. Now, in the entrapment area, I recalled the sign at the gate leading into the militarized acre: "It is unlawful to enter this area without authority of the Base Commander. . . . Area is patrolled by armed guards and vicious sentry dogs."

"Fuel!" Wetzel told the television camera, giving the day's password.

The door before us was pulled open, but there were two more steel doors to go—mammoth ones, weighing a half ton each. They were blastproof, and had been designed to protect the ICBM from earthquakes and near misses. Each door was opened only long enough to admit us, and then secured again. When we were past both of them, I found myself looking at a lounge and



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For further information see Hathaway ad on page 9.

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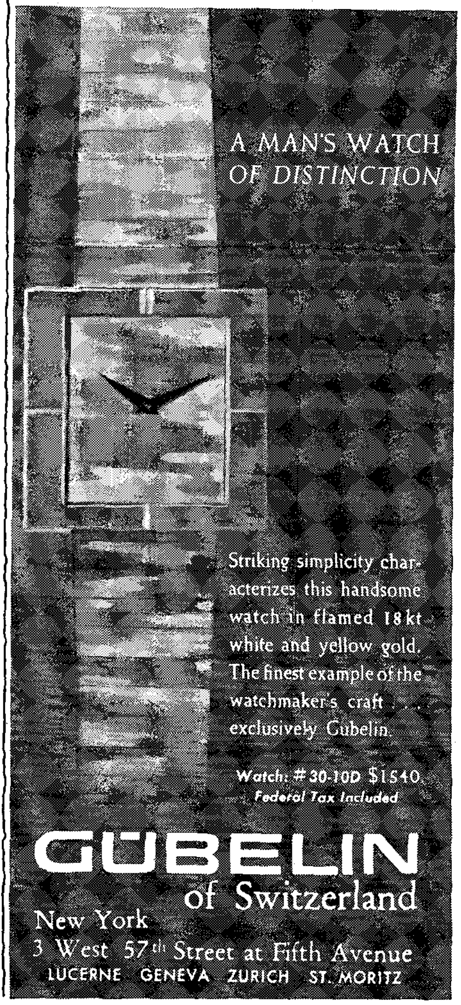
WATERVILLE, MAINE

America's No.1 Hathaway Shirt Store



A MAN'S WATCH
OF DISTINCTION

Striking simplicity characterizes this handsome watch in flamed 18 kt white and yellow gold. The finest example of the watchmaker's craft exclusively Gübelin.

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It's alright to cheer for Rodrigo DeTriano but don't toast him with Pinch®!

You know Rodrigo. Naturally.

Rodrigo was the seaman on board the Pinta who first sighted America for Christopher Columbus.

Now that Columbus Day is hard upon us you may be tempted to toast Rod with Pinch. Maybe even toast King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella who footed the bill for the voyage.

But don't do it. Stand firm.

Pinch is too good and too expensive for toasting anyone but the Real Thing! The Hero! The Man Who!

Consider the nature of Pinch. It is, of course, Smooth and Mellow. As good scotch should be. But there's another thing: *Pinch tastes delicious.* The flavor of Pinch comes from a delicate balancing of subtle Grain and rich Malt whiskies that has taken the House of Haig over 300 years to develop.

The flavor Pinch gives you is only for toasting Great Men!

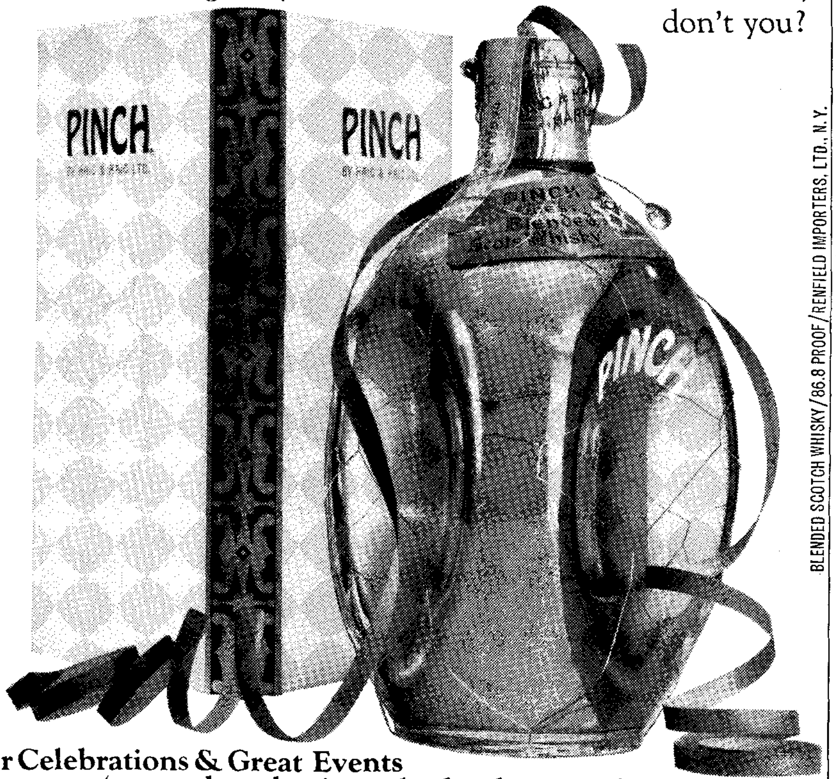
Other men have to be toasted with scotch in Round Bottles.

Not that scotch in Round Bottles isn't good. It is.

Plenty good enough for toasting Rod and Ferd and so on.

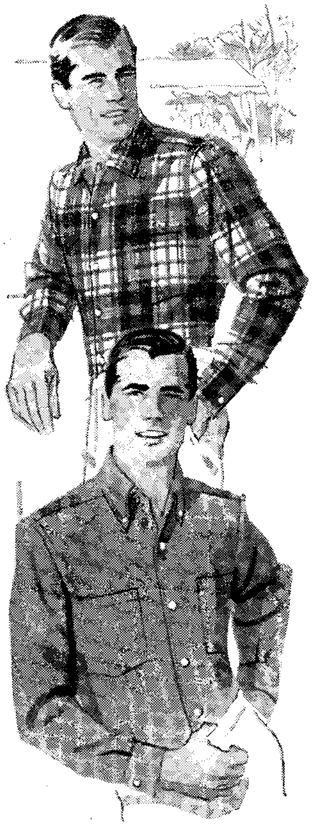
But when it comes to Christopher Columbus, and "his day," celebrate with the Great Scotch: Pinch!

You do have a puncheon or so of Pinch on hand, don't you?



Pinch...for Celebrations & Great Events
(even when they're nobody's business but your own)

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY/86.8 PROOF/RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



On the high road to luxury, sport shirts of Lochlana

Incredibly soft and luxurious, and washable, too; that's Lochlana, the 50% wool, 50% cotton fabric that won't shrink. Tailored into rugged sport shirts by Hathaway in sizes S, M, L, XL. Regular and button-down collar. Prices from **15.95** to **19.95**

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galley, whose stores, I was told, included a ten days' supply of emergency rations. (The silo, which had taken two years to build and cost ten million dollars, had its own water and power supply.) I followed Wetzel down a short flight of stairs to the silo's headquarters room—an area, about thirty by forty feet, that put me in mind of a hospital operating theatre, possibly because fluorescent lamps glared brilliantly against its pastel walls. The room was crammed with instrumentation, the most prominent piece of equipment being a large console covered with twinkling green, red, and amber lights. Through windows I could see two small rooms, one containing double-decker beds and the other a library of technical manuals stamped "SECRET." The silo's commanding officer was in the headquarters room as I entered. He was sitting in an easy chair watching television, a revolver strapped at his side. The image on the screen before him was that of his own ICBM warhead, and he was viewing it in order to make sure that it wasn't afire or being tampered with. "Channel One," he said, taking a last look at the picture before he rose to greet Wetzel and me. He introduced himself as Major Robert Carr. The officers stood side by side for a moment, two nice-looking, cheerful men in their thirties, Carr blond and Wetzel brown-haired. The working uniforms worn by Carr and his men, several of whom were on duty in the headquarters room, added to the hospital atmosphere. They were impeccable white coveralls, designed to show up any stains made by hazardous chemicals. "An ICBM silo is a spotless place," Carr remarked to me.

Before we left him to inspect the missile, he relieved us of our wristwatches; their straps, he explained, might snag on a piece of equipment or their movements might be damaged by a vagrant high-voltage current. In exchange, he gave us hard hats, and Wetzel and I clambered through a low fifty-foot tunnel that was closed off at each end by two more blastproof doors. The tunnel led to the vertical shaft that held the ICBM, and we were scarcely there when a young technical sergeant in white coveralls joined us unobtrusively. We were standing on a narrow ledge whose walls were stencilled "NO-LONE ZONE." Below us were other levels, and below them were the base of the silo and the missile's launching platform. One could descend into the silo by means of a spiral staircase or by means of an elevator that sounded a clanging, ambulancelike bell when it was in use.

Weejuns are a way of life!

(and remember, only Bass makes Weejuns!)

Traditional as the Big Game . . . Weejuns! With comfortable, attractive elegance, poised, easy-does-it styling and hand-sewn moccasin toe — in classic smooth leather, or new, dashing Scotch Grain. That's Weejuns, by Bass of course!

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Feels like walking on air --

Fisherman Knit
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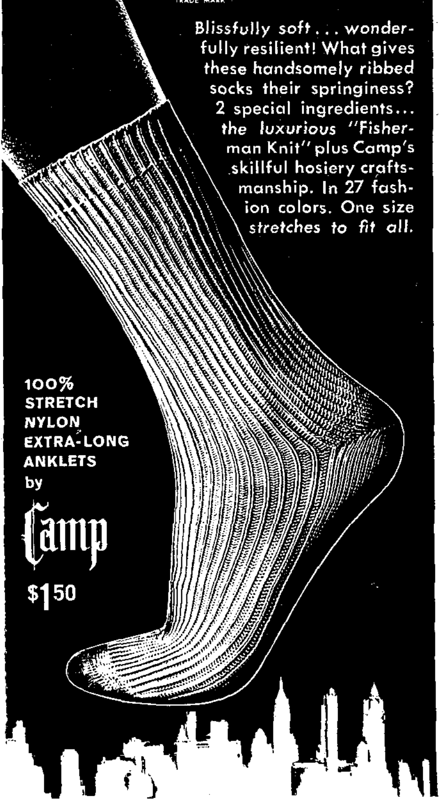

Blissfully soft . . . wonderfully resilient! What gives these handsomely ribbed socks their springiness? 2 special ingredients . . . the luxurious "Fisherman Knit" plus Camp's skillful hosiery craftsmanship. In 27 fashion colors. One size stretches to fit all.

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Around us were phones, fire alarms, fire-fighting equipment, oxygen masks, and emergency flashlights. Lining the cylindrical chamber were four sets of the most immense springs I have ever seen, their huge coils of steel extending down four levels below; they were designed to help absorb the shock of an earthquake or a near miss by an enemy weapon. The missile itself, at the center of the silo, was sheathed in an encircling wall of steel, called the crib, which was broken by apertures through which one could see the graceful stainless-steel body of the Atlas, eighty-four feet tall. My eye went to the warhead. It wasn't sharp-nosed, as I had expected, but blunt, and it had been painted a drab grayish-white.

"I can't tell you its yield or its target," Wetzel volunteered.

"Is it loaded?" I asked.

He replied pleasantly. "We're on alert, and that weapon cost a million dollars."

We descended the steep, winding staircase to the next level, which, except for glimpses of the ever-present Atlas through the apertures, was solid with panels of contacts and relays. These were crucial in governing the sequence of the missile's actions, Wetzel told me, and I could deduce their importance for myself by the open suspicion with which the sergeant eyed me. There was a constant loud, whirring noise, which Wetzel said was the sound of air being washed in a dust collector. The silo, Wetzel said, depended heavily on water; it was needed for air-conditioning, for cooling diesel generators, and for fighting the fires that might be started by diesel fumes and other hazards. As we walked to the elevator to make our next descent, Wetzel, hospitably making talk, spoke of his plans for his eventual retirement. He hadn't yet decided how to spend it, he said, sounding as though his missile days were already behind him. He rather looked forward to a second career, he went on—not that he regretted for one minute the years he had put in with the Air Force. "It's been a good way of life," he said. "I may go into animal husbandry. I majored in that at Penn State, and it's been of some use to me in my work with missiles. It helped bring out my mechanical skills, and it taught me about chemicals."

The elevator was freight-size and slow-moving, and we spent each of our downward rides listening to its clanging bell. A new sound, deep and thumping, took over as we approached Level 6, and Wetzel showed

"rocks"

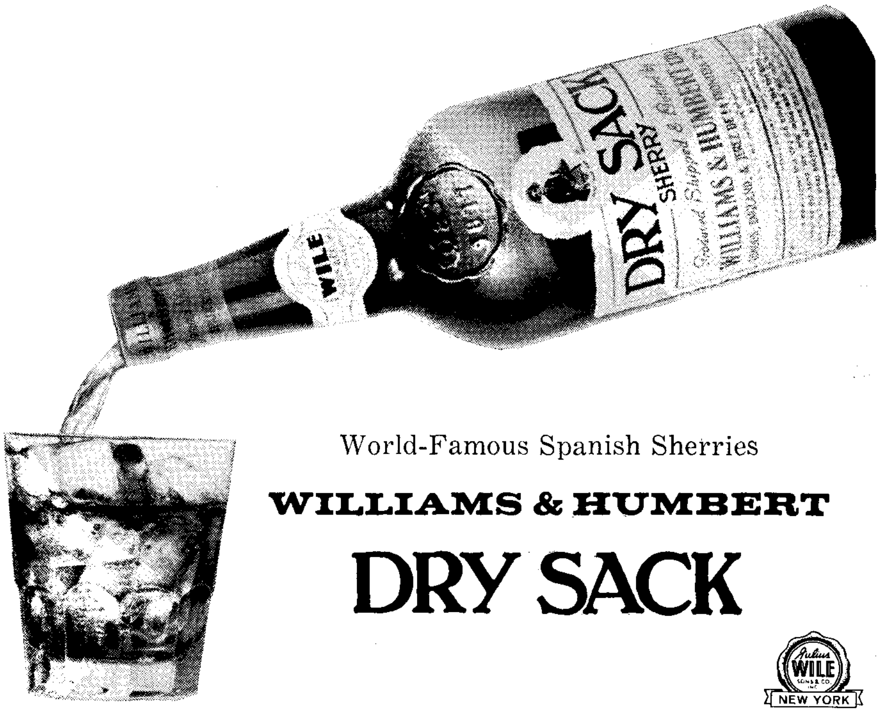
man

and how they changed his mind about sherry.

Chances are that the man who says "no" to sherry never tasted Dry Sack on-the-rocks. Never savored Dry Sack's nutty, robust flavor. Never whiffed its pleasing aroma. Never knew that Dry Sack has the body and flavor to stand up to ice.

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack—the man's sherry—is so popular!

"Dry Sack on-the-rocks" changed men's minds about sherry.



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urban or
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The Suit-Dress...two pretty parts flashed with satin piping trim and buttons. Soft, supple, *shape-retaining, bonded wool jersey*...100% worsted wool backed with acetate tricot. Florentine-green, Valentia-red, Spanish-aqua, white, or black. Sizes 8 to 18 .... $25

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S. W. First Street, Miami 35, Florida

me where it was coming from—a gray diesel generator squatting massively in a corner. As we continued our inspection, I saw many other things: bottles of helium; small brass pipes, which detected noxious gases in the atmosphere; air-support cylinders, whose function, like that of the enormous springs above, was to help maintain the missile's balance in the event of violent earth shocks; emergency showers, for washing burns that the men might suffer in changing the silo's exotic fuels; and emergency eye showers—basins specially fitted out with spouts for cleansing eyes burned by acids. Here, also, was a large white cylindrical tank containing twenty-three thousand gallons of LOX (liquid oxygen), the missile's primary fuel, whose normal temperature is −297° F. "Plenty of fire in there," he said. "But when we fuel up, the LOX-loading lines get so cold you can't even tap them without injuring your finger."

Eventually, the three of us stood at the very base of the silo, well below the missile's tail. The launching platform was there—a rectangular gray metal slab—and, unaccountably, the sight of it brought back to me one of Blake's "Proverbs of Hell": "You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough." Our view of the Atlas was now unimpeded, the bottom of its encircling wall being ten or fifteen feet above us. I looked up toward the warhead, but it was obscured by the missile's gleaming bulk. I wondered whether the birches and dairy herds were still visible in the outdoors above, and looked at my wrist to check the time, only to be reminded that Major Carr had my watch. Wetzel smiled. "Relax," he said easily. "There's nothing to do down here but wait and hope for nothing to happen."

—DANIEL LANG

•

Resembling the gleaming mosaics of faraway Byzantium, the bejewelled players sing, hum, chant, whisper, intone, declaim, and cry the magnificent language of the Book of Job from the Authorized Version of the Bible by King James.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

Who was a writing fool.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

CANADA MONTH
2135 BISHOP STREET
MONTREAL 25, QUE.

DEAR SIR:

I want to talk to you on a pretty lofty subject. I...

The entire collection of Givenchy Cosmetics is available at America's leading fashion stores, some of which are listed below:

Beverly Hills, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Chicago, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio	Bonwit Teller
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
LasVegas, Nev.	D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Manhasset, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller
Minneapolis, Minn.	Young-Quinlan Rothschild
New York, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y.	Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Portland, Oregon	I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I.	The Shepard Company
Rochester, N.Y.	B. Forman Co.
San Diego, Calif.	Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash.	I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.	Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J.	Bonwit Teller
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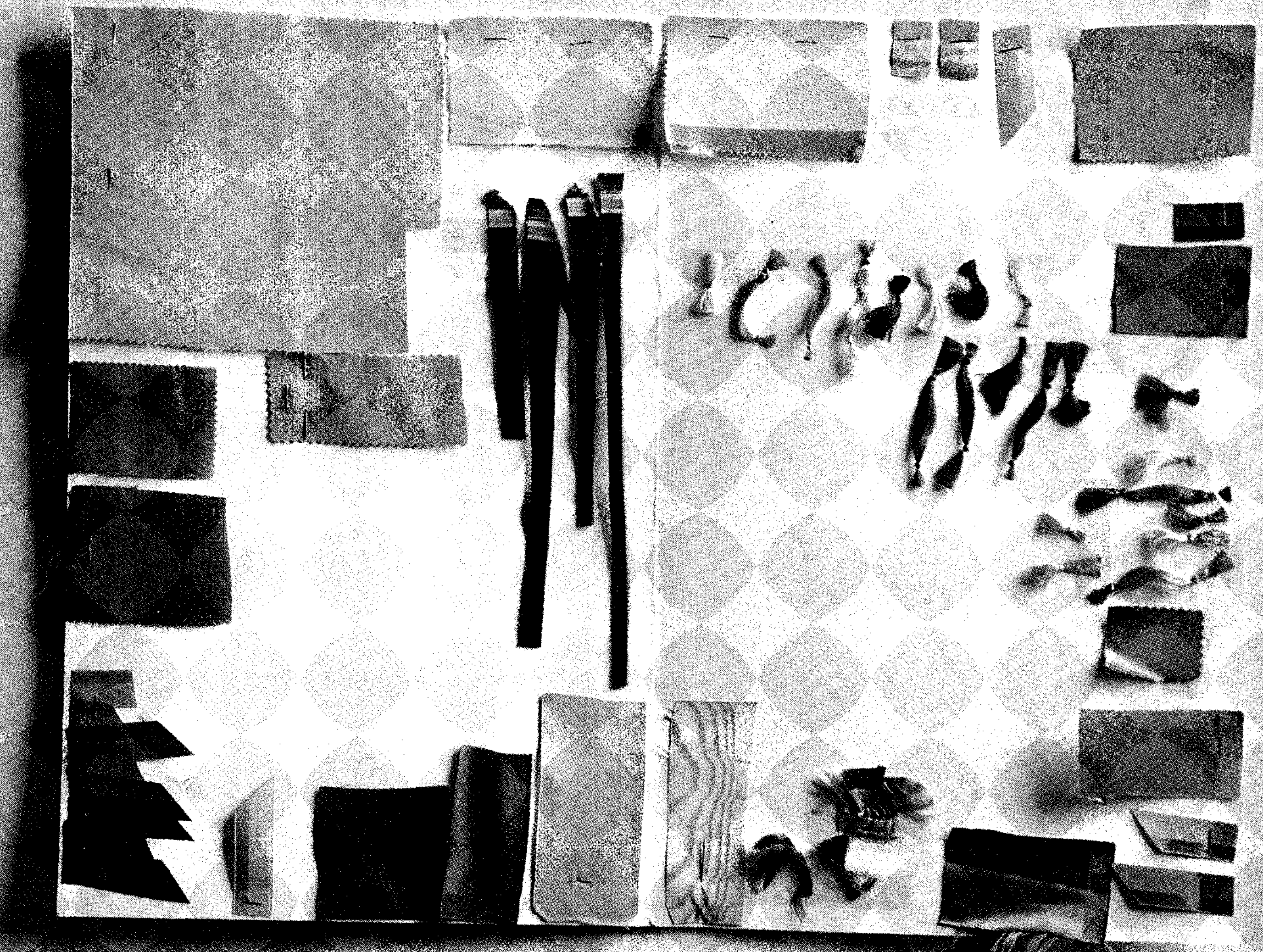
This is the way Givenchy sees your face.



He has created a whole new line of cosmetics because he thought something was missing between the hat and the dress.

The Givenchy face.

He started in Paris with these scraps of fabric. He saw those little silk tassles as fantastic colours for your eyes. A ravishing red ribbon for your lips.

He saw a face that could be created from a row of jars and bottles that would be more than just pretty. It would be elegant. Pure Givenchy.

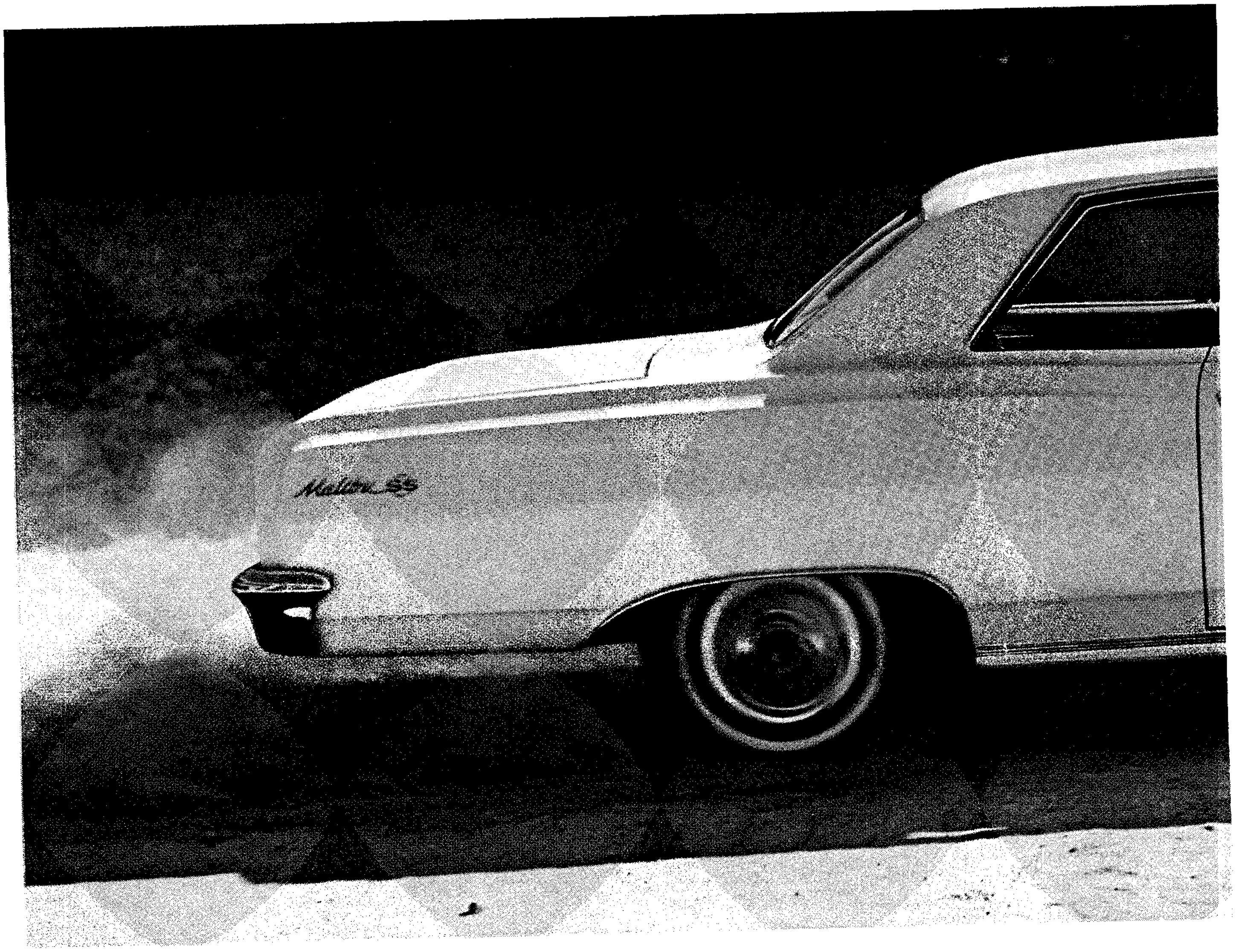
And he did something else which is typical of Givenchy.

Everything is designed for the sheer joy of handling and using it.

Dipping into a crystal egg of lipstick with a golden bamboo brush is only perhaps as marvelous as uncorking a glass stem of night fluid at midnight.

Or snapping open your own Givenchy compact and fluffing on an invisible powder.

Or just wearing an original Givenchy... on your face.



It looks a lot friskier…and it really is!

Chevelle gets off to a great start for 1965 with engine choices up to a 300-hp V8, plus other major advances. So if you thought this car was the most its first year out, you should try it now!

Now you can order a Chevelle with even more snap and crackle. Right on up to a 300-hp V8. The magic's put in this one with four-barrel carburetion, 327 cubic inches and a dual exhaust system.

Of course the standard engines are still available—the economical Hi-Thrift Six (with a new quieter camshaft and valve system) and reliable 195-hp V8. Or you can order the higher performance 140-hp Six or 250-hp 327-cubic-inch V8. Transmissions available include 3-Speed Synchro-Mesh, Overdrive, 4-Speed Synchro-Mesh and Powerglide—a total of 16 power teams for your Chevelle for '65.

But power's just part of the story. Chevelle rides more softly and smoothly, handles more easily, too. That's because of refined coil spring design, improved rear suspension and extra body insulation.

Outside, it gets that frisky youthful look from its new front-end styling and sporty new styling in back. Inside, there are richer fabrics and

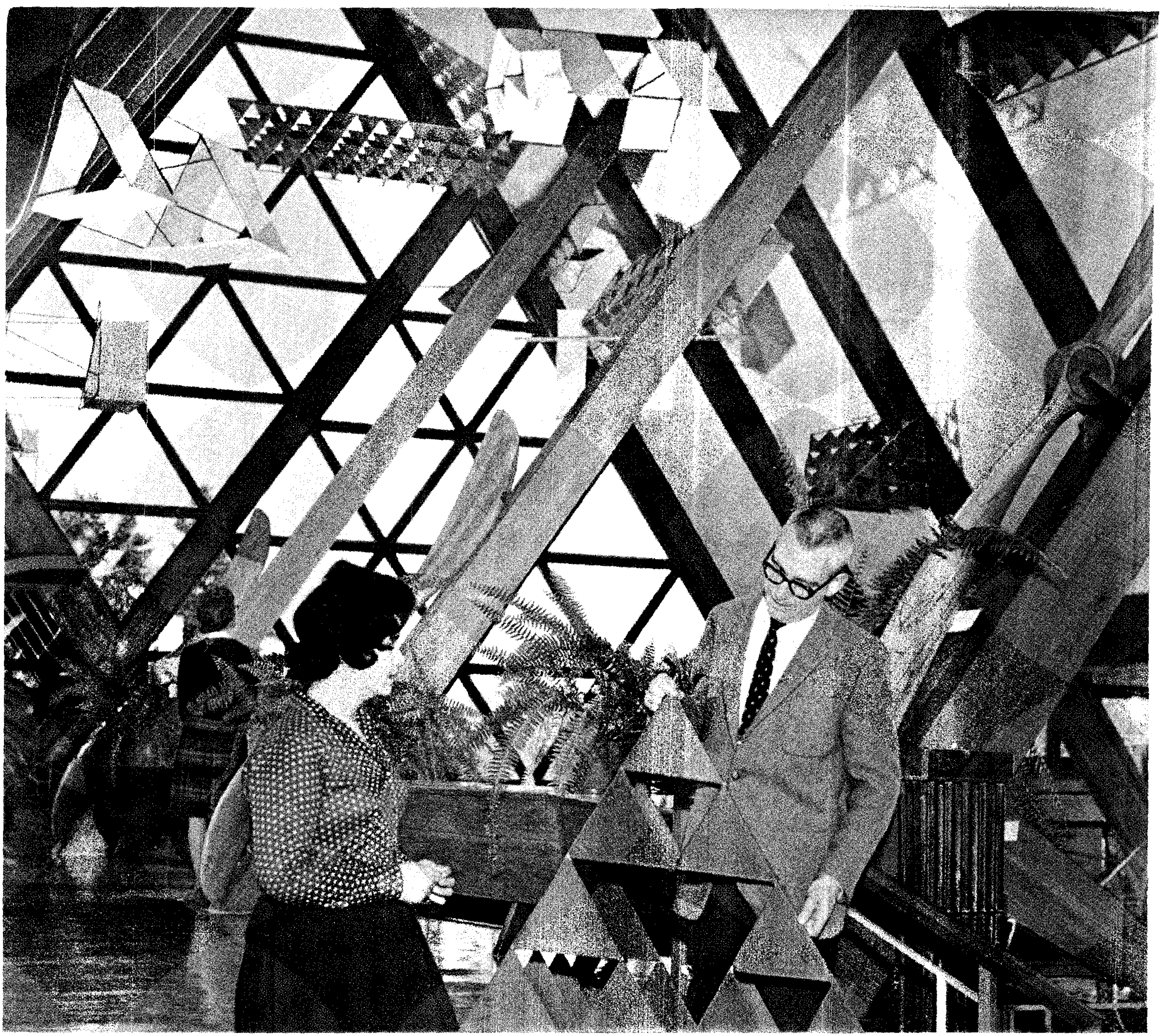
Chevelle Malibu Super Sport Coupe. (And we do mean Super!)

'65 CHEVELLE by Chevrolet!

vinyls and a wide variety of other luxuries to enjoy. For example, you can order an AM-FM Stereo radio, Four-Season Air Conditioning, adjustable 7-position Comfortilt steering wheel and many more enjoyable accommodations.

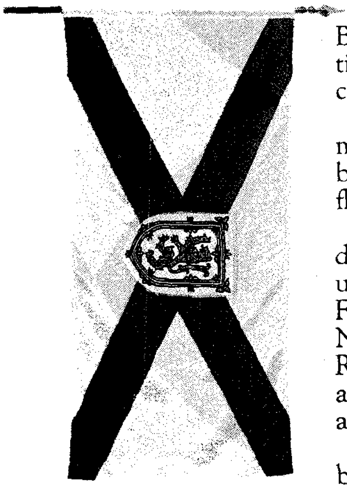
You'll enjoy looking over 12 youthfully new Chevelles—including convertibles, sedans, sport coupes, wagons and Super Sport models. All fit beautifully between the luxurious new 1965 Chevrolet and the thrifty new 1965 Chevy II. They come in 15 exterior colors, 13 of them new. (See the special new SS colors, Evening Orchid, Crocus Yellow and Glacier Gray!) So come on in. Your Chevrolet dealer will help you choose the one you'll have the most fun with in '65. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET



The Alexander Graham Bell Museum, Baddeck, Cape Breton, N.S.

Discovery—a Nova Scotian heritage



The Alexander Graham Bell Museum at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, is filled with inventions and innovations which have altered the course of history.

It was here in Cape Breton the inventor did much of the research that led to the hydrofoil boat, the vacuum jacket and the first airplane flown in the British Empire.

Nova Scotia's tradition of research and development continues today, through the universities, the Nova Scotia Research Foundation and the analytical laboratory at Nova Scotia Technical College. The National Research Council has staff and facilities to assist in solving problems involving industry and manufacturing.

The Nova Scotia Technical College is fast becoming renowned for its work in computer technology. Canada's first heavy water plant is under construction at Glace Bay. Satellite tracking installations are being constructed near Liverpool.

Flourishing companies such as Volvo, Phillips Electronics, Imperial Oil, Crossley Karastan Carpet Mills, Reynolds International (Maritime Cans Ltd.), E.M.I. Cossor Electronics, Canada Cement and United Elastic have located here. They've discovered it is a good place to work, to play and to study. Dr. Bell would agree.

For further information on industry and research in the province, write the Department of Trade & Industry, Halifax, or any of the Information Offices listed below.

THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF

NOVA SCOTIA

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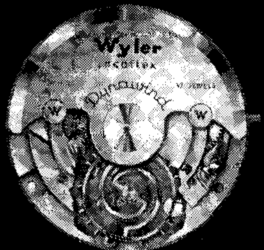
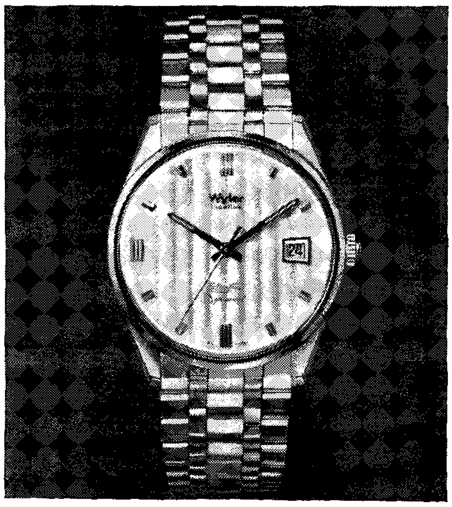
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XLVII—FRANKFORT, KY.

ALT., 599. Pop. 18,365. There is a legend in Frankfort, not entirely substantiated, that the three bridges over the Kentucky River, which winds through the center of town, are folded up each night around nine o'clock and carefully put away on the banks of the river until shortly before dawn, when they are unfolded. Frankfort is the capital of Kentucky, but visitors have remarked that at night Frankfort is hardly a city, much less a capital. When dusk approaches and the apparatus of government is closed down, or folded up, an odd silence settles over Frankfort. "I go to Frankfort every once in a while on business, and I find that my late-afternoon and evening pattern shows no dramatic fluctuations," a visitor to the city remarked not long ago. "The game is a simple one—how to kill time once the shadows of evening begin to lengthen. I happen to stay at a hotel not far from the massive, domed granite-and-limestone Capitol. From the hotel, the approach to the Capitol, and to the massive limestone Executive Mansion, adjoining it, is a vast, broad, mile-long—or it seems mile-long—ascending road. Well, sir, along about four o'clock, I walk to the Capitol and back to the hotel. *This* kills time. I then take the hotel elevator to my room. This *really* kills time. The elevator is an automatic one, ostensibly, but I feel certain that very old men, somewhere down at the bottom of the shaft, are tugging on ropes and hoisting that elevator to my floor. The interior of the elevator, by the way, is avocado green. Slowly the elevator rises, an eighth of an inch at a time, between pauses, as the elderly gentlemen below catch their breath for the next tug. The experience is in no sense exhilarating, but it kills time. Let's say the time is now approaching five-thirty, the moment when the doors to the hotel dining room open for dinner. Another slow, exquisitely time-consuming ride in the elevator, this time going down, eighth of an inch by eighth of an inch. I savor each protracted moment. In the lobby, crowds are waiting for the dining-room doors to open. The crowds have been killing time in their own way—merely by hanging around the lobby. Dinner also kills time, and it may be seven, seven-fifteen before I am back out in the lobby, having worked my way through an encrusted drumstick (Southern style) or an encrusted chicken breast (Southern style), served by one of nine delightful waiters who are professional time-killers. The entire evening beckons. Either I can join the elderly groups settling down on chairs and sofas to watch television in the lobby or I can take another long elevator ride or I can head into the night. I usually leave the hotel and cross a bridge to the commercial side of town, the hotel being on the Capitol side. Not many people are on the streets, and I figure that nearly everybody is home discussing family trees, bloodlines in horses, and bourbon whiskey. Every fifteen minutes, or thirteen, or eighteen, old Kentucky bells ring out, signifying something to someone. Small clumps of people stand on some street corners, waiting for buses. There's a movie house where I can kill a little time, and I can always go into a drugstore—just about to close for the night—and buy a package of Tums. I've been told that at the Holiday Inn, back across the river, lobbyists perform their capers into the wee hours if the legislature is in session. But the wee hours in Frankfort are very wee, and even the lobbyists fold early. I always make it back over one of the bridges before nine, and then take one last elevator ride and go to sleep."

DAYTIME in Frankfort does not overstimulate the average person. The city lies in a low valley, and, from vantage points above, looks like an amalgam of a medieval town and a nineteenth-century river town; the twentieth century lies somewhere in the future. Frankfort residents get a solid, cozy, retrospective feeling, in addition to a good view, when they visit the grave of Daniel Boone, who lies beside his wife, Rebecca, on a high bluff east of town. Boone blazed a wilderness trail through this general area and explored the bluegrass region, to the southeast; he provides a distant link with the historical past. A more direct link is to be found off the bluff, in the downtown headquarters of the Kentucky Historical Society, housed in the hundred-and-thirty-five-year-old Old State Capitol, which stands across the river from the new State Capitol. The Society's director is Colonel George M. Chinn, a jolly man of sixty who is built along the broad general lines of a capitol himself, his head serving as the dome. Kentucky facts and





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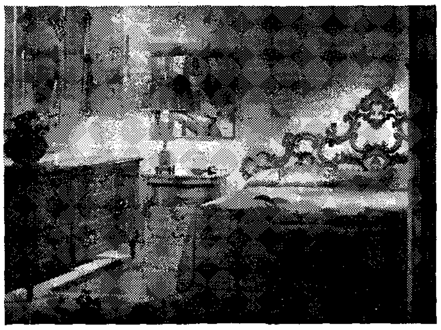

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Kentucky lore exude from every pore of Colonel Chinn; he is a copious fount of information and fancy concerning his city, his county, and his state. The Colonel, who is a retired Marine colonel, not a Kentucky colonel, sits at a flat-top desk cluttered with historical reports and stacks of papers. A folder in his "in" basket is marked "Daniel Boone's Rifle and Powder Horn 1775." A 1908 calendar hangs behind him.

"I would be so bold as to say, without fear or favor, that this building *is* Kentucky," the Colonel recently told a stranger who had dropped in. "Sit you down, sit you down, relax. Henry Clay held forth in this building. Boone lay in state here. Boone is said to have swung across the river on a grapevine and performed many other prodigious feats."

The Colonel was interrupted by the appearance in his doorway of an elderly gentleman carrying an umbrella. "Ah would like to talk to you for a moment, Colonel, about mah cannonball. When do you think you will be displaying mah cannonball?" he said.

Colonel Chinn stared reflectively at the ceiling and shifted his huge weight in his chair. He appeared to be giving the problem a great deal of thought. "Don't you worry about anything," he said, finally. "Don't you worry about anything. Soon as we get the library all set, we'll get around to the cannonball."

"Thank you, Colonel, thank you," said the gentleman, and disappeared.

"One thing after another, one thing after another," said the Colonel. "All in the day's work, all in the day's work. The capitol in use today cost one million eight hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars and sixty-four cents. It was begun on twenty-five of May, 1905, and completed on nine of December, 1909. Let's talk about bourbon. Talk bourbon and you talk Kentucky. Sometime before 1850, whiskey became palatable, and a fellow who had just twenty-five gallons of mash constituted himself a full-fledged distillery. Once, there were two thousand distilleries in this area alone. The moment palatable whiskey came into being, dry counties came into being, too. Eighty-six out of one hundred and twenty Kentucky counties are dry. Why, I know people who live in the driest counties in the state—don't drink myself; Chinns and Indians can't drink—and everybody stays drunk all the time, round the clock, and staggers to the polls to vote dry. Bourbon County itself is dry; Christian County is wet. Never was a hotel in the old days that didn't have its

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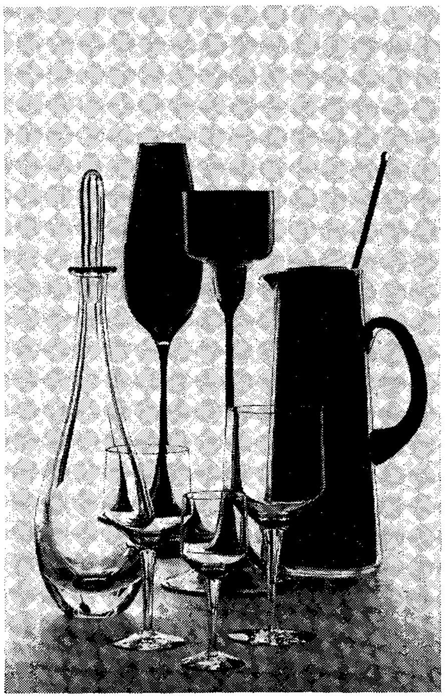

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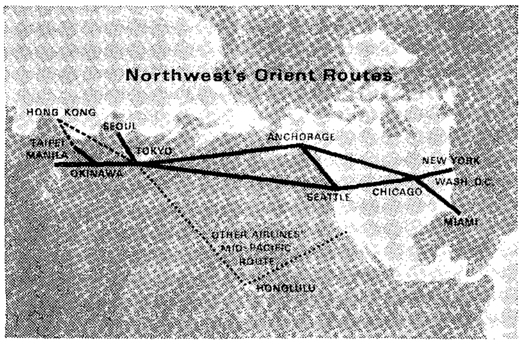
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delirium-tremens room. The DT room. I still look for it when I visit old country inns. They would put the poor, shaking, shivering, twitching, convulsing wretches in the DT room until the palsy passed. Something has gone out of the distilleries; I say something has gone out of the distilleries. And some of those whiskey ads—they'll show an old distiller, with his white, pointed, patrician beard waving in the wind, walking through a field of *cotton* and examining his precious crop. Even an old farmer way up in Maine knows more about bourbon whiskey! Change the spring water and you change the whiskey. Whiskey takes on the personality of the place where it is made. Barrels of whiskey sweat in June; June is the magic month." The Colonel rose. "History," he said. "I am surrounded by history. Right outside this window is the Inauguration Elm, under which William Goebel would have been sworn in as governor of Kentucky had not an assassin's bullet felled him, the bullet itself lodging in yon hackberry tree, on thirty of January, 1900, the bullet having been fired from a 38-55 Marlin, Serial Number 97278, and my own daddy standing less than six inches from Goebel. The statue on the lawn is of Goebel himself. The trains run right down the center of the main street, and in this very building—Greek revival—there is a wholly unsupported circular staircase, a wholly unsupported circular staircase."

Colonel Chinn, poring over his historical files in the Old State Capitol, keeping a close eye on his precious exhibits, and tearing himself away once in a while to run down to Barbourville for the Daniel Boone Festival and win the long-rifle shoot-out, may feel that the heart of Frankfort, not to mention Kentucky and the entire Western world, lies in the Old State Capitol. Other spots in Frankfort also claim the honor, though—most notably a four-acre segment of land not far from the Old State Capitol and bounded by Washington, Wilkinson, Main, and Wapping Streets, which has produced, from its various homes, two Supreme Court justices, two Cabinet officers, nine United States senators, eight governors, six congressmen, seven envoys to foreign lands, and three admirals. On the other hand, some students of Frankfort and its environs feel that the true heart of the area is to be found in the distilleries that dot the neighboring hill country. "Many of the old distilleries that are distilling away back in our hills are of such a quality that you

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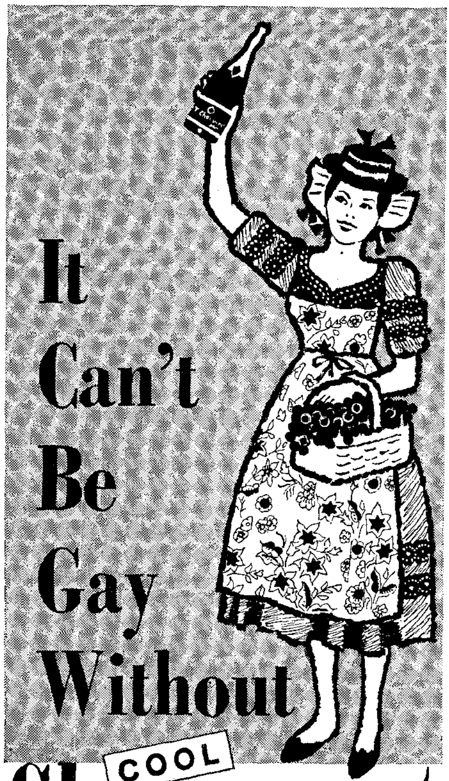

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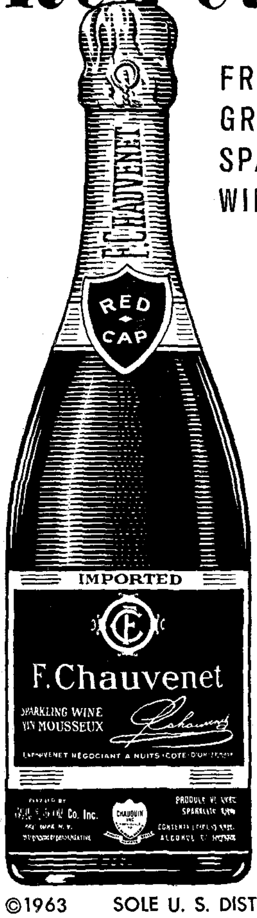

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would have to go to the fine old families themselves, with their unassailable bloodlines, or down to Lexington and the Bluegrass and the bloodlines of the horses, to match them," one student has said. A lot of the distilleries, especially in the mists of early morning, give the impression of having survived a time of knights and jousts and shining armor. Old Taylor, a bloodline bourbon, is produced in a gray, turreted, fortress-like building that bears every outward appearance of the age of chivalry, with the possible exception of a moat. The lack of a moat is more than compensated for, though, by the presence, to one side of the fortress, of a white-pillared pavilion surrounding a clear pool that is fed by a bubbling spring. "Our corn may come from Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois—we grind about six thousand bushels a day—but this spring is our shrine," an Old Taylor man said not long ago. "Our barrels may be genuine oak charred down in Memphis, and our process of malts and starches and sugars all bubbling up in fermentation, our seven-day process from fermentation to the barrel and from mash to beer to stillage to high-protein chicken feed rescued from the stillage—all this is important, vital, but the soul of the process is the clean, pure, pristine limestone water, sir, that flows from that stream with nature's blessings. And why here for bourbon, and why limestone water? Because limestone is suitable and cool and plentiful. Fifty degrees the year round." Warehouses are sprinkled about everywhere in the environs of Frankfort, some of them long, low buildings of tin, others nondescript buildings of red brick, but it is the fortresses themselves that lend austerity and antiquity to the countryside, and produce its unreal quality.

Wet or dry, the countryside rocks with bourbon talk. Bourbon talk is talk about bourbon, and does not necessarily involve intake of the product. "To hear a Kentuckian talk, he has never touched a drop in his life, nor did his daddy or his granddaddy," a visitor remarked the other day. "They just made the stuff, or had kin who made the stuff. I hung around Frankfort for a couple of days, and the abstemious conversation was overpowering, and I left with the impression that if it weren't for the export trade—export out of the state, that is—they would *all* be going broke." The most enlightened scholars of the fine points of bourbon are often descendants of an old distilling family who have long since sold their holdings to giant whiskey combines, which have moved into the misty me-

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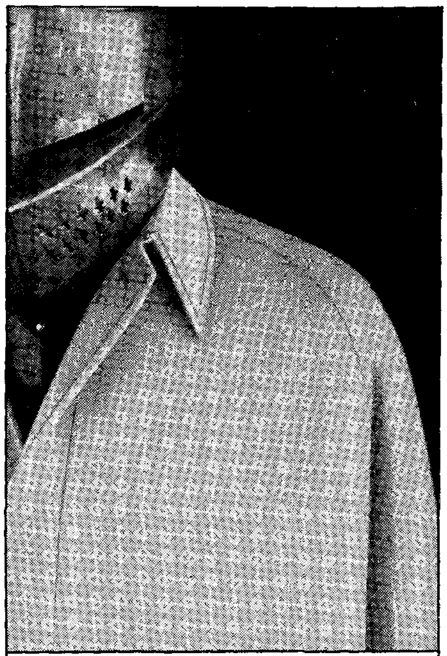

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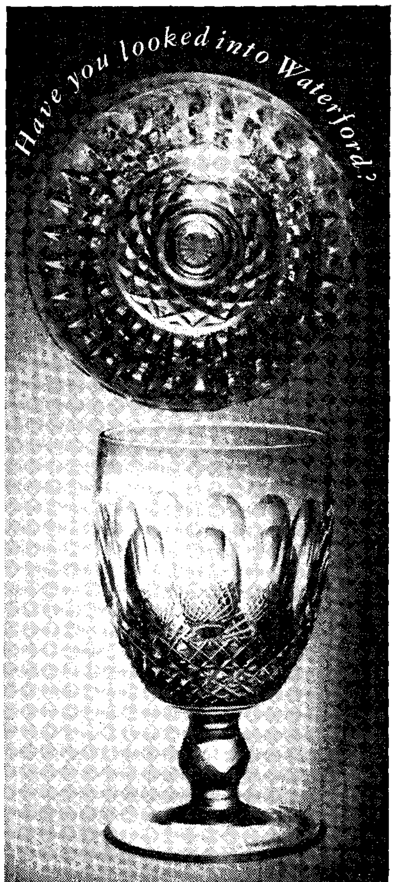

Every facet on this page is cut by hand with love in Waterford, Ireland. Top view, Tramore, $6.00. Side view, The Colleen goblet, $8.50. Waterford signs every piece. For complimentary brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

dieval hills, bought the great fortresses, with their towers and turrets and idyllic pavilion-protected springs, and established efficient assembly lines, down which rows of bottles in all sizes and shapes jump and jiggle like toy soldiers on parade. Such descendants of the old distilling families form a closely knit, defensive aristocracy, unmatched elsewhere.

A recent visitor to the area, having observed the sullen, bubbling, fermenting vats and having toured the warehouses (the keys to which are held by federal inspectors), paid a call upon a female heir of an old bourbon family. The Bourbons themselves could not have been more prideful. She lived in a modestly spacious wooden house not far down the road from the gray fortress founded by her granddaddy, its escarpments still grim and forbidding, its pennons flapping wildly from its four lookout towers. "I never do this," she told her visitor, "but I am going downstairs into my cool cellar and bring upstairs a bottle of pre-prohibition bourbon." She was a thin, wiry woman, and she moved like lightning, and her visitor barely had time to observe the numerous bearded patriarchs hanging in oil on the walls of her sitting room before she was back, bottle in hand.

"When you look at this bottle of Granddaddy's bourbon, you know you have *bourbon*," she said softly, holding it up to the light and turning it round and round in her hands. "I never touch the stuff myself, excepting on some special occasion, such as your gracious call on me this fine morning, but I will indulge in a small, harmless snifter for the sake of the old house—the distillery, I mean. I urge you to sniff the cork, sniff the ambrosia itself. Of course, when we were bought out by the big company, first thing they wanted was our yeast formula. 'Never, never,' I said. 'We don't talk about such matters, and you will never get our yeast formula from me.' " She poured herself a small drink and swished it back and forth in her mouth as though it were pearls, or the Hope Diamond. At length, she swallowed it. "A whiskey taste," she said, with finality. "I don't even begin to understand how they run the distillery now—not my business, *really*—but I did prevent them from taking my granddaddy's name, which was Charles, and putting the words 'Old Chuck' on the label. 'Old Chuck' would never do. And the packaging! I've no objection to elegance when elegance is required, but every year at Christmas they send me fancy-wrapped whiskey, with tinsel inside and out, and it takes me a

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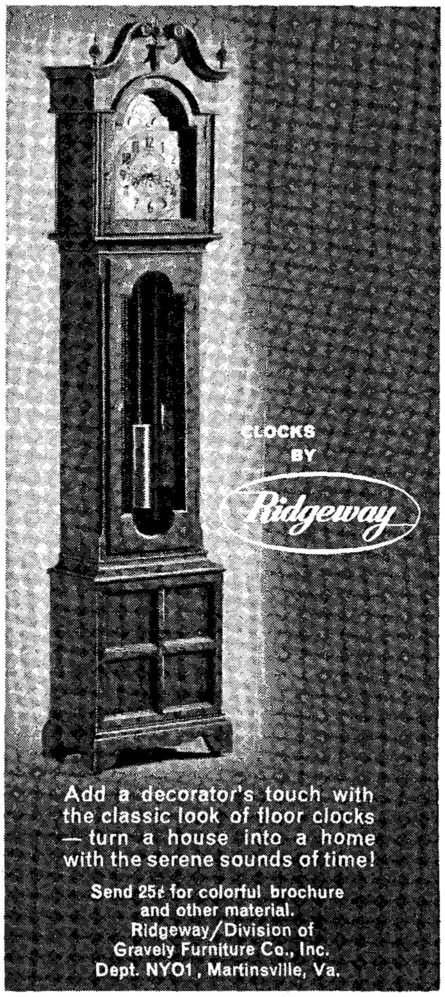

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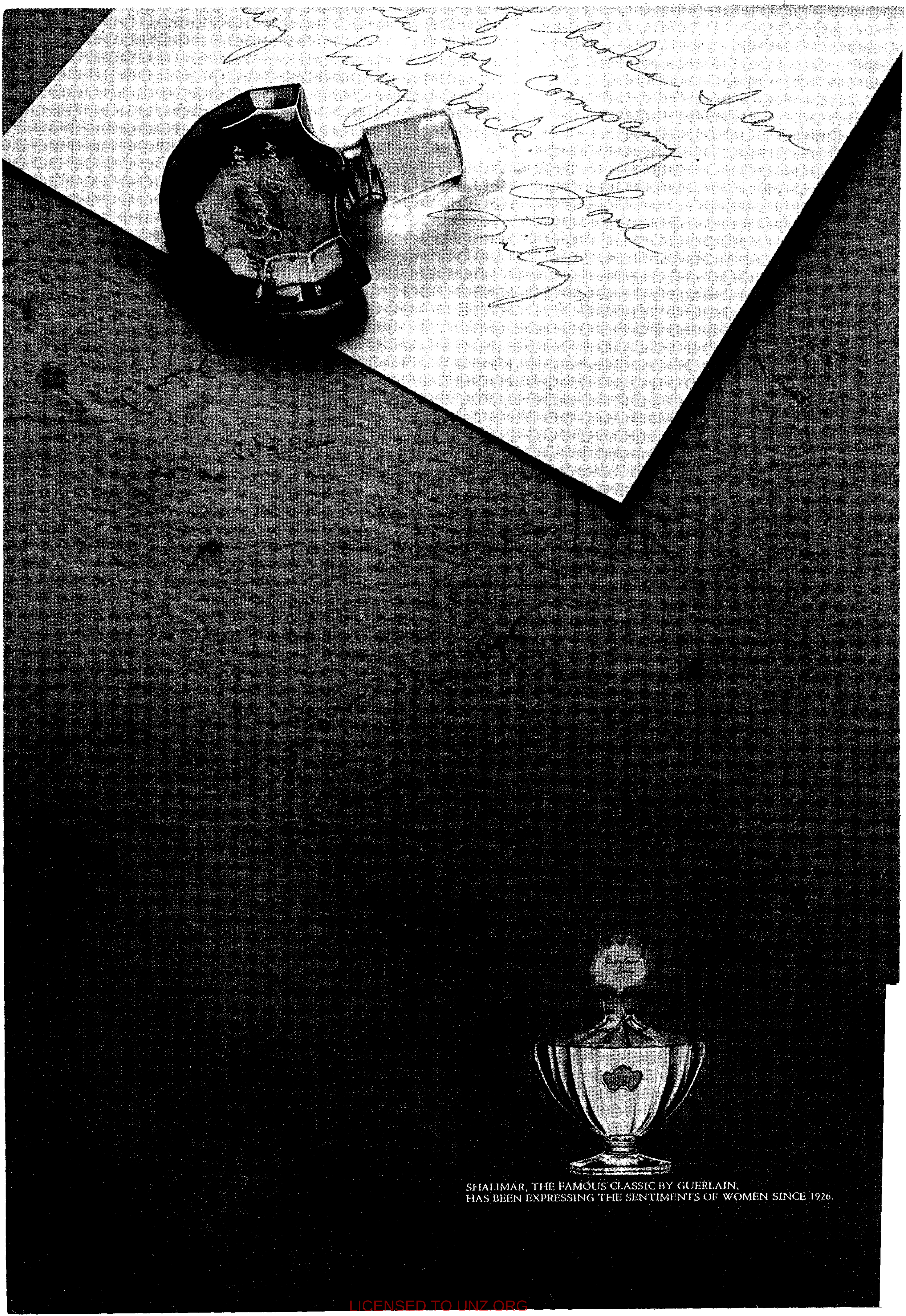
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half hour to scrape off the outer holiday trappings. And once I get inside the box—why, there's the poor little bottle lying on its back, snug and pampered and surrounded by a velvet lining, as though it were royalty in a fancy coffin. The bottle lies in state! My real trouble starts when I head into the bottle itself, just trying to get at the whiskey. I like to have a holiday bottle open for friends who may drop in to exchange greetings of the season. I usually end up by using an icepick, and jabbing ferociously." The lady of the house permitted herself another tiny dollop. "*This* is whiskey," she said. "And what's inside that dolled-up bottle? What's inside once you have removed the royal ribbons, embossed seals, and plastic guards? I'm not saying that they don't still put out some fancy, high-grade bourbon, advertised as having been drunk just before the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation or the opening of a railroad to the Pacific, or to celebrate a private reading by Mark Twain of his jumping-frog story. I'm talking about the blends. You're lucky, with some of those blends, if you don't catch on fire, burn down most of the neighboring houses, and set the countryside ablaze, to say nothing of leaving your own poor insides a charred and blackened mass. All over this area, back in the hills and valleys, the distillers dip into the fine old bonded stock still in the warehouses—Granddaddy's included—and draw out the pristine nectar, and drop it, drop by drop, *with an eyedropper*, into the blends. That gives it class and quality. They can talk all they want about 'handmade whiskey,' as though Granddaddy and his friends made their whiskey down on their hands and knees, but it's the eyedroppers that count. Poor little thing lying in its velvet coffin! They'll never get the yeast formula from me. I'm going back down to the cellar with this bottle and not bring it up for another ten years." She disappeared into the cellar.

THERE would seem to be less dilution of the ancient quality in the horse line than in the whiskey line. A proud stallion like Nashua, who lives at Spendthrift Farm, near Lexington, walks slowly up and down, head high, hugging the white fences of his bluegrass accommodations, and maintains an air of uninterrupted aristocracy. "Ah don't really think that horse knows he brings a twenty-thousand-dollar stud fee, but he has a pretty good idea he gets plenty," a learned stableman said recently, of Nashua. "He's royalty, and he demands royal treatment. He can be

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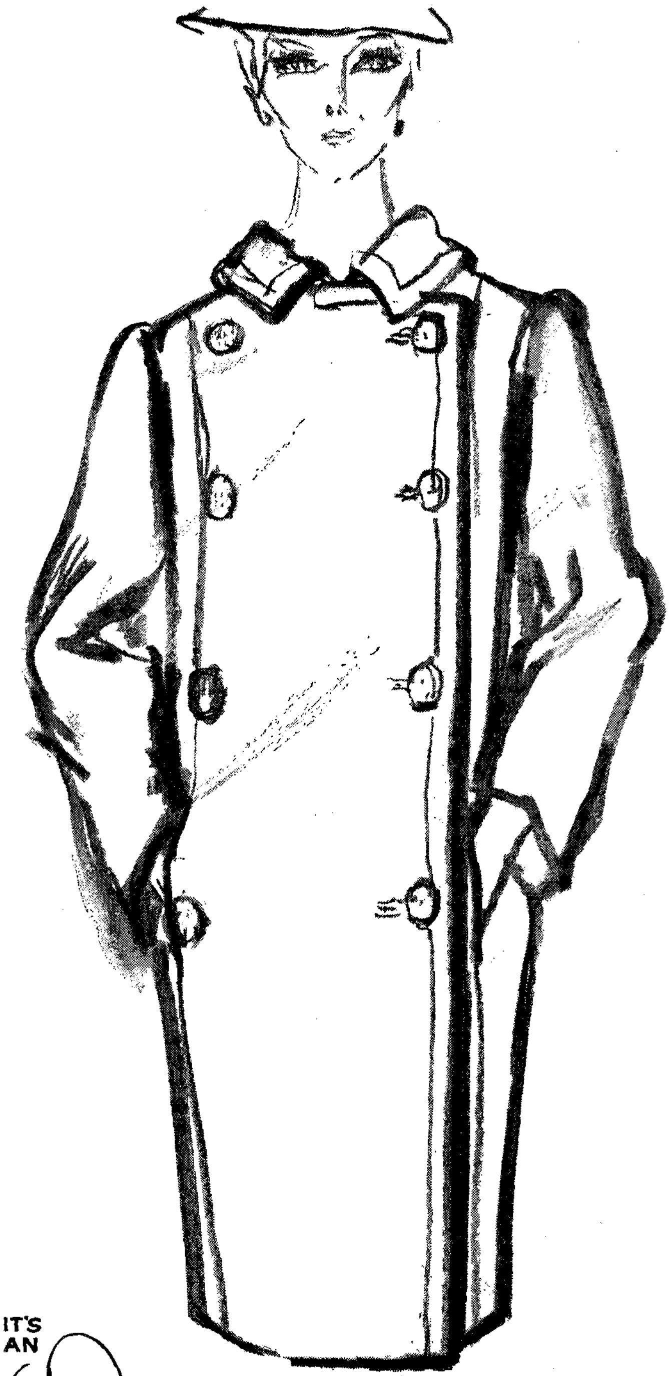

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mean—the meanest stallion in the place. You got to watch Nashua. He's liable to bite. He's got a *right* to bite. We've got other stallions all through the stud barn, and these horses act like rich men and behave the way rich men should behave. Some just bring a ten-thousand-dollar stud fee, and some five, and some just one thousand. But they know they're good. To raise his stud fee, a horse has got to produce winners. Second place don't count. First place counts." He picked up a walnut and tossed it from hand to hand. "We're busy down here, busier than anyone can imagine," he said. "We can breed seventeen broodmares in ninety minutes and still get home by four o'clock."

The house where Stephen Foster wrote, or is reputed to have written, "My Old Kentucky Home" lies not far from Frankfort. An original painting by Howard Chandler Christy hangs on a second-floor landing, portraying Foster, in a delirium brought on by the Muse, engaged in the fiery act of composition while seated at an old spinet. Smiling Negro faces, some sweaty with ecstasy, some stunned by their proximity to the composer, emerge from every part of the canvas. The Negroes are pictured as happy, contented, grateful slaves, carried away by their good fortune in living in the best of all possible worlds—a world of carefree song and unforgettable tunes.

Some people who visit My Old Kentucky Home, or what purports to be My Old Kentucky Home, drive on south to Hodgenville and visit the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. There, within an imposing marble-and-granite memorial reached by fifty-six steps (each step representing a year of Lincoln's life), stands a stark and simple log cabin. The cabin may be the one in which Lincoln was born, and then again it may not. Nobody can be certain; nobody can say definitely.

"I went all over this part of Kentucky, and I think that I was in a dream," a stranger told a Frankfort resident not long ago. "Eyedroppers for the bourbon. Castles and turrets and powder horns. Lincoln's cabin—maybe. My Old Kentucky Home—maybe."

"Ah know," said the Frankfort man. "Now you see it, now you don't."

The visitor asked whether he could go down to the banks of the Kentucky River and help fold up the bridges for the night.

"Never you mind," said the Frankfort man. "Ah think it most gracious of you to offer your services, but Ah think you had best leave us to fold up our own." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

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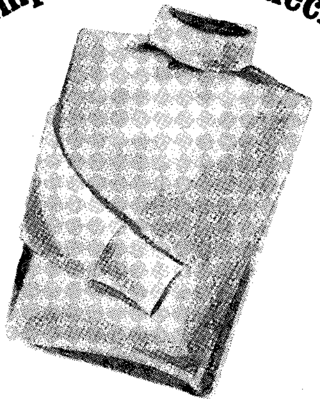

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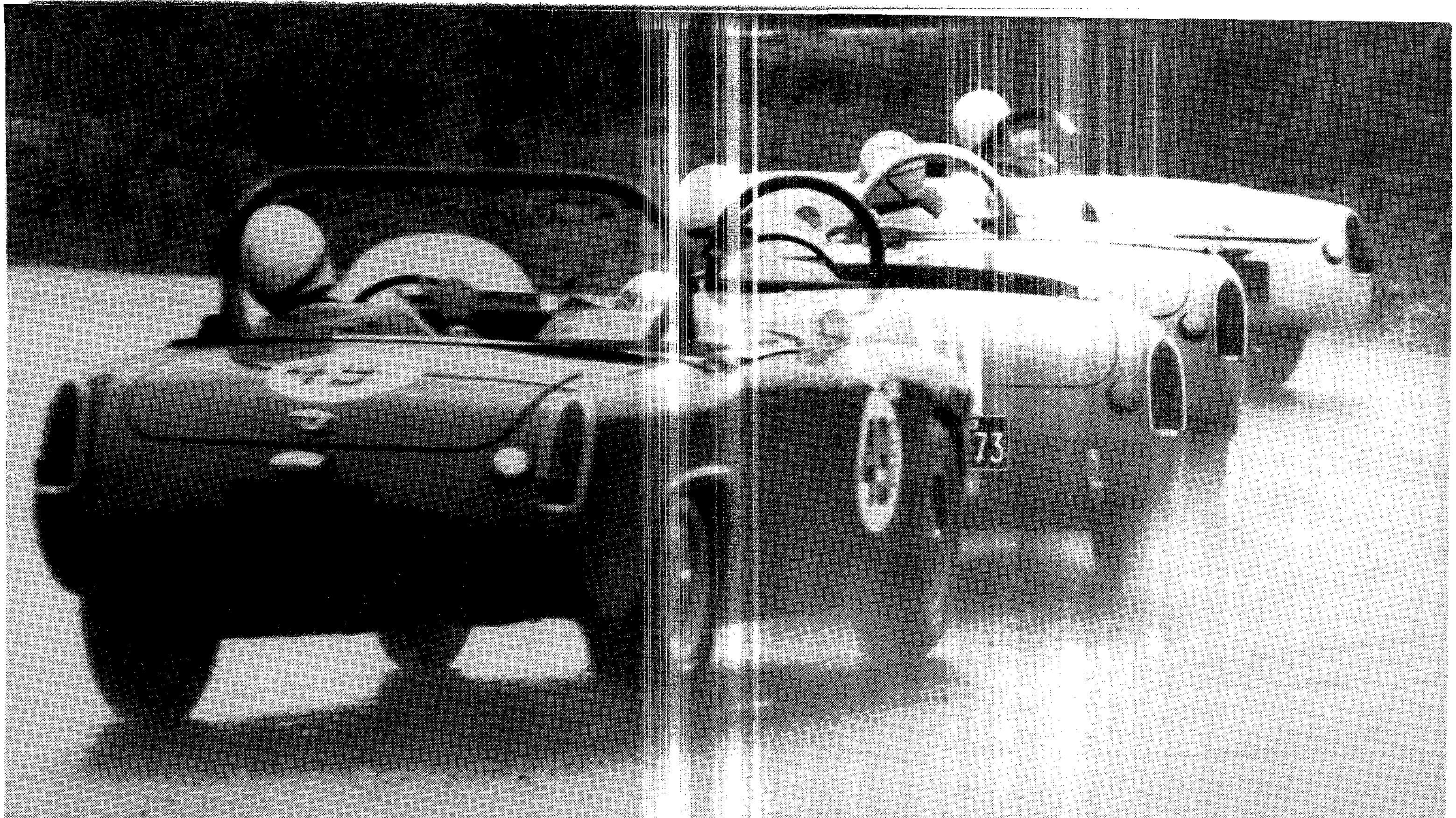
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 27

SAN FRANCISCANS tend to entertain two myths about their proud, beautifully situated, and rather drafty city. One of them is that it is a culinary paradise and the other that it enjoys a benign, semi-tropical climate. The first myth—to judge by my spot check of a number of highly recommended restaurants—is almost totally false. As far as I can make out, the large number of Italians, Chinese, and French who are said to contribute to the city's cosmopolitan cuisine are producing some of the worst Italian, Chinese, and French food to be found in any large American city. The Japanese and the Scandinavians appear to be doing better, but their efforts are not enough to tip the scales toward really superior eating. As for the myth about the climate, which might seem to be substantiated by the numerous palm trees that one can distinguish through the fog, it is also a matter of wish rather than of reality. Because of it, male San Franciscans never wear topcoats or hats, even when the temperature drops into the low forties. One of the most striking examples of this practice occurs on the opening night of the San Francisco Opera each fall, when hundreds of men can be observed converging on the Opera House dressed in full evening regalia but hatless and coatless, and with the tails of their evening clothes standing out horizontally in a vicious Pacific breeze. Their Opera House is a handsome one, however, forming part of a spacious civic center that was built at a time when monumental architecture was not yet démodé, and there is an atmosphere of great elegance about the auditorium, as there is about its white marble surroundings, which remind one of the central plaza of some Latin-American or European city and, as far as I am aware, are not matched in the United States. Moreover, the San Francisco Opera, now more than forty years old, is no myth. No loyal San Franciscan will admit that New York's Metropolitan Opera is in any way superior to it, and this attitude is backed up by some very impressive evidence.

There was a time, prior to 1938, when the San Francisco Opera was more or less an offshoot of the Metropolitan, importing singers and conductors from New York. Since then, however, it has become completely independent, and today it prides itself on hiring artists of great ability before they are heard at the Met. It is true that its season is much shorter than the Met's, amounting to only eight weeks, plus a three-and-a-half-week annual visit to Southern California, including Los Angeles and San Diego, plus an occasional tour that takes it to places like Seattle, Portland, and Sacramento, and plus a short spring opera season under slightly different auspices. Still, the length of the main season is second in America only to the Metropolitan's, and San Franciscans are quick to point out that while the actual number of their company's performances is smaller, the repertoire of operas it presents is just about equal to the Metropolitan's, and is considerably more adventurous as well. The explanation is that the San Francisco Opera presents fewer repeat performances. Up to now, two repetitions of each opera have been considered standard; this season, the initial weeks of which I attended, is the first one in which a single opera is being performed as much as four times.

The pride with which San Franciscans view their opera is backed up by a long history of remarkable accomplishments. The American premières of Richard Strauss's "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites," Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," Walton's "Troilus and Cressida," Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Orff's "The Wise Maiden," and Cherubini's "The Portuguese Inn" have taken place here. So have the first fully staged performances in America of Honegger's "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," Orff's "Carmina Burana," and Cherubini's "Medea." The history of the San Francisco Opera also bristles with rare revivals, such as Boito's "Mefistofele," Puccini's "Il Trittico," and Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole." What gives the visitor from the East most of his surprises, however, is the list of great singers who have appeared here for the first time in America. It was the San Francisco Opera, and not the Metropolitan, that saw the American débuts of such international



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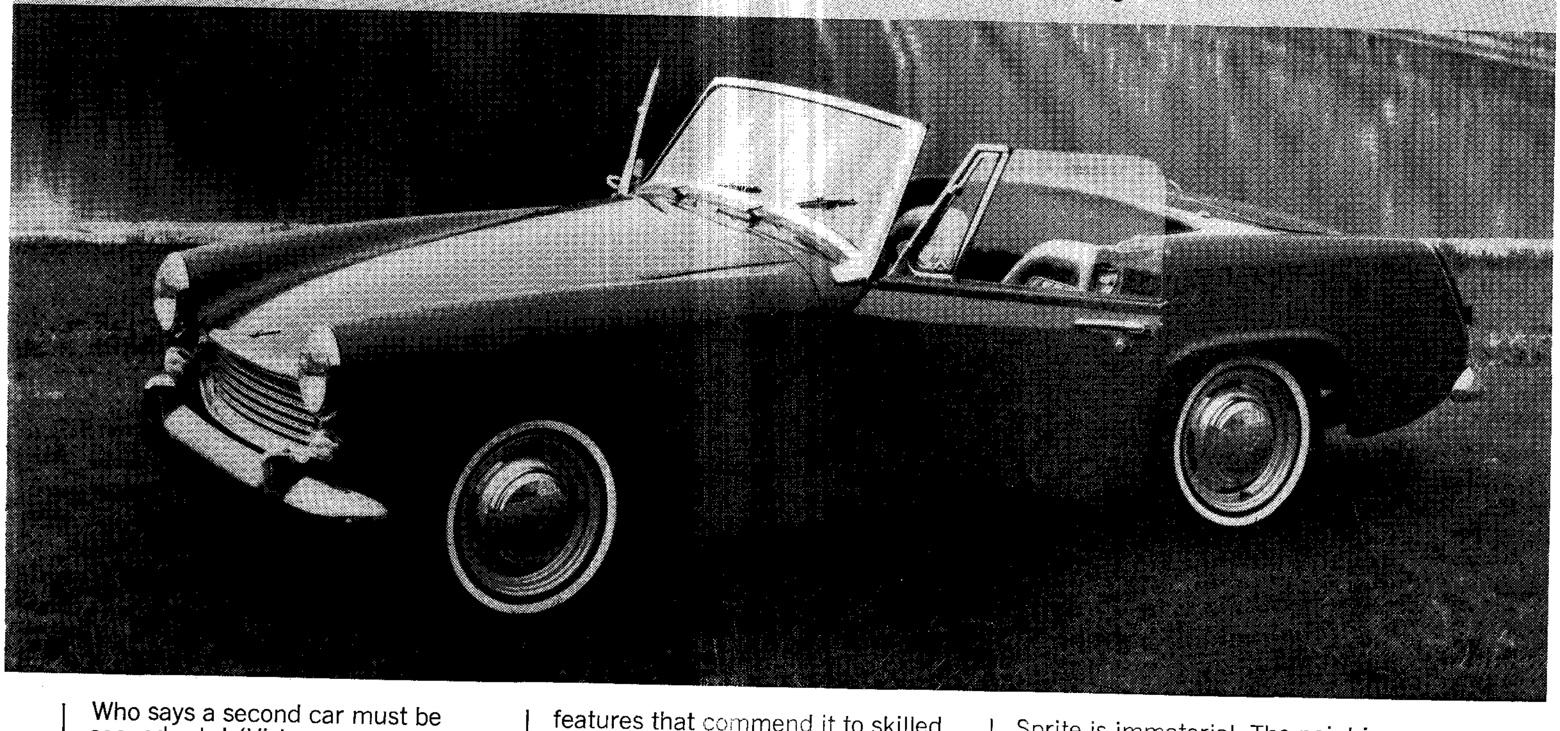

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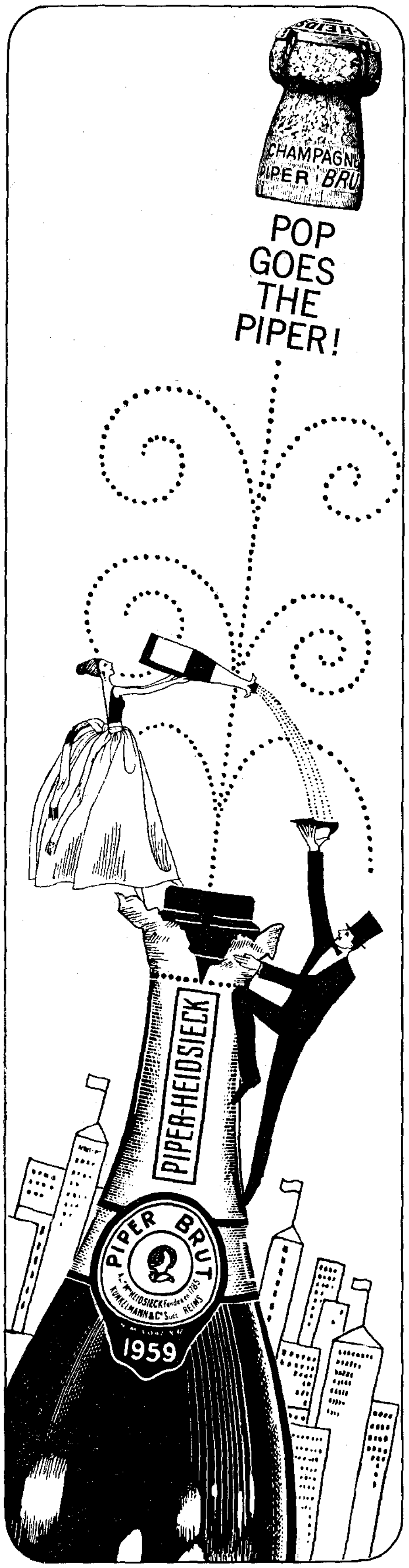

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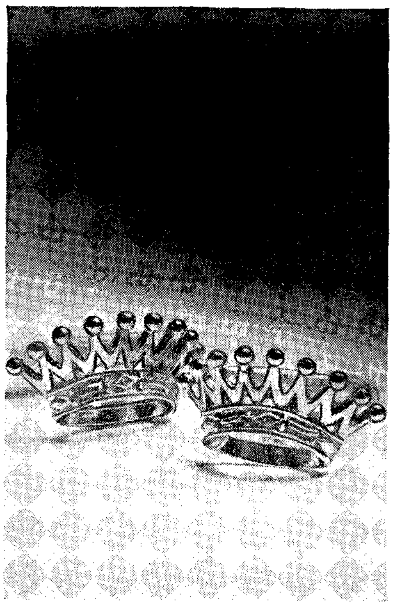
Why does San Francisco get such artists before New York does? The answer, I think, lies in the tireless activities of Kurt Herbert Adler, the Opera's general director. Mr. Adler, who has a hard time keeping himself distinguished from all the other Adlers involved in music in the United States, is, like most current opera impresarios in the United States, an Austrian of rather astringent and positive personality. He lives on Twin Peaks, where, he says, he can look down on the whole city spread out before him on clear days, and where, on foggy ones, he is surrounded with mist and enjoys the solitude that comes to people who can see only a few feet in any direction. He is a professional musician of long experience. In 1943, he was engaged as chorus master and occasional conductor by Gaetano Merola, the Opera's founder, and he has been with the company ever since, succeeding to the di-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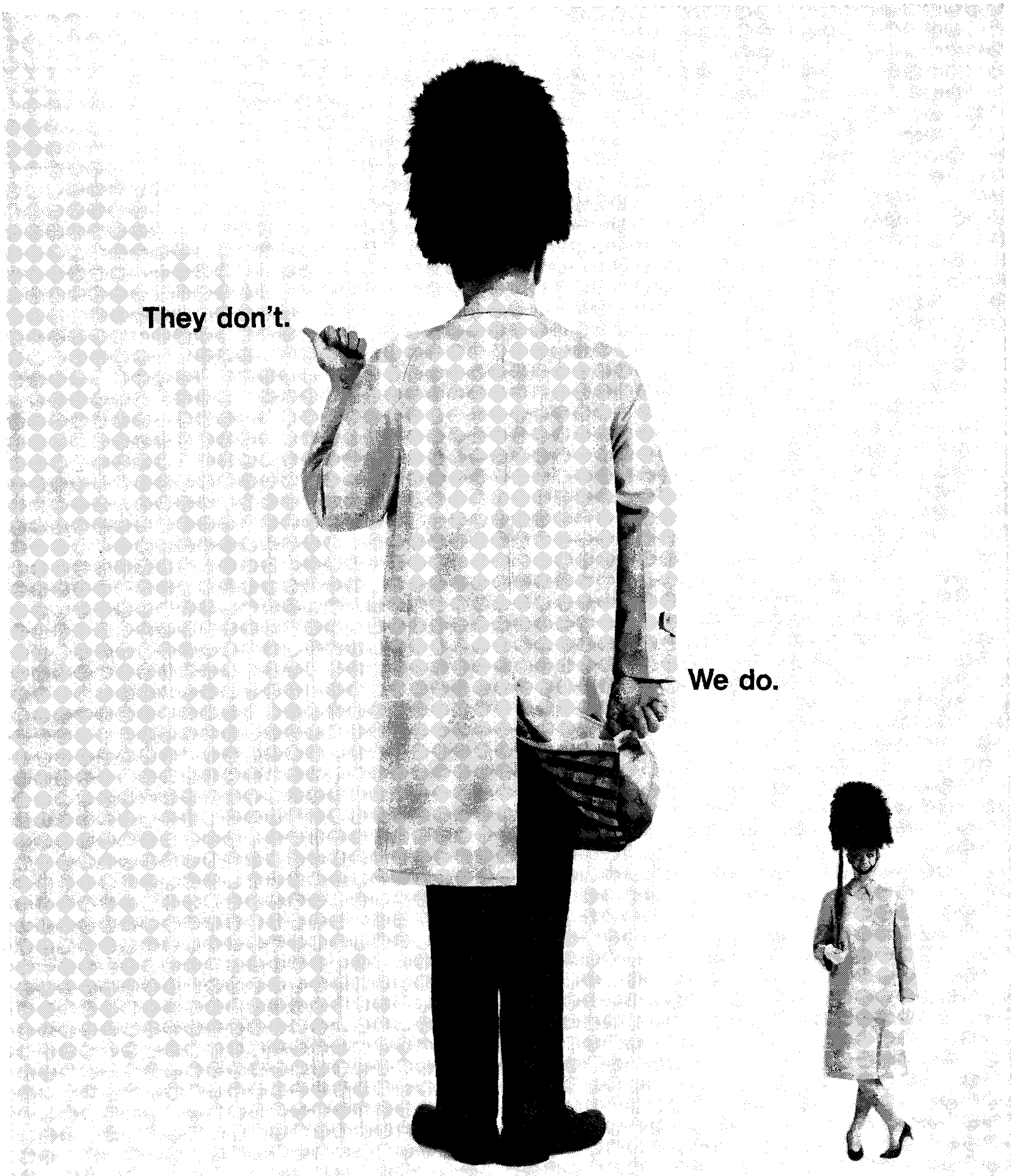
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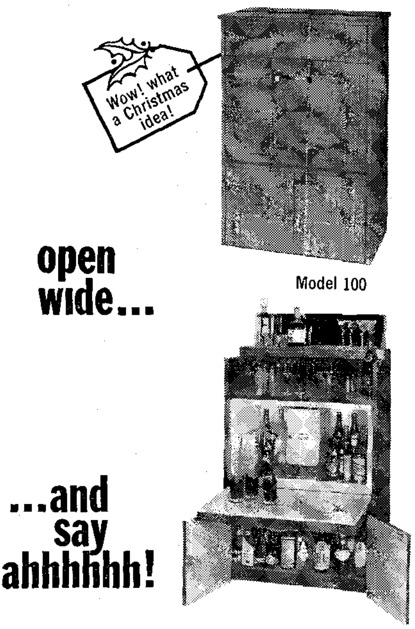
rectorship on Merola's death in 1953. Mr. Adler is a great talent scout. Every year, after the opera season is over, he scours both the United States and Europe for singers. He often takes them from the Metropolitan—in fact, there are few top-rank Metropolitan singers he has not engaged at one time or another—but just as often he picks up singers in Europe or in the lesser American opera companies. His main trick is to harvest singers as a farmer might. He will approach artists not yet ready for the big time, encourage them, and wait for them to ripen. As soon as they do, a San Francisco contract is ready for them. Perhaps because Mr. Adler is a man of great natural authority, he hires the finest conductors he can get, not worrying whether they may undermine or rival his own power. The result has been a series of excellent maestros, who are allowed to do pretty much as they please with performances. At the moment, Mr. Adler has Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, perhaps the best of contemporary Italian conductors; Georges Prêtre (whom we are to have this season at the Met); and Leopold Ludwig, of the Hamburg Opera, who appears to be a master of his craft. It is also noteworthy that Mr. Adler has never insisted that operas be conducted by men of the same nationality as their composers. William Steinberg conducted many of the San Francisco "Falstaff"s, its "Ballo in Maschera," and its "Faust" as well. Erich Leinsdorf, who spent a lot of time in San Francisco, was accorded equal freedom, and this year the Frenchman Prêtre will conduct that most Germanic of all operas, "Parsifal."

It might be pointed out that the San Francisco Opera has a few defects—its orchestra is not as large as the Metropolitan's, and its chorus (mostly made up of part-time singers) is not as accomplished—and also that it does not have to cope with some of the problems of the New York institution. For example, casts are only rarely changed in repeat performances. As a result, one generally finds all the freshness that comes from rehearsing a group of singers as a unit, without substitutions of the kind that the Metropolitan, with its longer season, feels obliged to introduce, sometimes to the detriment of the total production (though the system has its advantages at the box office). The San Francisco Opera, moreover, seems to operate on a modest budget and to run up a very small deficit. It is, of course, a very important institution in a city that depends increasingly on income



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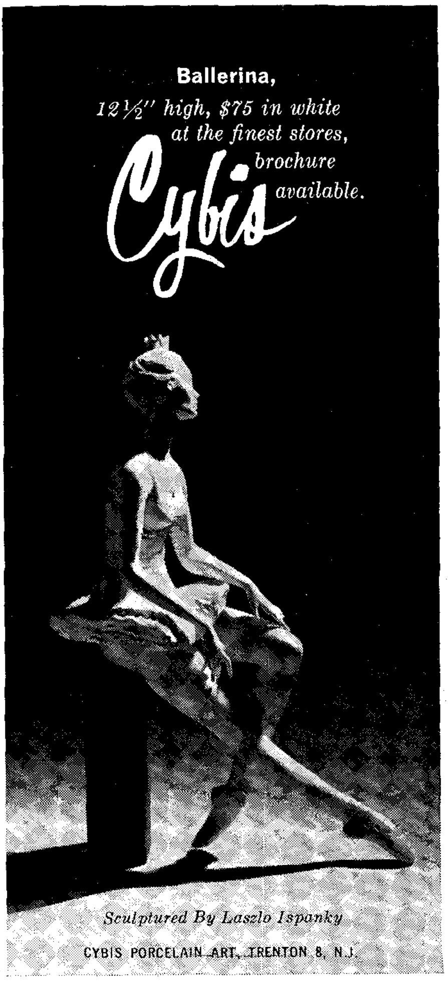

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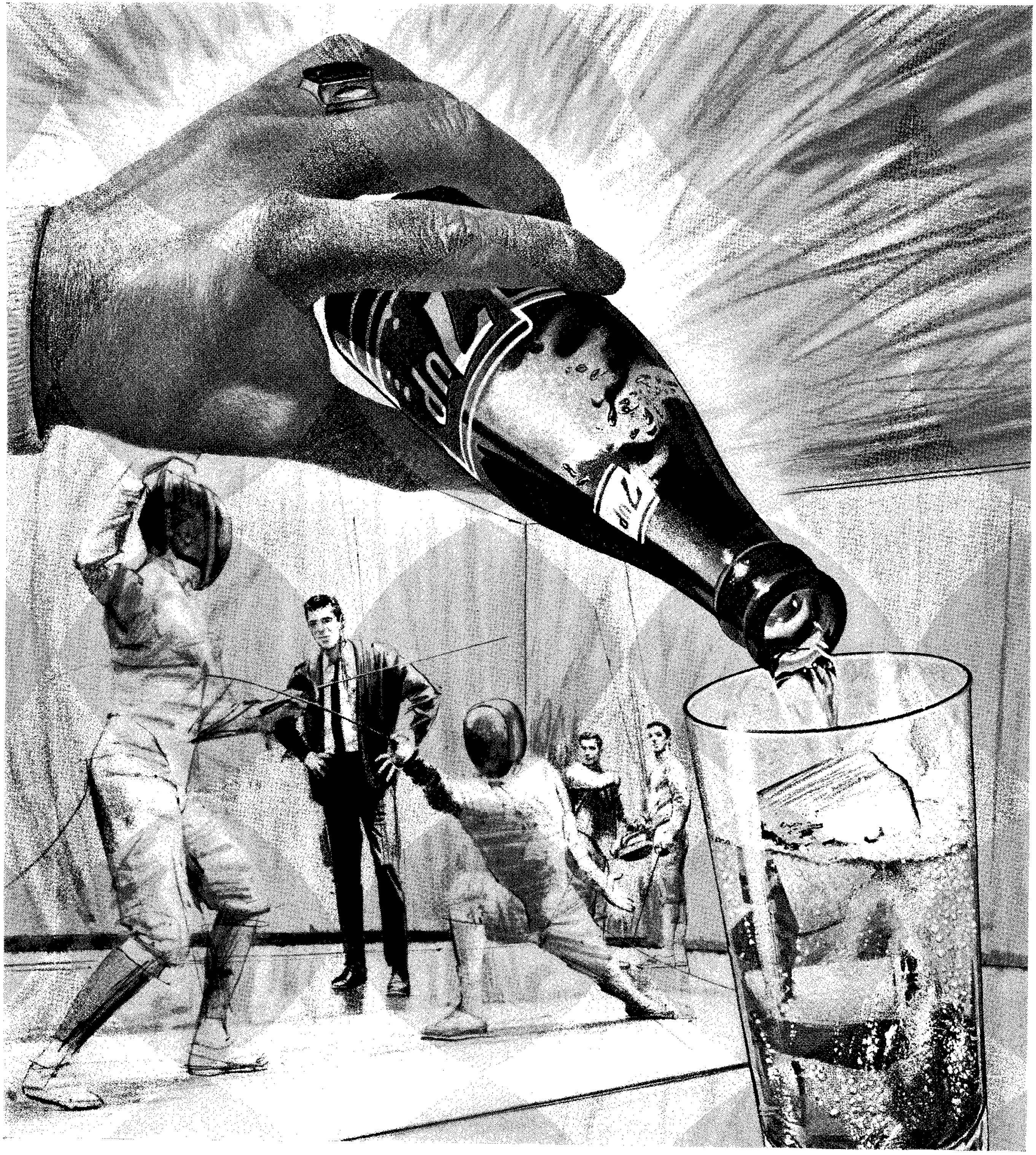

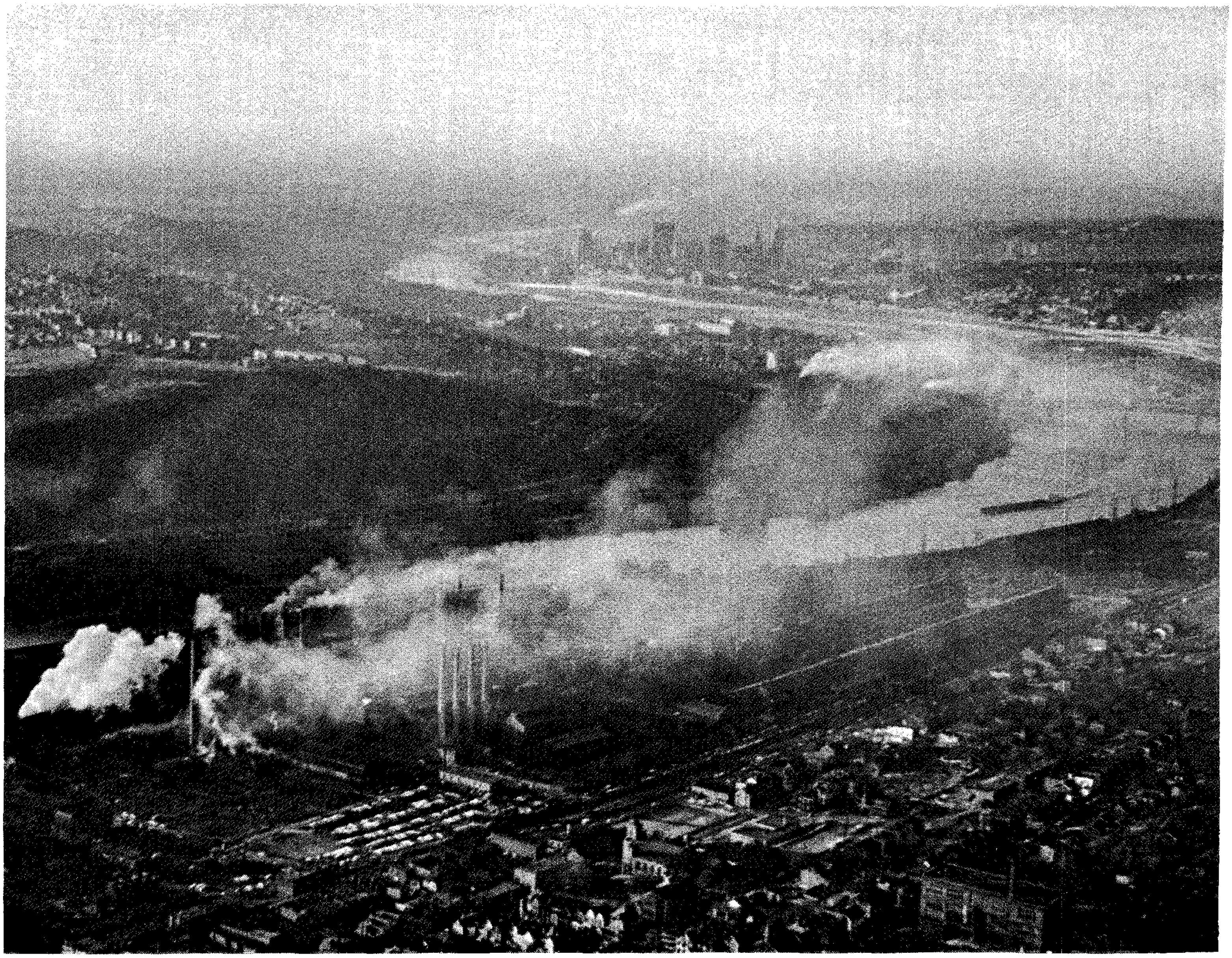

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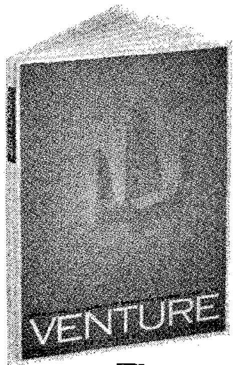

The many sides of travel

VENTURE . . . The Traveler's World. Published by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

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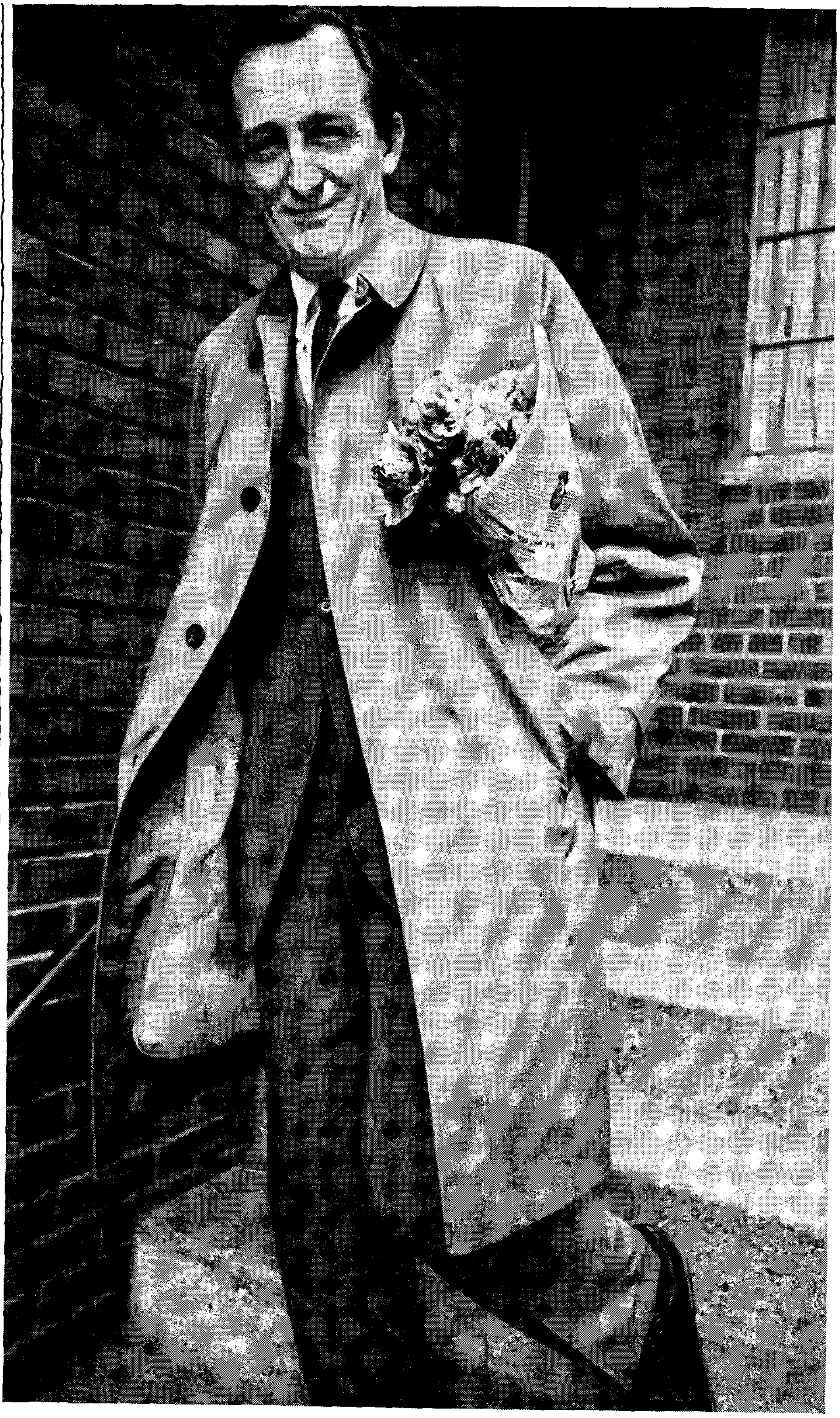
from tourists, and San Franciscans are well aware of this. The city government itself contributes seventy-five thousand dollars a year to the Opera's maintenance and rents the Opera House to it at a nominal sum. The city's contribution comes, appropriately, from a tax levied on all hotel accommodations; thus, anyone who stays in a hotel here is helping to support the Opera.

ON the eleventh of September, I attended the opening of the season, a very dressy and elegant occasion, though not a crushing one. The audience was—as opening-night audiences are apt to be the world over—rather cold and sedate, very much concerned with itself, and very stingy with its applause. The opera was Verdi's "Otello," and the production gave me my first chance to appraise the company as a whole. I must say that everything that occurred on the stage was at least equal, if not superior, to a freshly minted opening performance at the Metropolitan. There was an ideal cast, including James McCracken, who seems to be deepening his excellent portrayal of Otello; Tito Gobbi, the prince of present-day Iagos, who has evolved a villain so villainous that he seems playful in his villainy; and a brand-new Desdemona—the Spanish dramatic soprano Pilar Lorengar, who has been singing recently with the Berlin Opera. Miss Lorengar is a young, handsome woman with a very slight tendency toward plumpness and a voice of ravishing richness. Her sense of musical phrasing is nearly flawless, and I found myself comparing her with Elisabeth Rethberg, though she is too young to have achieved quite the authority that Rethberg had in her prime. She is certainly a find, and without doubt will someday appear at the Metropolitan. As Desdemona, she was perfect, with a voice evenly produced throughout its range, some brilliant high notes, an impressive command of emotional inflection, and a pleasing stage presence. I had heard Gobbi's Iago before, and it had always struck me as uncannily agile and dramatic. There had been rumors recently that his voice was getting dry in quality, but I heard no evidence of this whatever. The Cassio was Glade Peterson, a Utah tenor with an uncommonly sweet Italianate voice but with an acting technique that could bear some improvement. The lesser roles were all well filled, and Mr. Molinari-Pradelli, who is far superior to any Italian conductor now at the Met, led a vigorous, well-paced, and highly dramatic performance.

The next production I witnessed



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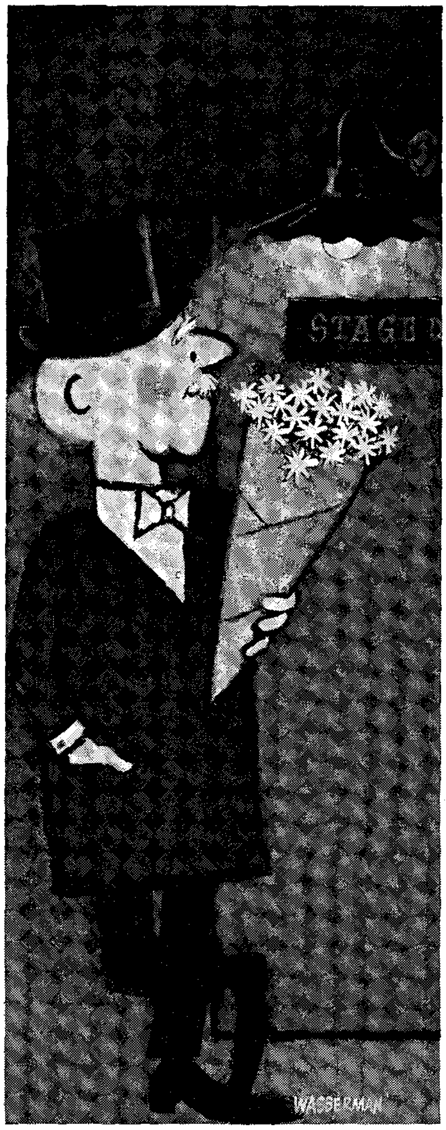

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was "Parsifal," the following night. I have never particularly liked "Parsifal." Its theology has always seemed muddleheaded to me, and I have had a perverse tendency to identify myself with its forces of evil. This was, however, in many ways an unusual "Parsifal," and had perhaps the most interesting and artistic visual setting of any I have seen, including one at Bayreuth a few years ago. All the scenic effects were projected by means of lights onto two layers of scrim, and the whole production was seen behind one of these layers, the result being to heighten the atmosphere of otherworldliness. This technique of projection produced scenes that were fantastic in their variety. The backdrop of Klingsor's garden changed as rapidly as cloud formations on a windy day. One saw menacing volcanic shapes surrounding Klingsor himself and shapes reminiscent of organisms seen through a microscope accompanying the maidens of Klingsor's court. With Kundry's entry and attempted seduction of Parsifal, the shapes became flamelike, and the images that followed resembled birds' nests, a gigantic face (which I suppose represented Christ's), and a crown of thorns. The first and last acts were simpler and less vivid in color, but the whole kaleidoscope, which was credited to the designers Wolfram Skalicki and Thomas L. Colangelo, Jr., served to rivet one's attention to the stage, and to relieve some of the protractedness of Wagner's most protracted score. In this remarkable scenic environment, the stage director, Paul Hager, created a majestic staging that was nevertheless simpler than what one usually encounters. The passing tableaux looked a little like something painted dimly by Blake or Maxfield Parrish. There was a minimum of parading, and most of it was done in shadow—shadow so deep that I couldn't make out whether or not Parsifal was present during the closing scene of the first act, where he is supposed to be a dumb spectator. The descending dove in the last act was dispensed with. So was Amfortas's famous wound, which appeared to be psychosomatic, since it allowed him to get up off his litter more frequently than usual. Altogether, it seemed as if Mr. Hager were bent on a Freudian interpretation, in which Amfortas was being cured of a deep neurosis by group therapy under the direction of that old psychiatrist, Parsifal. But the total effect was undeniably impressive. The cast was mostly familiar to New Yorkers—Giorgio Tozzi as Gurnemanz, Irene Dalis as Kundry, Sándor Kónya

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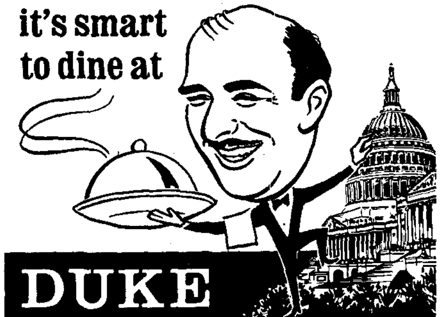

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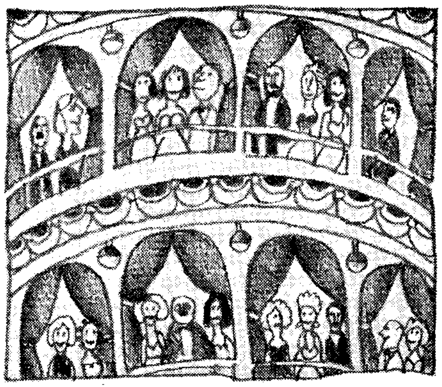

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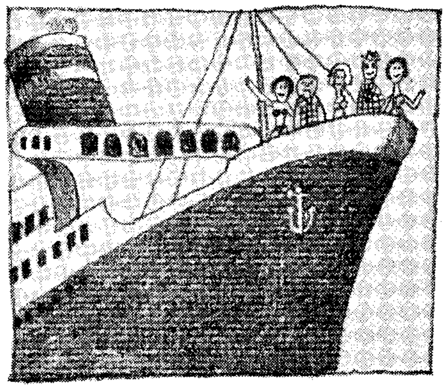

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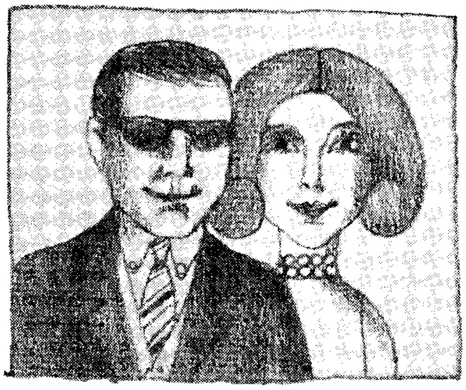

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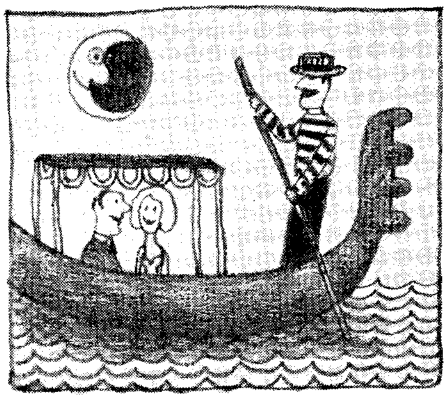

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as Parsifal, Eberhard Wächter as Amfortas, Joshua Hecht as Klingsor, and so on. John West, a Pennsylvania bass, appeared as Titurel. The most interesting feature of the evening to the ear was the masterly conducting of Georges Prêtre, who was obviously in his element on the other side of the Rhine, and produced an agreeably crisp reading of the score.

The third opera I heard was "Carmen," with Prêtre—curiously, for a Frenchman—hurrying things a bit and completely missing the buildup that should come before the Toreador Song. The big feature of this performance was Regina Resnik's Carmen. It is one of the great Carmens of history—vital, exuberant, oriented toward tragedy from the very beginning. Not for many years have I heard the card-playing aria so magnificently sung. Miss Resnik has a large voice, which she modulates with great subtlety. She looks attractive on the stage and is a superb actress, with every line of her part under such control that she appears to be going through an entirely real experience. I thought back over all the Carmens I have encountered, and decided that only Bruna Castagna was in the same class—and Castagna's Carmen, though faultlessly sung, was not quite as vivid a figure on the stage as Miss Resnik's. A tenor named Richard Martell sang the role of Don José admirably, on the whole, though his big voice tended to coarsen a little in the louder passages. Joshua Hecht was an excellent Escamillo, with a slightly heavy and menacing bass voice. John West appeared as Zuniga, and sang the role with silken tone. Mary Costa, a local girl of remarkable good looks, was the Micaela. She went through her paces adequately, but her voice is growing a little heavy for this lyric role, and her intonation showed the same flaws that I noticed at a New York concert performance she gave last spring. She does not get her leading tones close enough to the tonic note, and as a rule her diatonic half steps are too widely spread, creating an impression of foggy pitch. The lesser roles were all well done. I thought the scenery, by Howard Bay, a little silly—full of unnecessary clutter. But the great privilege of witnessing Miss Resnik's interpretation (which has never been heard at the Metropolitan) outweighed any small defects elsewhere. Great Carmens are a rarity, and she is one of them.

Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" followed, on September 17th. A lot of attention and applause was accorded the conductor—Ferdinand Leitner, of

ninth year

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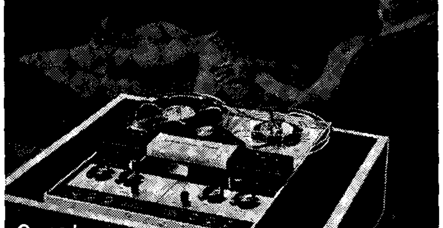

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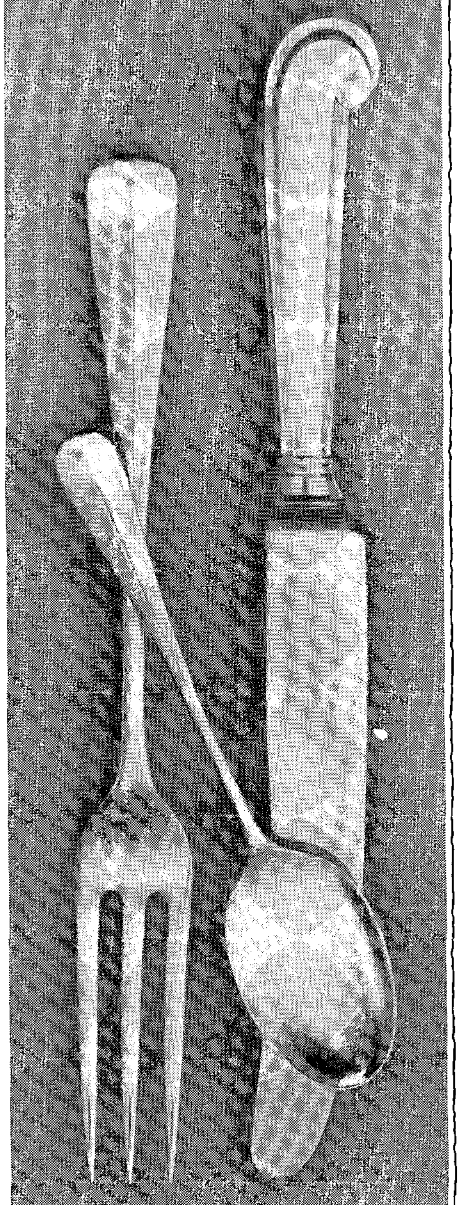

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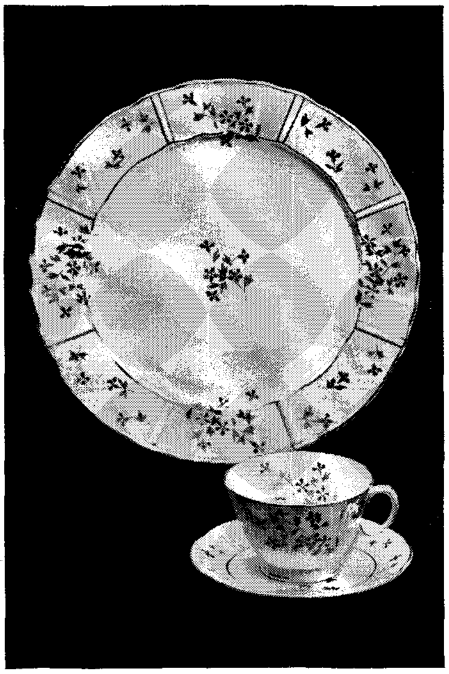
the Stuttgart Opera, who was making his American début—and it was deserved. As a Mozart conductor, Mr. Leitner showed special qualifications. He led a performance notable for its liveliness and for the close cohesion of its ensembles, whether on the stage or in the orchestra pit. What took place on the stage was so nearly perfect that it can hardly be faulted in any way. There was none of the sensationalism that introduces a note of vulgarity into the first act at the Metropolitan. The cast was splendid. Geraint Evans appeared as Figaro—a Figaro who was the last word in authority and in ease of vocal production and stage action. Evans' portrait of the seasoned schemer in love was, I think, subtler than either Pinza's or Siepi's, and that is saying a great deal. His voice sounded wonderful, and every phrase he sang was inflected with the emotions of the dramatic situation. Reri Grist was the Susanna, and though her voice, being really a coloratura vehicle, was a little light for the role, her entire performance was a joy to watch and listen to. She is, of course, an excellent actress, and her articulation of the Italian words sounded as natural as spoken dialogue. Lee Venora brought to the part of Cherubino the freshness that characterizes everything she does. Pilar Lorengar sang the Countess—her second role in this country—and she was lovely to look at as well as magnificent to hear. The big surprise to me, however, was Eberhard Wächter in the role of Count Almaviva. I have seen and heard so *many* Almavivas go through their roles in a routine manner and generally act like sticks of wood that I had almost forgotten that Almaviva is a vital and interesting character. Mr. Wächter made him into a figure with a sense of humor, able to smile grimly at his own foiled plots—rakish, handsome, sly, amorous, and sardonic. Altogether, his Almaviva was one of the best I have ever come across. Again, the lesser roles were well done. The stage business contrived by Paul Hager was inventive and amusing.

"Der Rosenkavalier," on the evening of the twenty-fourth, was not quite as lavish in setting as the one we are accustomed to at the Metropolitan, but it was quite pleasing, with rococo sets by Leni Bauer-Ecsy and Mr. Colangelo, and costumes by Erni Kniepert. To me, the most compelling feature of the production was the Marschallin of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, which I had never heard before. Miss Schwarzkopf is, of course, a beautiful woman, and her command of every in-



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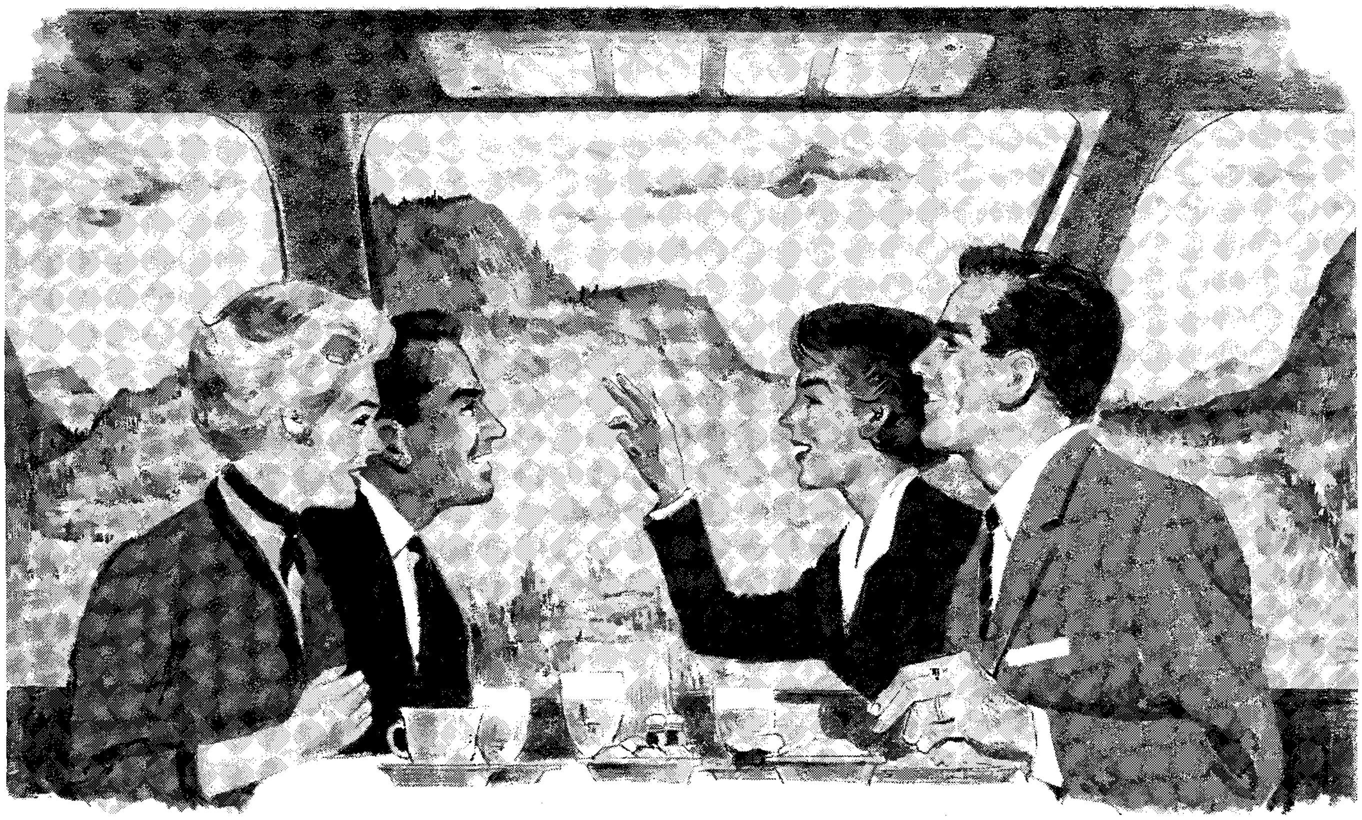

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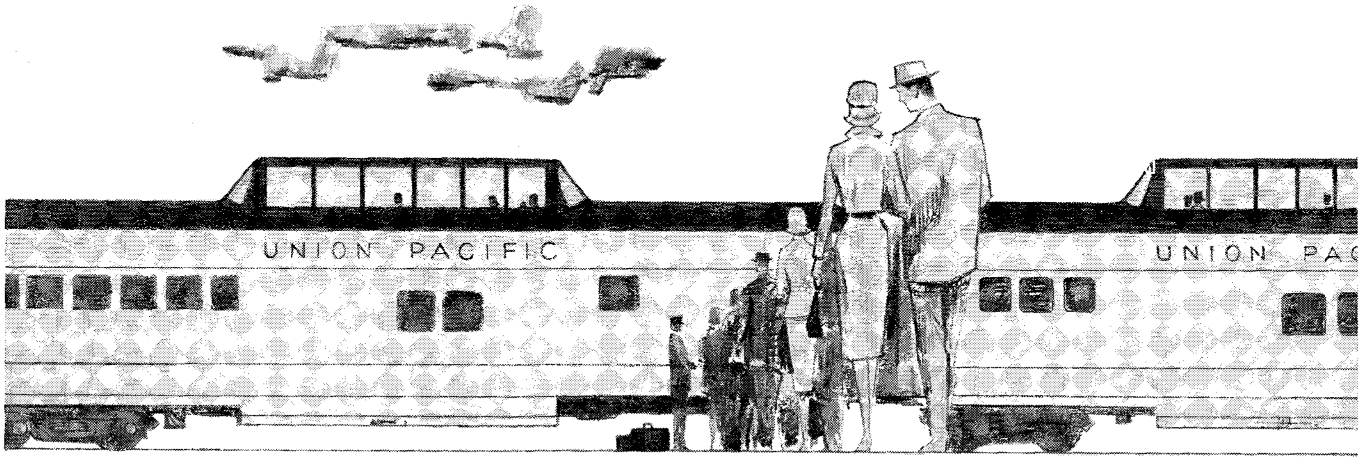

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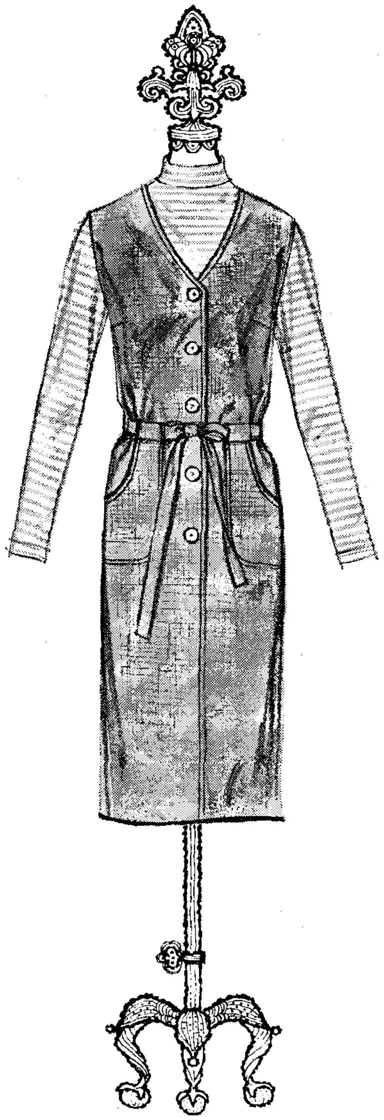

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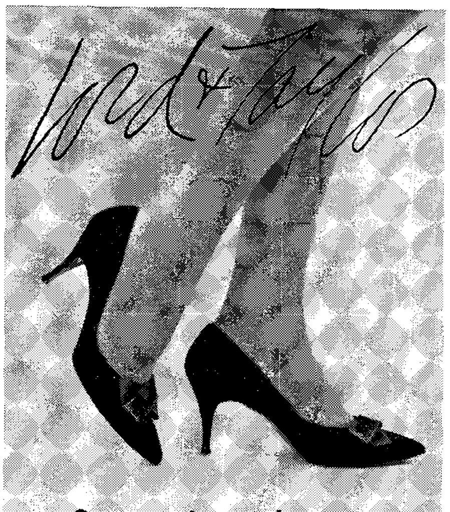
flection of the role was extremely polished and quite satisfying. She is certainly still one of the supreme Marschallins of our period, dramatically more sensitive than Lisa Della Casa and at least equal to, though entirely different from, Régine Crespin. Reri Grist made an ideal Sophie, and Chester Ludgin was outstanding as von Faninal. Otto Edelmann's Baron Ochs is so familiar to New Yorkers that it scarcely requires comment; it is enough to say that he was at his best. Irmgard Seefried, who sang the role of Octavian, was, I am afraid, a disappointment, especially in view of her great European reputation. Her voice was inaudible much of the time; she showed little understanding of the humorous transvestite aspects of the role; she was much too chubby to make an elegant Rosenkavalier; and her general conception of the dramatic features of the role was casual and uninteresting. Paul Hager's stage direction was acceptable, if not brilliant. For some reason, the bed in the first act was replaced by a small sofa, which made the amorous encounter between the Marschallin and Octavian rather perfunctory. The conductor, again, was Mr. Leitner, and he produced a clear, propulsive reading of the score, somewhat on the light side except for a bit of fortissimo punctuation here and there.

Saturday night's production of "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" was, on the other hand, a triumphant example of Mr. Adler's casting skill, and of a great many other things besides. The performance was both vocally and scenically superior to the one that I reported on from Munich several years ago. (This opera has never been staged in New York.) The striking things about it were the uniform excellence of the singers and the presence in the orchestra pit of Leopold Ludwig, one of the few contemporary Strauss conductors whom I would describe as great. The opera is, of course, one of enormous complexity, and in an uninspired performance is apt to seem interminably wordy and to lose some of its fairy-tale magic. On this occasion, however, we had a handpicked group of artists who, though some of them were not internationally famous, were perfect for their roles. The staging, by Paul Hager, was adroit, and the complicated sets, by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, Mr. Colangelo, and Davis West, caught enough of the opera's eerie quality to make Hugo von Hofmannsthal's fantasy believable. Ella Lee, a Los Angeles soprano whose voice is large and lustrous and, at the same time, lovely in the all-important



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upper register, where most of her music lies, sang the role of the Empress superbly. Gladys Kuchta, a singer of great temperament and an equally rich voice—really a major operatic personality—was Barak's wife. Irene Dalis was an admirable Nurse, exuding the dark, malignant feeling that attaches to so many of her roles. Eberhard Wächter was all that one could ask for as Barak. Richard Martell, who had seemed to me a little on the harsh side as Don José, was practically a *Heldentenor* as the Emperor—a part that suits him better. Joshua Hecht was imposing as Keikobad's Messenger, and Lee Venora contributed a brilliant bit as the Guardian of the Temple Gates in the last act.

ALTOGETHER, as you can see, the San Francisco Opera's productions were a revelation to me, and I'm sure they would be to most New Yorkers. Certainly this is one of the great opera houses of the world.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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Come on, what were those "other things"?

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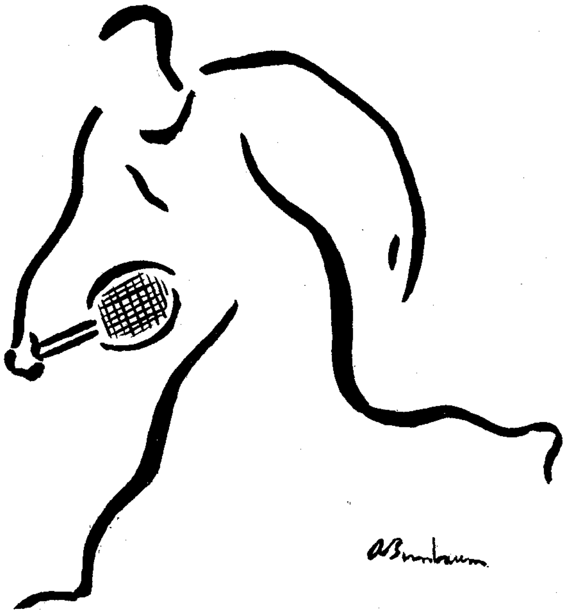

ON the eve of the recent Davis Cup Challenge Round match, in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, between the United States and Australia, the two names, apart from the players', that came up most frequently were Harry Hopman and Teniko Royal. Hopman has been well known to tennis fans for quite some time. A trim, sandy-haired Melburnian, now fifty-eight, with an un-Australian fondness for oblique verbal maneuver, he was in Cleveland Heights as non-playing captain of the Australian team—a function he has filled without interruption for fifteen years. In that time, Australia has become *the* tennis nation—from 1950 through 1963, its teams won the Davis Cup eleven times to our three—and Hopman has come to be considered just about the shrewdest mind in the game. (This holds true even in Australia, where there are almost as many tennis experts as there are players, and where second-guessing Hopman is now a minor national pastime, like collecting aboriginal art.) Although he is in some ways prone to overcaptain his teams—I think he is wrong, for example, in ordering his players on many occasions to let him do the talking to the press—I admire the controlled ardor and efficiency he brings to his work. The last two times before this year's visit that he came to this country with challenging Davis Cup teams, in 1955 (with Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, and Rex Hartwig) and in 1959 (with Neale Fraser, Rod Laver, and Roy Emerson), Australia won the Cup back immediately—an impressive trick to pull off on foreign soil. As he prepared his 1964 team at Cleveland Heights, Hopman appeared to be extremely confident of making it three successful visits in a row, and not without reason. Last year, when Dennis Ralston and Chuck McKinley took the Cup by defeating the Australians at Adelaide by the score of 3–2, neither won his singles against Emerson, but both beat John Newcombe, the No. 2 Australian singles player, and in addition they won the doubles, in which Emerson was partnered rather feebly by Fraser, the aging hero of the 1959 Challenge Round. This year, with Fred Stolle set to play the second singles, Australia was obviously fielding a much stronger team. Stolle had been a finalist against Emerson both at Wimbledon and at Forest Hills, and at Wimbledon he had defeated McKinley in four sets in the semifinals, and at Forest Hills he had defeated Ralston in five memorable sets in the quarter-finals. For all this, Hopman was not taking things easy, and he was concentrating particularly on improving Stolle's handling of certain situations and shots he was bound to face in the doubles.

Teniko Royal is the brand name of a fast-drying composition clay surface for tennis courts put out by the F. C. Feise Company, of Narberth, Pennsylvania, and at Cleveland Heights a Teniko Royal court had been expressly constructed for the big event on a strip of land next to a junior high school. Patently, this was not at all like old Davis Cup times; we always used to defend the trophy at such stately homes as the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, and the Germantown Cricket Club and the Merion Cricket Club, outside of Philadelphia, and the match was always played on grass. As a matter of fact, the only times since Davis Cup competition began, in 1900, that the Challenge Round was not played on grass came during the six-year French supremacy (1928-33), when Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra et Cie. met the invaders on the bright-red En-Tout-Cas courts of Roland Garros Stadium, in Auteuil. En-Tout-Cas was the first of the fast-drying compositions. The En-Tout-Cas Company, of Syston, England, makes it out of coal ash, clay, and a chemical binder, and it does produce a court that dries much faster than the conventional clay one. The bounce, as on clay, is appreciably slower than it is on grass, and since it favors a retriever and militates against a player who hits with speed and pace, there were stories that the French always heavily watered the courts whenever Tilden was to play. En-Tout-Cas had its big vogue in the twenties and thirties. The company is still in business, but in this country the stuff has, since the Second World War, been outdistanced by the fast-drying surfaces devised by a number of American companies. Among the first of these was Har-Tru, originally made by the R. F. Funkhouser Company, of Hagerstown, Maryland, a manufacturer of material used in making composition roofing. The tale is that the company had been wondering how on earth to make use of its tremendous piles of waste limestone. Anyway, the idea that one day we would be playing a major international match on anything but good old patrician grass did not enter anyone's mind until last February, when, to general amazement, the Executive Committee of the United States Lawn Tennis Association voted to award the 1964 Challenge Round of the Davis Cup to a group of Cleveland civic leaders—mostly members of the Cleveland Skating Club—who had formed Davis Cup in Cleveland, Inc., for the purpose the name of the corporation implied and had presented the U.S.L.T.A. with the most attractive financial proposition. The other principal bidders—a group speaking for Forest Hills and a group speaking for southern California—offered the participating teams all the profits; the Cleveland people guaranteed a fat sixty thousand dollars in *addition*, and, as part of their offer, agreed to build whatever type of court the Cup Committee requested. Vic Seixas, captain of this year's American team, naturally had as much say about this last matter as anyone, and he wanted a hard court—an all-weather one, with an asphaltic surface specifically created for tennis. On a hard court, the ball bounces faster, and with less slide, than it does on a fast-drying composition court, and performing on one is in general more like playing on grass than performing on any of the other fabricated surfaces is. However, under Davis Cup regula-

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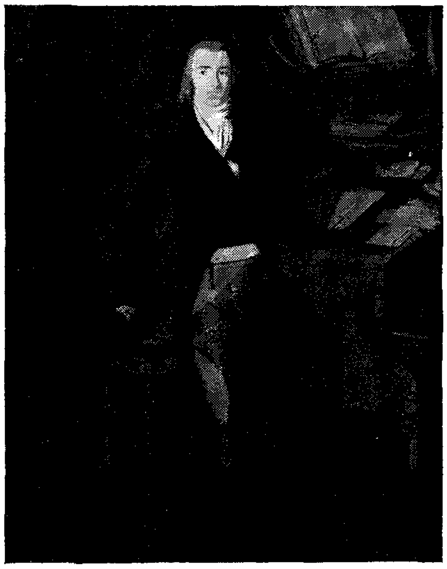

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tions the host nation can use a hard court in the Challenge Round only if the visiting team agrees. No such consent is needed for a gritty surface, and the idea of a hard court was at length abandoned in favor of a fast-drying composition court to be built by the Feise Company, which builds more tennis courts than any other outfit in the country—between two hundred and fifty and three hundred a year. The construction took a month. Ten days were devoted to putting down a porous cushion base, four inches deep, of soft coal cinders. Ten days went into installing the Teniko Royal surface, a fraction over an inch in depth. (Like Har-Tru, Teniko Royal is composed of tiny mineral fragments mixed with clay and sand and laced with a gypsum binder, and something of the sort is true of their competitors—Rubiko, Sim-Cote, Green-Lawn, Perma-Green, Durite, et al.) The final ten days went into eliminating bumps and depressions, dragging the surface with a brush, wetting it down (so that the binding agent would set), compacting it with a two-and-a-half-ton roller, and putting down the lead tapelines and securing them with copper nails sprayed with an abrasive, and therefore skidless, white paint.

I got my first look at the Feise handiwork two days before the Challenge Round, when McKinley, the stocky Missourian turned Texan who is our first-ranking player, was practicing on it with Marty Riessen, of the American squad. A very good-looking court, dull olive in color, it is, like all new courts of its kind, a little soft. As I watched McKinley and Riessen racing over it, I wondered whether an era was ending and another was beginning. There is nothing like grass to test the mettle and skill of a player—and no other surface compares with it aesthetically—but good grass courts are rarities nowadays, and it is generally agreed that any other surface is preferable to poor grass. It is my guess that many tennis insiders will soon be asserting that now is the time to go all the way and—as many of the game's internationally minded have long advocated—to start thinking seriously about an official "universal surface."

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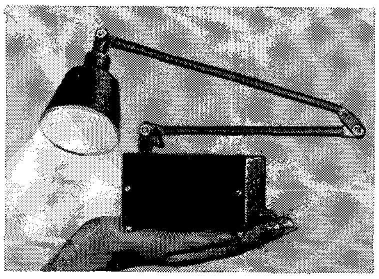

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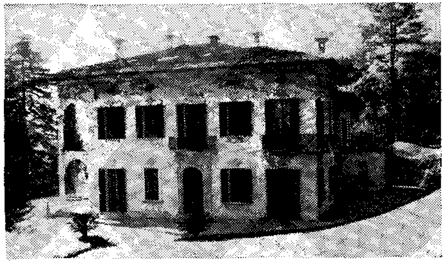

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the Davis Cup itself on one side of a central divider, and two envelopes, each containing the name of one of the two players nominated by the challenging nation, are placed on the other side of the divider. One envelope is selected from each side, and the two players drawn oppose each other in the opening match; the remaining two meet in the second match. A second draw determines which of the singles on the third day, when the pairings are switched, will go on first. Sometimes the draw can decisively influence the winning or losing of the Cup. The French players thought it did in 1927, when they scored their historic breakthrough at Germantown. Going into the match, they were fairly certain that Lacoste and Cochet would win their singles with Bill Johnston, but they felt that the only real chance of picking up the critical third point lay in Lacoste's meeting Tilden on the third day. A fresh Tilden probably would beat Lacoste, but a tired Tilden probably would not. They got just the draw they hoped for. Cochet, selected to play against Tilden on the opening day, lost to him, but only after extending the great man to four brisk sets. Lacoste defeated Johnston. In the doubles, Borotra and Brugnon lost to Tilden and Hunter, but Tilden was forced to go five more hard sets. As the third day began, France trailed, 1–2, but Lacoste squared the score by defeating a conspicuously enervated Tilden in four sets, and Cochet then made it 3–2 by beating Johnston. This year, neither of the two teams in the Challenge Round considered the draw important. To the Americans, however, something stood to be gained if Ralston, a high-strung twenty-two-year-old Californian who hates to sit around, played the opening singles. The Australians obviously were hoping that Emerson, the finest amateur in the world and a wonderful competitor under Davis Cup pressure, would play the concluding singles, just in case the outcome of the Challenge Round should hang on that match.

The draw was held with suitable Midwestern splash at noon the day before play began, in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel. Two hundred people turned up, and while they were arriving a cocktail pianist and a bass player bounced through "Let There Be Love" and "Getting to Know You." Then the duo struck up "Waltzing Matilda," and on this cue Hopman led his team to the dais. The duo then segued into "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and Seixas and the American

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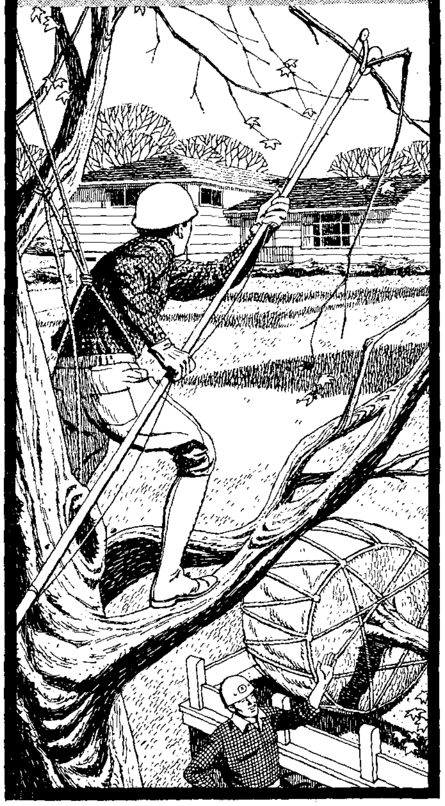

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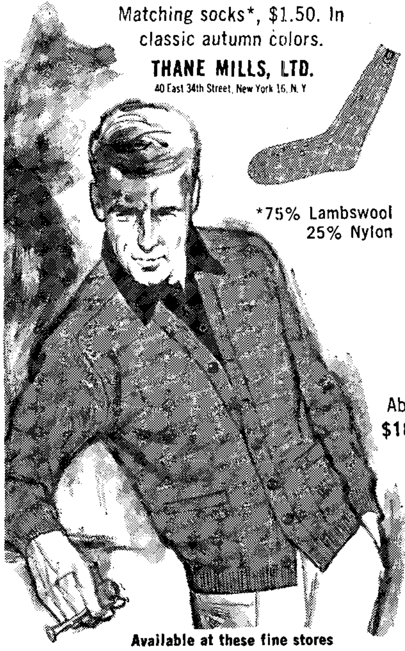

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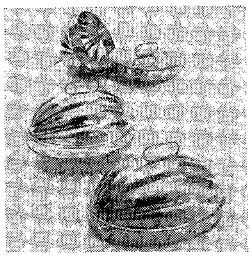

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It was, in fact, this very concern for availability that led Dr. Ernst J. Lederle, commissioner of public health of the City of New York, to turn his attention to vaccine production. This was in 1907 when Dr. Lederle's reluctance to depend on foreign sources for diphtheria antitoxin led him to form the company—now a Cyanamid division—that bears his name.

In more recent years, Lederle Laboratories has introduced many new drugs representing significant advances in public health. Typhus vaccine is a pertinent example—the fact that you seldom even hear of the disease nowadays is a tribute to the effectiveness of the vaccine. Anti-infection agents are also vitally important, and Cyanamid was one of the pioneers in the development of sulfa drugs. During World War II, the Company was a major producer not only of sulfa but of tetanus toxoid and typhus vaccines, blood plasma and penicillin. Life-savers like these made World War II the first in history in which disease was less deadly than the enemy.

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players moved to the dais. Seven or eight reasonably brief speeches were made by local and visiting dignitaries, and then came the draw. The First Minister of the Australian Embassy in Washington plucked an envelope from the American side of the Davis Cup, and the Mayor of Cleveland plucked an envelope from the Australian side. McKinley and Stolle! Then came the draw to decide which of the two final singles—McKinley vs. Emerson, and Ralston vs. Stolle—would be played first. Ralston vs. Stolle! The Australians had undoubtedly gained a bit more from the draw, but nothing of consequence. Months ago, it was clearly appreciated that our chances of retaining the Cup depended on whether McKinley and Ralston could win the doubles and defeat Stolle in the singles, and this attitude still obtained.

When the ceremony was concluded, Hopman predicted a 4–1 victory for Australia, Seixas predicted a 3–2 victory for the United States, and the pianist and bass slid into "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter."

ON Friday, September 25th, a blustery and overcast day, McKinley defeated Stolle, 6–1, 9–7, 4–6, 6–2, and Emerson evened things by defeating Ralston, 6–3, 6–1, 6–2. I had never seen Emerson play so spectacularly well. He was getting to the ball even faster than usual, hitting it crisply, keeping it low, and keeping it deep. Yet it should be brought out that this match was not the runaway the score suggests until midway through the second set, when Ralston, after just failing to break Emerson's serve in the fourth game, dropped his own serve for the second time in the set; then he *was* finished. From the outset, it was apparent that Emerson, the marvellously conditioned black-haired Queenslander, intended to play the continuously attacking, net-rushing game he does on grass. This is risky business on a composition court, for the surface takes a good bit of the speed and spin off the ball, and this gives the opponent a higher, easier bounce to handle and appreciably more time to do things with the ball. Emerson is one of the few people with the coördinated quickness of foot, hand, and eye to get away with such an audacious strategy. On several occasions, after dashing into the forecourt behind an only moderately forcing stroke, he appeared to be cleanly passed by Ralston's down-the-line drives, but time after time, with those stupendous reflexes of his, he

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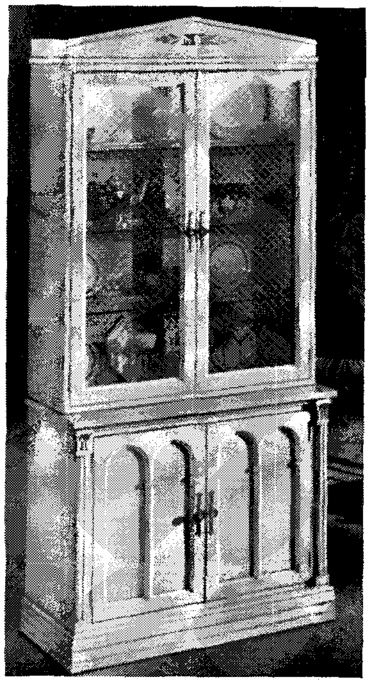

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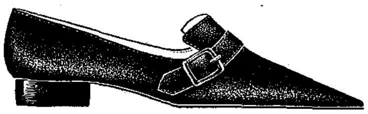

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managed to get his racket on the ball—a feat in itself—and then to angle an exquisite crosscourt drop volley that Ralston could not come close to reaching. A good measure of Emerson's superiority lay in the difference between services. Ralston's serve is the most vulnerable part of his game; Emerson's is first-class. He starts his service stroke by rotating his racket hand and his ball hand twice on the way back, like a man shaking a Bacardi, but this curious takeaway evidently helps him to regulate his timing. In any event, he gets everything he has into his serve and he is exceedingly accurate, particularly when he is serving to the backhand court.

McKinley employed an altogether different strategy in his conquest of Stolle. His plan was to give the tall, angular Sydneysider, who thrives on hard hitting, no pace whatever on the slow court. He put this basically defensive plan into operation handsomely in the opening games, looping and chipping a succession of soft, spinning shots close to the baseline, and he won point after point on Stolle's errors. Stolle, who was playing in his first Challenge Round match, was jumpy, and as McKinley continued to keep him off balance with a gallimaufry of spins he found it difficult to settle down. Had Stolle been able to get his big service working as well as it did during the National Championship at Forest Hills, he might have been able to collect his poise, but even in winning the third set he had trouble getting his first serve in, and his second had very little on it. Accordingly, there was never really any serious pressure on McKinley to alter his tactics. In the fourth set, as in the first three, he continued to concentrate on Stolle's forehand, a wristy stroke that is effective only when Stolle is up against a straightaway player who allows him to stabilize his somewhat fragile timing. In the fourth set, with victory in sight, McKinley kept urging himself, sotto voce, "Wait for the error. Wait for the error." He did, patiently, and it invariably came. Fabius Cunctator would have been proud of him.

What had we learned from this split in the opening singles? Really, only two things we had known before, I suppose. First, if the Americans could now win the doubles they had an excellent chance of retaining the Cup, for even in defeat Ralston looked like a man who could take the jittery Stolle in their singles on the third day. And second, Emerson's performance made it plain that if the Challenge Round

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hinged on the last singles match the Cup would go back to Australia.

ON Saturday, a warmer day, but still gusty, the United States went out in front, 2–1, when Ralston and McKinley, after falling behind in the doubles, staged a wonderful comeback to win, 6–4, 4–6, 4–6, 6–3, 6–4. Several times, the match came close to being a story of opportunities wasted by the Americans. Stolle and Emerson are not as yet a smoothly knit team (they had played together in competition only three times—against Mexico, Chile, and Sweden in Davis Cup matches in August), so it was most important that Ralston and McKinley, after winning the first set, keep right on top of the Australians and not let them work their way into a less erratic partnership. Instead, McKinley and Ralston contrived, in the second set, to toss away four game points on Emerson's service—three in the fourth game and one more in the eighth—and eventually the set that might well have been won was lost when McKinley was broken through in the ninth game. (When a team drops service in a doubles match, sometimes it is the server who is primarily at fault and sometimes it isn't.) After this, it was a vastly different match. Stolle, who had started off shakily again, had steadied down by this time, and he supported Emerson adequately the rest of the way. In the vital fifth set, after Ralston and McKinley had battled back to take the fourth set and square the match, they once again threw away several hard-earned openings that could have given them command of the match. In the third game, for instance, they broke through Emerson's serve, but in the very next game, after leading 30–0 on Ralston's service, they were broken right back. Then, in the seventh game, with the score 3–3, the Americans three times held game point on Emerson's serve and three times missed their chance. Just when it seemed that they might even find a way to lose the match, too, they won it with a burst of great tennis. This came in the ninth game, the score 4–4, Stolle serving. The first point went like this: Stolle served to Ralston's forehand; Ralston hit a sharp crosscourt return, which Stolle was forced to take low and volley up; McKinley, cutting toward the center of the court, intercepted the ball and put it away with a fast forehand volley. 0–15. The second point went like this: Stolle served to McKinley's backhand, off which the Australians had been scoring

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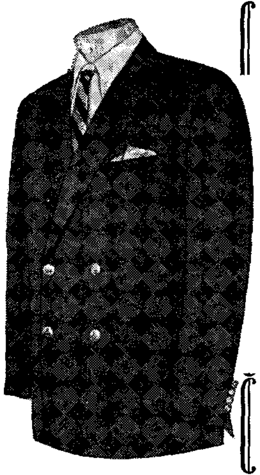

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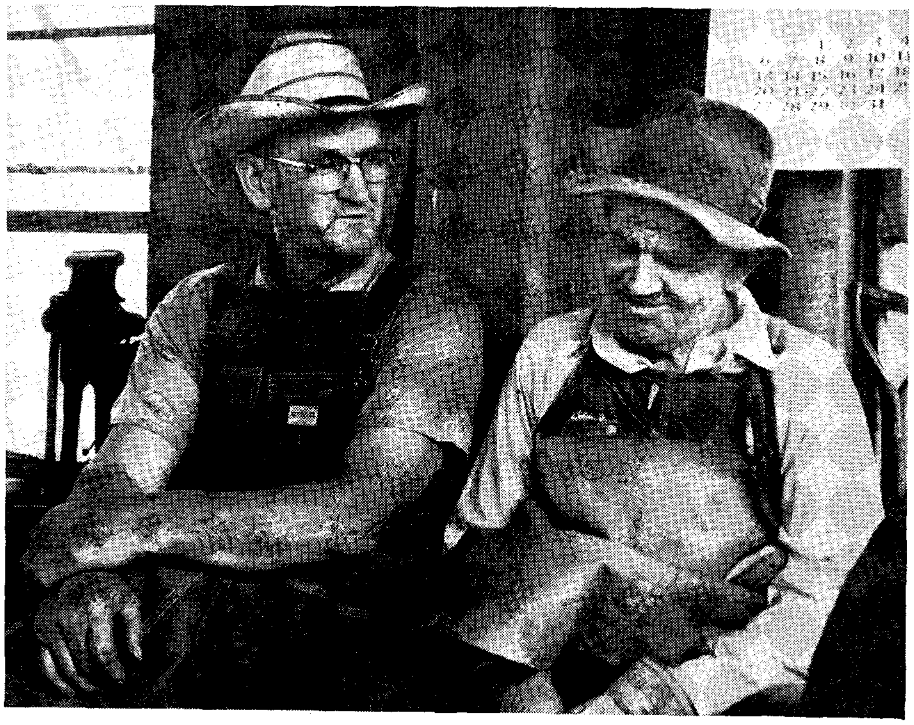
regularly on service; this time, instead of chopping the ball back, McKinley drove a hard, flat-top spin backhand across the court; Stolle, taking it on his backhand, attempted to pass Ralston down the line, but his volley was weak and Ralston slapped it back through Stolle for a clean winner. 0–30. Stolle next tried to serve to Ralston's backhand, but Ralston ran around the ball, took it on his forehand, and sent a low, ducking shot crosscourt; Stolle tried to play it down the line, but once again his volley was high; McKinley stepped into it and walloped a vicious backhand drive-volley that neither Emerson nor Stolle could touch. 0–40. This time, there was no faltering by the Americans. Stolle tried to serve to McKinley's backhand, but McKinley ran around the serve and clubbed a strong forehand drive crosscourt; Stolle let the ball bounce and tossed up a tentative half volley down the middle; Ralston took it on his backhand and smashed it between the two Australians. Game. McKinley then held service for the set and match. In that decisive breakthrough at love in the ninth game, McKinley and Ralston, it should be underscored, played four absolutely classic doubles points. Each point was set up by an almost perfect crosscourt return of service that Stolle had to take low and volley (or half-volley) in an upward arc. Each point was then concluded by a smash or a volley that was utterly unreturnable.

Footnote: It should be added that Emerson's play, though solid, was nowhere near as dazzling as it was on the first day. Had it been, it might have tipped the balance. Anyhow, it wasn't and it didn't.

SEVERAL times on Sunday, it looked as if those four perfectly engineered points in the ninth game of the fifth set of the doubles would turn out to be the shots that won the Challenge Round for the United States, for in the fourth match Ralston came very close to getting that vital third point for us. In the end, however, he lost to Stolle in five gruelling sets, 7–5, 6–3, 3–6, 9–11, 6–4. Because of a heavy rain that began at noon, play was delayed almost three hours, and this, plus the length of the Stolle-Ralston duel, made it necessary to put the second singles over until Monday. Had the surface been grass, this day's program would have been completely washed out, but the Teniko Royal court did its stuff well. It not only dried quickly but was eminently playable.

In its over-all pattern, this encounter



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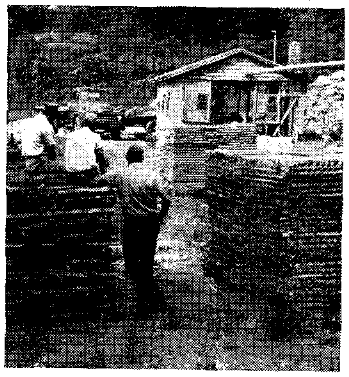

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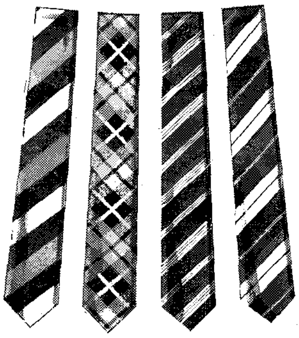
between Ralston and Stolle was remarkably similar to the battle these two tall, lean young men had waged a fortnight earlier at Forest Hills. That time, Ralston had fought his way back by taking the third and fourth sets, only to lose the fifth set when he seemed on the verge of a magnificent victory. This time, it was a patch of sub-par serving and volleying in the fourth game of the final set that undid him. He went into that game leading 2–1 in the set, after breaking through Stolle in the game before, and one had the distinct feeling that had Ralston been able to hold this service, Stolle would not have been able to remuster his purpose. However, after moving to 30–15, Ralston lost three points in a row, and the game. Stolle got an enormous lift from this reprieve. You could practically see the brightness return to his eye, and he moved with a new resilience. His service had been weakening; it now began to crackle with power and control. Indeed, he whipped through his next three service games at love. Stolle is one of those players whose whole game picks up when their serve does, and the end was not long in coming. In the tenth game, leading 5–4, he attacked Ralston's service all out, went to match point on a backhand placement, was held off by Ralston, gained match point again, and in the ensuing rally maneuvered Ralston far out of position with a sliced backhand drive and punched the winning shot to an open court. While the Australian certainly deserved his victory, this was the cruelest of defeats for Ralston. His chances of beating Stolle, who was in much finer form that day, depended on outstroking him off the ground, for, unlike McKinley, who can vary his tactics to fit his opponent, Ralston can play only one type of game. He never really did get his shots going, and after he had accomplished so much on fight and tenacity, it was tragic that he could not accomplish the rest.

SO the winning of the 1964 Challenge Round came down to the fifth match. As was expected, Emerson won comfortably, 3–6, 6–2, 6–4, 6–4. After the first set, McKinley could not keep him in the back court and was never again in the match. It was not that Emerson played with the brilliance he had displayed against Ralston. He was, instead, in that more typical Emersonian mood in which he wears his man down by pressing him unrelentingly, point after point, shot after shot. In dealing with McKinley's only moderately good service, he did not hit



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the ball with the sharpness that scores placements, but he regularly got it back deep enough to permit him to come tearing into the forecourt and volley away McKinley's return. Following in to the net behind his own much severer service, he so dominated the play that in the third set McKinley was able to win only five points in the five games Emerson served. On match and Cup point, Emerson watched a drive by McKinley carry just over the baseline, and when he heard the linesman's cry of "Out" he stretched his long neck back in relief and closed his eyes for a tiny moment. This, for Emerson, is an emotional outburst. He is not a studied, poker-faced type, but he always sticks to business, like a Reese or a Rote. He is foremost a *player* rather than a thrilling shotmaker. His service and his first volley cannot compare with Hoad's. His backhand is far inferior to Rosewall's—whose isn't?—and Rosewall returns service better. Sedgman had a much surer forehand and a more powerful overhead. Laver is just about as fast afoot and produces much more exciting passing shots. Emerson merely does everything pretty damn well, or—closer to the point—there is nothing he does poorly. I can think of no player since the war—and there have been far greater stars—I would rather have on my side and playing the fifth match in a Challenge Round with everything riding on it.

In the dressing room after the match, Harry Hopman peeled out of his woollen sweatsuit and climbed into slacks and blazer for the presentation. During the Challenge Round, he had had to do no fancy masterminding. He had let Emerson take care of himself, which was wise, and his most significant contribution was to straighten out Stolle's game and to renew his confidence after his defeats on the first two days. Hopman had done this very well. He seemed quietly pleased with himself, and he had a right to be. He has now captained twelve victorious Davis Cup teams in the last fifteen years. Emerson is only twenty-seven, Stolle is now blooded in combat, and several fine young players are coming along nicely, so there is no knowing how many more victories await him in the years directly ahead. It could be a long, long while before we see the Cup again.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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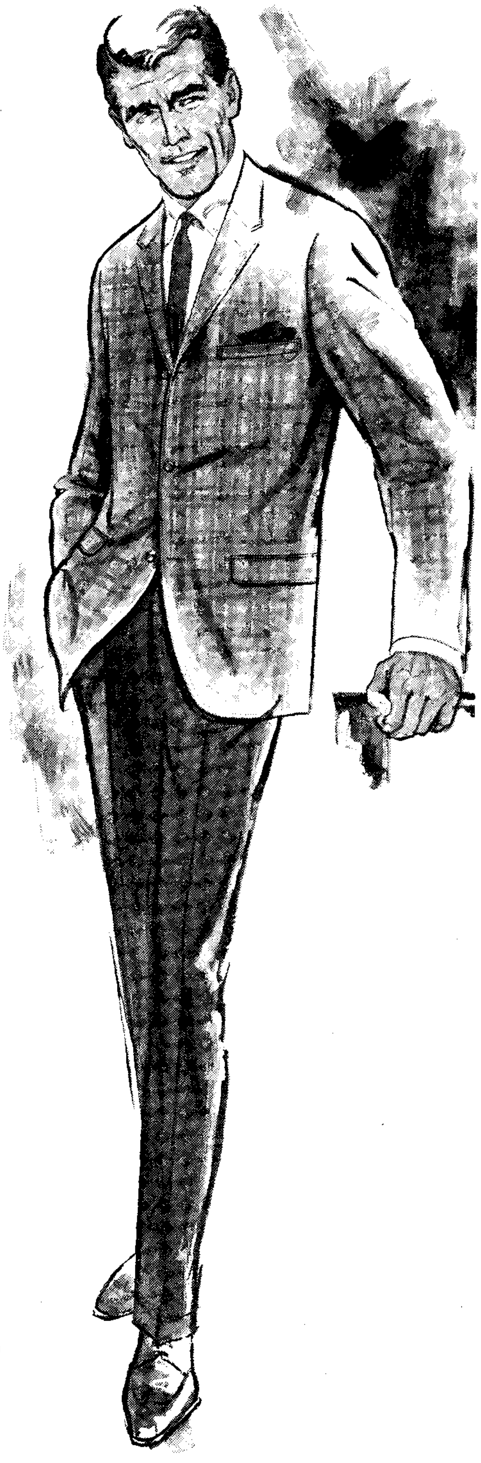

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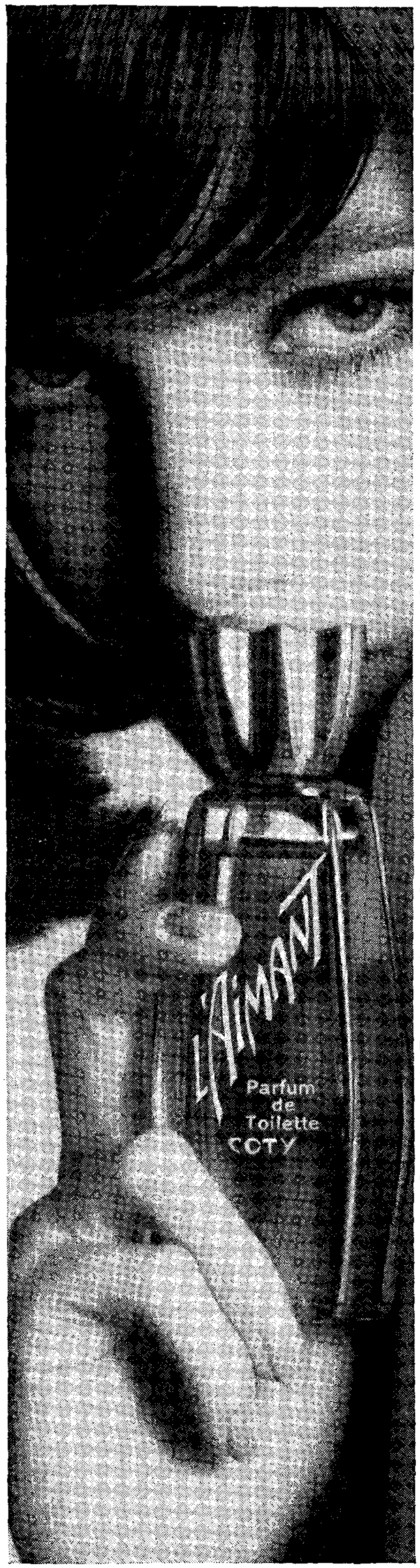

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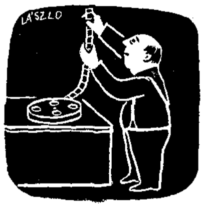
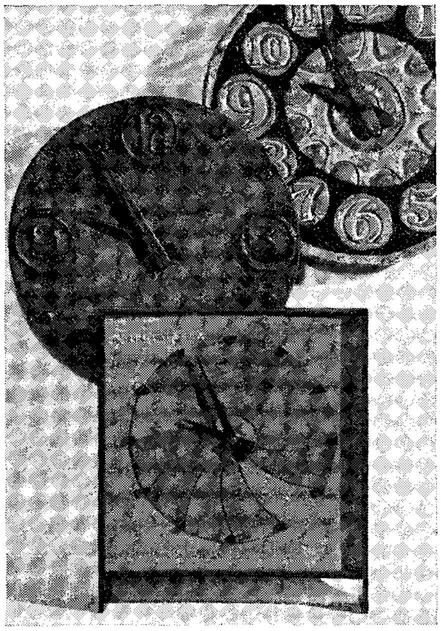


AFTER "Dr. Strangelove," what? Surely not an attempt to tell what amounts to the very same story in earnest? Well, this is precisely what the makers of "Fail Safe" have had the nerve to do, and, wonderful to relate, they've got away with it—the picture is as scary as if we'd never heard of "precious bodily fluids" or the dithering Merkin Muffley. Thanks to Stanley Kubrick and his new fashion of fruitfully destructive nightmare comedy, one has to call a straight thriller like "Fail Safe" old-fashioned, but it turns out that the conventional methods of melodrama have plenty of *Schrecklichkeit* left in them; by a scrupulous plausibility of circumstance and technical detail and a cunning manipulation of suspense, one is inched to the edge of one's seat and left there in a state of bizarre emotional dishevelment, at once suffering and yet enjoying the threat of one's own imminent extinction. The plot of "Fail Safe" follows that of the novel of the same name—a hyphen has fallen out of the title somewhere between page and screen—by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler. (The plot is also close enough to that of the novel on which "Dr. Strangelove" was based to have led to a lawsuit, settled *in camera*, or, at any rate, off-camera.) On a day like any other, some tiny thing goes wrong with one of the infinitely complicated electronic mechanisms that, we're given to understand, make the decisions for our Strategic Air Command, and as a result six bombers are mistakenly instructed to drop a couple of twenty-megaton bombs on Moscow. How to stop the bombers, and, if we can't do that, how to convince the Russians that it's all a meaningless electronic miscalculation, and, if we can't do that, how to keep the whole world from being consumed in a joint retaliatory holocaust—such is the problem faced by the President of the United States and his assorted aides and advisers, and a harrowing couple of hours it gives them and us. Walter Bernstein has provided a skillful screenplay, especially in its diverse but dovetailed beginnings, and Sidney Lumet has directed with his usual dash and authority. As the President, Henry Fonda, who has every



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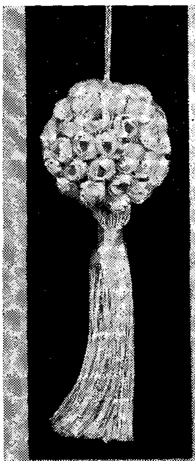

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reason to believe by now that he really *is* a world leader, displays the anguished integrity of the best type of wasp, though in real life I'd prefer a President with, if necessary, a little less breeding and a lot more imagination in devising an acceptable token of good faith for the Russians. (The token he hits on is nothing less than the total destruction of New York.) Frank Overton make an ideally cool S.A.C. general and Walter Matthau an ideally sinister political scientist, and in smaller roles I admired Dan O'Herlihy, Larry Hagman, William Hansen, Sorrell Booke, and Nancy Berg, who is very pretty and disappears, I'm sorry to say, practically at once.

By way of a postscript, let me mention that the movie repeats the argument made by the authors of the book—that it's a mathematical certainty that sooner or later something will go wrong with the calculators upon which our military men have placed such reliance, and that, human safeguards being insufficient, millions of lives are constantly in jeopardy. Sidney Hook, among others, strongly criticized "Fail-Safe" for making this argument, and the hyphenless "Fail Safe" may well deserve a similar criticism. What happens in "Fail Safe" is either true or false, and its truth or falsity matters. These are hard times, in which a successful but unimportant thriller, whose chief purpose, after all, is to deceive, is expected to acknowledge that certain deceptions are impermissible.

"LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN" is a silly, cheerful picture out of Italy, where the pursuit of *ragazze* is supposedly a national sport, like soccer in a colder climate. It's a sport in which the rules are made up by the players as they go along, and the spectators, consisting mostly of elderly satyrs in bad repair, hope from the bottom of their evergreen hearts that the worst man may win. In this case, the winner is Vittorio Gassman, who takes the leading role in each of the nine separate episodes of the picture and manages to be extremely funny in all but one or two of them. The screenplay is by Ruggero Maccari and Ettore Scola, who between them wrote the screenplay for that brilliant picture "The Easy Life" (also starring Mr. Gassman); here Signor Scola makes a promising début as a director. I have to admit that the episodes suffer from being given a ruthless O. Henry twist, or even wrench, as a means of bringing them to a stop, but the prevailing

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spirit of the occasion is one of merriment, and Mr. Gassman has evidently had a fine time pretending to be, among other things, a fierce, wordless peasant, an urban practical joker, the patron of a prostitute whose husband proves to be an old and generous friend, a waiter who steals rides from Roman "taxi-girls," a timid clerk forced to challenge the sophisticated ravisher of his no longer very young or very attractive sister, an itinerant junkman, and a prisoner given a two-day parole to visit his dying mother, a virago who is far from dying. The compliant girls include Maria Fiore, Giovanna Ralli, Antonella Lualdi, Sylva Koscina, and Jeanne Valerie, and oh, but they are young and warm and full of promise!

THE less said about "Lilith" the better. Robert Rossen, a more characteristic specimen of whose handiwork is to be admired in, say, "The Hustler," is almost wholly to blame for "Lilith," not only having produced and directed the picture but having written the screenplay as well, from an ardent, humorless novel by J. R. Salamanca. What Mr. Rossen saw for Mr. Rossen in "Lilith" only Mr. Rossen knows, but the picture has plainly gone awry, and, to say a harsh thing quickly, it had no other way to go. For the heroine is a girl who has lost her mind, and though my old favorite Jean Seberg does what she can with the part, madness isn't easy to explore, on screen or off, and we never venture very far into the depths of that sick mind. (Mr. Rossen constantly cheats by hurling conventional symbols at us in lieu of exploration; when a called-for action fails to materialize, he fills in with tons of white water churning over rocks.) Matters are made much worse by the fact that Warren Beatty is the co-star of the picture. Mr. Beatty leaves his crucial role as the mad girl's possibly mad attendant unrealized, being content to sit around and let his heavy eyelids flicker, and to utter from time to time, through scarcely opened lips, a vexed mumble. When it comes his turn to play Hamlet— But no, I mustn't borrow trouble.

—BRENDAN GILL

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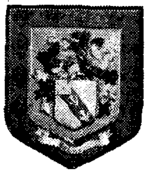

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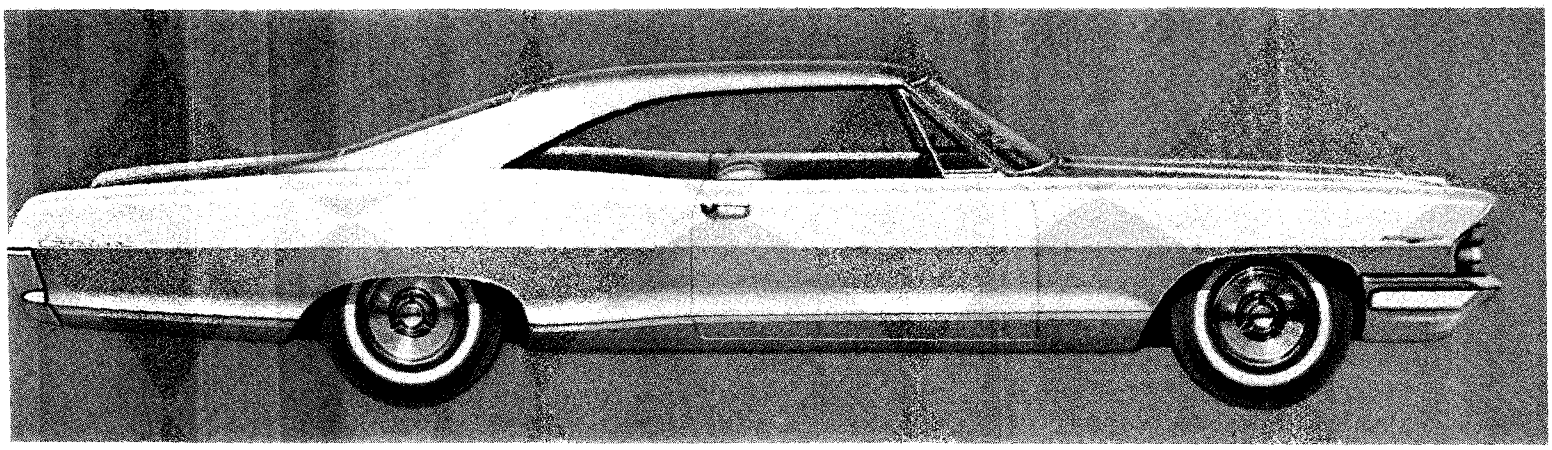

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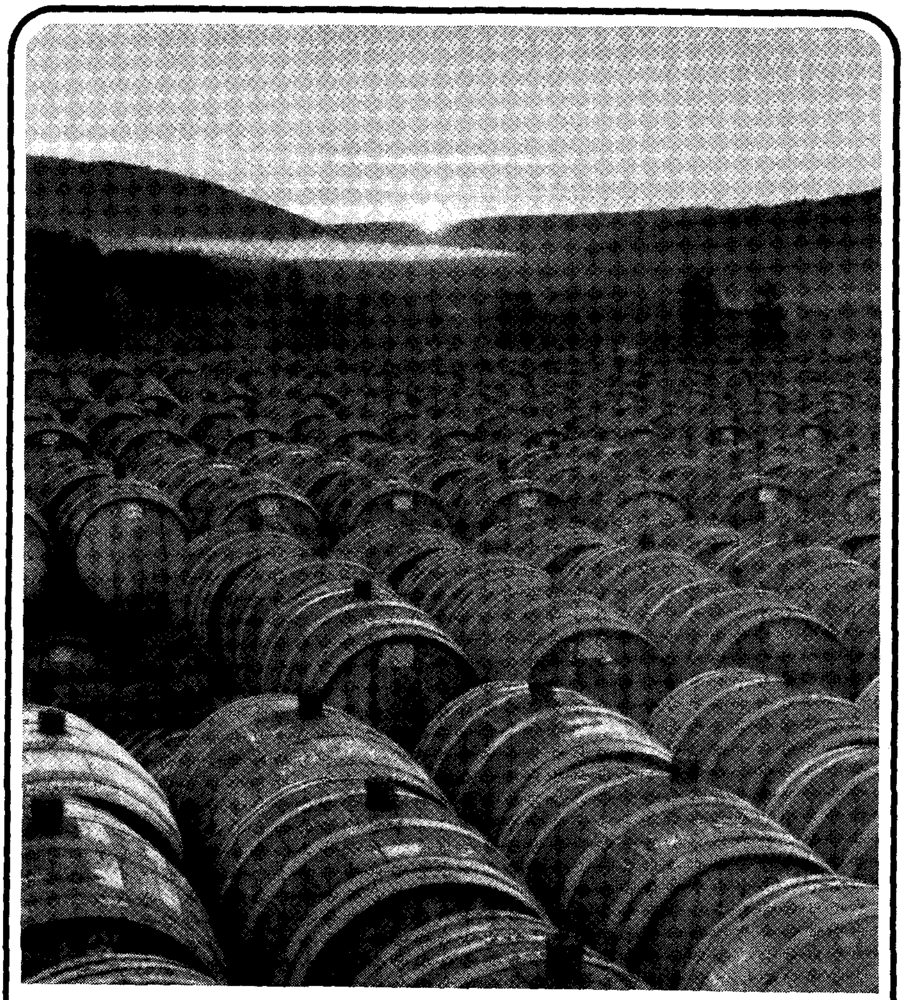
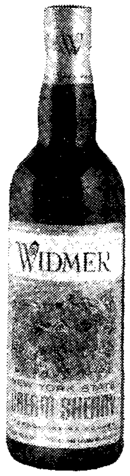
CIAO FABRIZIO

THE fishing village that I'll call Matrani is on the Italian coast near Amalfi. I recently visited a friend who lives there, and found it a quiet place most of the week, because that was off season. Weekends it was lively. Families from Naples, who owned villas on the nearby slopes, poured into the village with their guests and their cars, creating an air of carnival—the air, my friend told me, that characterized the place during the months of July and August. During those months, not only did the Neapolitans occupy their villas continuously but vacationers, both Italian and foreign, crowded the hotels and beaches, and Matrani briefly became a second Capri.

As it was, during the several weeks of my visit the dining terrace of Matrani's best restaurant, La Torre dei Saraceni, was an amusing spot on Friday and Saturday nights. Tables were reserved, and at about nine o'clock the Neapolitans began to arrive—a handsome, decorative set. The ladies, elaborately hairdressed and bejewelled, wore evening gowns that were usually very bright and cut low, and they carried all kinds of scarves and stoles, from chiffon to mink, against the Mediterranean night breeze. The men favored sport shirts, foulards, and cashmere sweaters, above immaculate pastel-colored slacks. Everybody seemed to know everybody. Tables were often placed end to end in advance and decorated with garlands of rambler roses and bougainvillaea to await the arrival of a large party coming from a "cocktail" in one or another of the villas; or two or more tables would be pushed together impromptu as groups, arriving separately, coalesced with shrill cries of surprise. I seldom heard an introduction performed. Once in a while, an Ingegnere So-and-So and his wife—who usually seemed to come from Milan—would be presented by their hostess to her fellow Marchese and Contesse and to the assorted gentlemen, but in general the people who came to the terrace were like an enormous lot of cousins transplanted in a body from adjoining Neapolitan town houses to similarly adjacent villas on a single enclosed estate.

One Friday night at the Torre dei Saraceni, my friend and I found ourselves seated close to a particularly long row of tables set for at least twenty persons and strewn not with the usual garden flowers but with dozens of long-stemmed roses, all of the same beautiful





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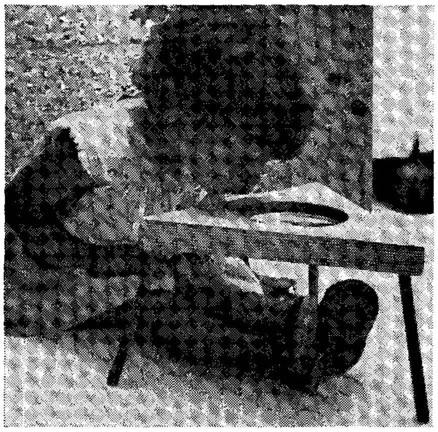

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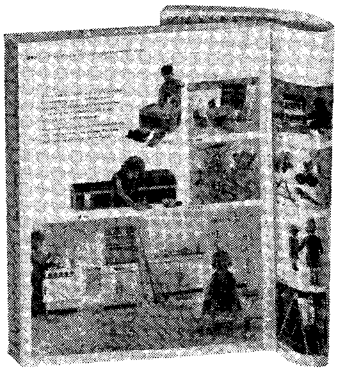

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variety often seen around Naples—creamy yellow petals edged with crimson. "*Uno sposalizio napoletano*"—a Neapolitan wedding—our waiter told us, and we looked forward to seeing some of the usual weekend habitués gathered together to celebrate this further solidifying of their clan. But when the wedding company arrived, quite late, after all other tables were occupied, they were people we had never seen before except for one, known to my friend as the mayor of Matrani. More formally dressed—the men in dark city suits, and some of the older ladies even wearing hats—they had the same air of high fashion as the rest, and, indeed, during the flurry of seating quite a number of people came over from other tables to shake the hands of the happy pair and of the two older couples who were obviously their parents. The visitors would murmur congratulations—we were struck by a marked softening of their Neapolitan voices, during these moments, as contrasted with the rather strident gaiety they displayed among themselves—and would then return to their own tables. Clearly, the members of this wedding party were *per bene*—known and accepted by the titled crowd from the villas—but also they seemed to be in a curious isolation, self-sufficient and self-enclosed.

Not that there wasn't some gaiety at the wedding table. The bride's eyes were red, and her mother's eyes, too—one expects a few red eyes at a wedding—but a half-dozen or so adorable small children, who, we guessed, must have been flower girls and pages at the ceremony, kept jumping down from their chairs and moving happily about the table, getting in the way of the waiters and receiving not scoldings but kisses from their elders. And among the guests seated farthest from the immediate bridal party there was plenty of smiling, gesturing, and calling back and forth.

However, the bride was certainly overwrought. She was a beautiful ash-blond girl, tall, with a splendid carriage and a classic profile, wearing a low-cut café-au-lait-colored taffeta gown. From time to time, she would dab at her eyes with her handkerchief, and at one point she laid her head on the shoulder of her father, next to whom she sat, and held her handkerchief to her eyes as he caressed her and murmured into her ear. The groom seemed to pay no attention to this. He was a small, mean-looking fellow, lacking even the kind of distinction that his tailor had given his suit, the jacket of which was startlingly wasp-waisted and slashed with exagger-

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ated side vents. The widespread white points of his shirt collar emphasized the pinched, almost scrawny quality of his features and the lumpiness of his Adam's apple. He was young, but there was nothing about him that seemed so; he was like an ageless little clerk. He kept up a grave, unsmiling conversation with his parents—the three of them formed a unit within a unit—and he seemed to have a connection with his beautiful bride only when they stood up together to receive someone's congratulations. At one point, the bride's mother rose abruptly and beckoned to two young women of the party, who were perhaps the bridesmaids. They went to the bride, who rose also, and the four of them left the terrace in a cluster. As they passed us, the bride kept her face averted, but we could hear her sob, and when they returned, after what must have been consolation and repair in the ladies' room, her eyes and her mother's were still red. The bridegroom still seemed unconcerned. Nor did any of the Neapolitans at the other tables react to this evident distress. We wondered whether good manners made them pretend to be unaware, or whether to them everything seemed normal.

Meanwhile, on the harborside promenade just under the restaurant terrace where we were sitting, a crowd had been gathering—a larger crowd than the one on most pleasant weekend nights, when the Matranesi and *paesani* from neighboring villages thronged the pavement along the little fishing port until midnight. There was an air of expectancy, and, indeed, our waiter most exceptionally brought us our bill before we asked for it and urged us not to lose any time. "Signori," he said, "the fireworks will begin very soon now, and you'll want to find a good place. The best view will be from the other side of the harbor, and it will take you a little time to push through the crowd." He pointed to the beach, and, through the darkness, we saw that some sort of framework had been erected and that dim figures were putting finishing touches to what looked like improvised rocket-launching pads. After lingering less long than usual over our coffee, we paid and left. The wedding party was drinking champagne. There were raised glasses and exchanges of greetings, but no speeches or toasts. The ladies were primping and fussing with their handbags; the dinner was ending.

THE quayside on the far side of the harbor was crowded when we got there, everyone much interested in the half-dozen smartly varnished motor

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launches that were floating elegantly at the foot of the water steps leading down from the mole. Their boatmen, in caps and striped jerseys, were waiting at the wheels, and three or four local fishermen were on duty at the ropes. People in the crowd were telling each other that the craft had been hired in Amalfi—there was nothing to compare with them for rent in poor Matrani. From here, the fireworks installation on the beach could be seen more clearly; the tilted rocket platforms, and the larger contraption that looked like the skeleton for a big roadside billboard.

Then came the wedding party, a procession more or less in irregular double file, advancing along the waterfront from the Torre dei Saraceni. The bride now carried a pale mink stole. The mayor of Matrani was walking ahead of her, motioning importantly to the spectators to make way, and back and forth along the line of march strode the two local carabinieri, occasionally stretching out their arms as symbolic fences. With a series of roars, the motors of the hired launches sprang to life, a fisherman held the first one close to the quay with a boat hook, and after a little flurry over precedence the wedding party began to embark. As each boat filled, it drew away and waited a dozen yards offshore, and when the last boatload took off, all the motors roared in unison, and the entire flotilla took off into the night. The crowd, which had been murmuring in admiration of the fine gowns and lovely women and general elegance of the party, now burst into cheers and shouts: "*Buon viaggio!*" "*Auguri!*" "*Addio!*" "*Ciao!*"

Where was the party off to, in its hired craft? Were they all returning by water to Naples? Would they split up, the bride and groom going perhaps to honeymoon on Capri, only a few miles away? But the bride and groom had not stepped alone into their launch; their two sets of parents had embarked with them. Maybe they were all just going to Amalfi, where the boats had come from, and where hired limousines or their own cars would take them to different destinations. Considering what my friend and I learned later about this wedding party, there must have been plenty of people in the crowd there on the quay who knew its destination and all the facts concerning it. But in Matrani gossip and speculation are infinitely more fun than accurate statement, and all we heard around us was questions and various guesses. Everybody did know one thing: as soon as the

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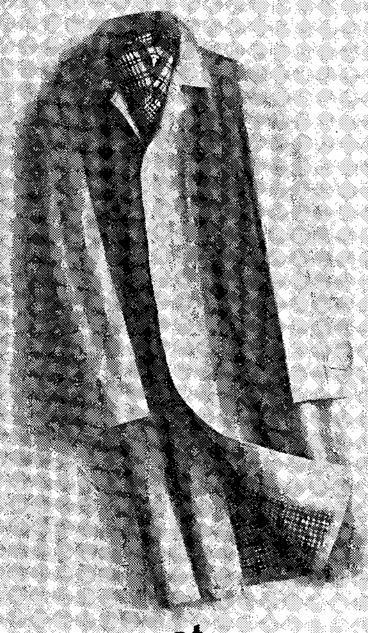

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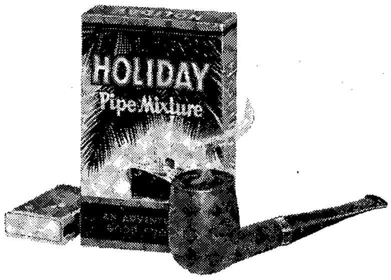

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boats were far enough offshore to get the full effect, the fireworks would begin. And scarcely had the last chug of a motor died away when the first illumination burst out. It was the big framework, the set piece, and after some preliminary spluttering and fizzing it revealed itself as truly a great, glowing signboard. In two lines of glittering live letters it proclaimed its message:

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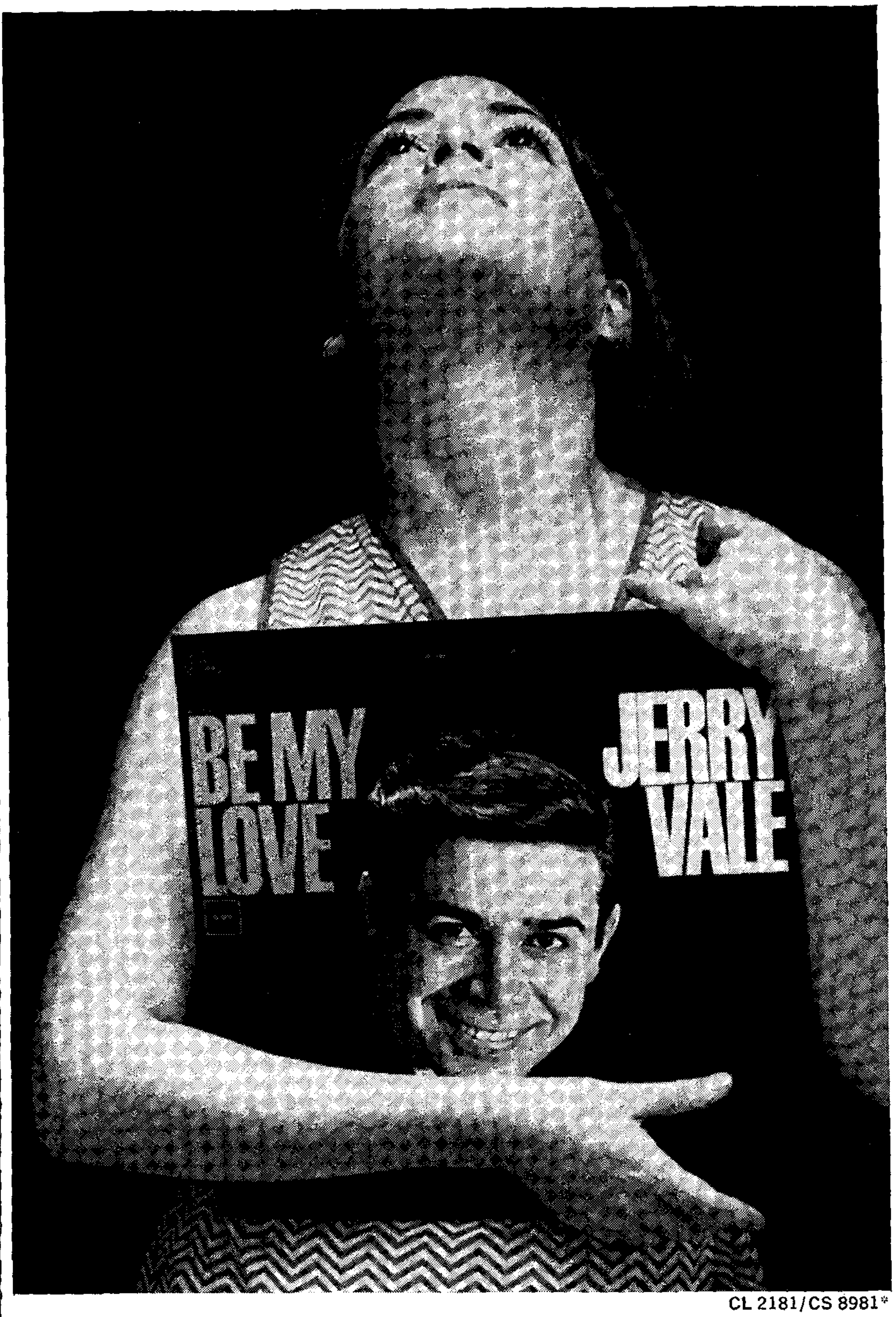
On and on went the display, and on the upper slopes patches of flame kept appearing, only to be doused by watchful householders, who, being true Matranesi, probably did not mind a little charring in return for the fun. Long before the show was over, my friend and I climbed up the steep streets to his house. From his balcony, we saw it end at last in a tremendous aerial bouquet of assorted colors and numerous booms, and, down on the beach—well timed to end with the rest—the gradual fading out of

CIAO ADRIANA
CIAO FABRIZIO

TOWARD noon the next day, Maria, my friend's cook, arrived as usual with a full market basket, ready to make lunch. "Well," she said, "this has been an unusual morning. I've done something I don't do every day. I've been to a wedding."

"You have?" my friend said. "We almost went to one last night. At least, we saw the end of one, and you must have, too. How did you like the fireworks?"

Maria stared at us. "You say you saw the end of a wedding last night?" she said slowly. We were all talking Italian, but for a moment she acted as though my friend's words had been uttered in some strange tongue that she



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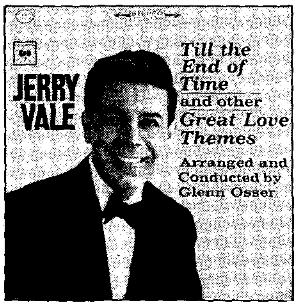
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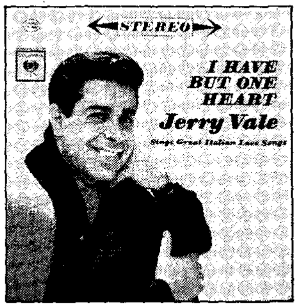

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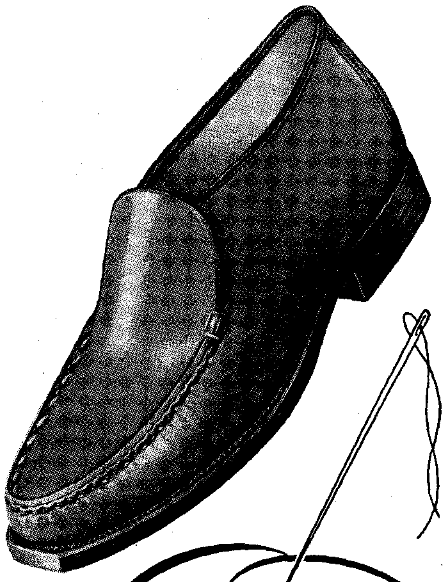

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had to take time to translate. "What did you see?"

We told her about the *sposalizio* dinner at the Torre dei Saraceni, and the departure of the party. "You must have been watching at least the rest of it from somewhere yourself," my friend said. "Certainly you saw the big illuminated sign wishing luck to the bride and groom?"

Maria shook her head. She began a movement of her right hand that looked suspiciously like the start of a sign of the Cross, then stopped it, probably out of courtesy. "You Americans have the strangest ideas about things," she said, gravely. "No wonder we sometimes ask ourselves whether you are *cristiani*. You obviously understood nothing about what took place last night. Nothing. For one thing, who ever heard of an evening banquet *following* a Christian wedding? The real wedding banquet of those people you saw last night is about to take place now—*now*, at any moment, at the Torre dei Saraceni. And besides—"

"But the waiter told us it was a *sposalizio*," my friend said. "And there was that sign—"

"*Momento*," said Maria. "*Prego*." She held up her hand.

If Maria is a privileged character in my friend's house, it is because she is an extraordinary one. A native of Matrani, untravelled beyond Naples except for one great weekend excursion with a group of pilgrims to St. Peter's in Rome, where she saw the Pope, and only fairly literate, she nonetheless possesses an unusual ability to see events in larger contexts. It was a larger context that she proceeded to sketch for us now, after characteristically asking our permission to do so: "*Permettono, Signori, che racconti loro una storia?*"

"*Dica*," said my friend.

And Maria began. "A few years ago in Naples," she said, "when they were widening a street, they came on a big underground cemetery"—"*una catacomba*," she called it, "*un ossario piuttosto, molto antico*"—"that nobody knew was there. It was full of skulls and bones, all neatly arranged on shelves cut out of the rock. The engineers were going to clear it out, do away with it, but the people of the neighborhood were furious, and staged a real war. It was *their* cemetery, they said, even if they'd never known anything about it, and they wanted to keep it. They just invaded the place and refused to budge. The women were especially fierce, but plenty of men joined in, and they defended their cemetery like a fortress, and wouldn't let the work-

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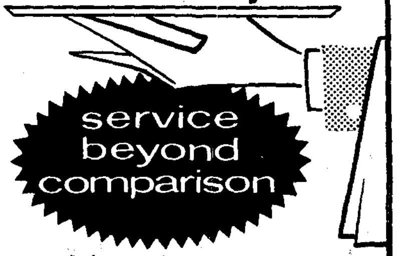

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men touch a thing. They won, too. The engineers gave in. They begged to be allowed to straighten the place a little, saying it really wasn't sanitary, but the citizens said we'll do it ourselves, thank you, just leave us alone. So the engineers built a nice entrance and a door—you can see it any time; it looks like one of the entrances to the Naples subway, the Metropolitana, only smaller—and the neighborhood people did do a wonderful job of making the place neat, rearranging bones that had fallen down over the centuries, and sweeping out the corridors.

"And they set up a kind of lottery in the neighborhood, and, according to the number you picked, you could choose your skull. They were most interested in the skulls, of course, they being more human than the rest of the bones. Each person, you might say, *adopted* the skull he or she chose, and sometimes gave it a name, and some people put glass bells over their skulls with labels on them to keep them private and free from dust. The people go down there and talk to them, and say their prayers in front of them. It's a real curiosity, that cemetery—one of the sights of Naples.

"I went to see it once. One of my cousins told me I shouldn't miss it. And the first thing I saw, that morning down there, was a woman of the neighborhood kneeling on a little cushion she'd brought with her, talking to her skull. The glass bell that had been over it was all moist on the inside, and the woman had taken it off and was drying it with her handkerchief. 'Poor little thing,' she was saying to the skull, 'how you did sweat during the night! We must think of some way to keep you dry. The night sweat is unhealthy, my darling, but never fear, your Concetta will take care of you. Have faith in your Concetta.' And then she began to say an Ave Maria. Up and down the corridors were other women, and men, too, kneeling on cushions in front of their skulls and murmuring to them. I said to my cousin, 'These skulls are so ancient—aren't they the skulls of *pagani*?' And my cousin said, '*Pagani* or *cristiani*, what's the difference? They're all *morti*, and the *morti* all deserve our prayers and love, because they were once just like us.' "

Maria looked at us. It was clear from her look that she had made a point—one that we should have got, or begun to get. But she is a kindly soul, and, quickly deciding, apparently, that clear though her point was to *her*, we might be forgiven for still remaining in the dark, she went on almost at once. "Nea-

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politans do more than just respect the dead, Signori," she said. "They love them, and they have many ways of inviting them to go on living with them. That cemetery my cousin took me to is just one example. There was another example in that dinner and fireworks last night, and in the wedding this morning. Did you really think that the name Fabrizio on the fireworks sign was the name of the bridegroom?"

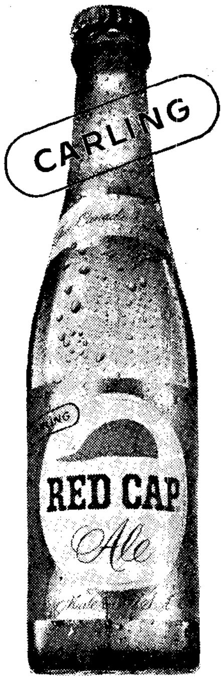
She stopped to enjoy our astonishment.

"Didn't you see how insignificant that little bridegroom was?" she went on. "He's a *barone*, but that doesn't mean much in Naples. Don't you know the story of how one of the old kings of Naples created a hundred or so *baroni* at one sweep, without meaning to? Some tradesmen called on him in a body, at the crack of dawn one morning, with a petition, and they made so much noise in the anteroom that they woke him up. He came out, rubbing his eyes. 'Good morning, *baroni*,' he said sarcastically. 'Thanks for putting me at the top of your list of things to do today.' That was enough for them. They forgot their petition, and every one of them and their descendants called himself *barone* ever after. I think the little *barone* bridegroom must be that kind of a nobleman.

"No, most titles are worth only one thing to a man in Naples—a little money if somebody wants to buy you for his daughter. That's the case in the present instance. The bride's family is very rich. During the war, they left Naples to escape the bombing, and came to Matrani. There were four of them then. The bride was a little girl, of course, and she had a brother a few years older, named Fabrizio. He was killed, here in Matrani, when an Army truck ran over him. He was buried in the cemetery here. Later, the rest returned to Naples, but they come every year to visit his grave, and, being Neapolitans, they naturally wanted him to participate in his sister's wedding. So they came to Matrani to celebrate it. They have no villa here, so they hired a lot of hotel rooms for themselves and their guests, and last night they had the pre-wedding dinner and the fireworks that included Fabrizio. Naturally, the bride was upset, thinking of her brother all the time. She adored him when she was a little girl."

"Where did they go off to in the boats?" my friend asked.

"Only offshore, toward Capri, to look back and see the fireworks," said Maria. "They returned to port after the display was over, and spent the night



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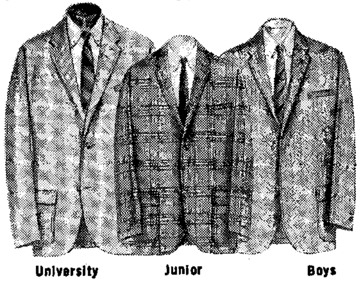

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in their various hotels. By the way, the bride's father is going to have at least one lawsuit on his hands, or anyway a settlement. Donna Teresa, up on the north cliff, wasn't home last night, and when she got back this morning she found a patch of her vineyard burned to cinders by a rocket. Donna Teresa loves her grapes, and she'll expect to be paid for them. But I imagine that rich papa counted on running into some such extra expenses."

That seemed to be the story. But Maria had one more detail to add. "The wedding in the church down below was beautiful this morning," she said. "Lots of flowers, and everybody so dressed up. Naturally, the bride was crying. Especially as they came out of the church. Her father had hired a couple of men to stand outside the church door holding some balloons he'd had made, and as the bride and groom came out the men released the balloons. There were dozens of them, and the wind blew them all over the place, and lots of people grabbed them as souvenirs. Still, a great many of them flew straight up to Heaven, where they were meant to go. Because the bride's father had had something printed on the balloons. A message. Can you guess what it was?"

We got it of course, and Maria nodded. "Yes—'Ciao Fabrizio,'" she said. "I guess they didn't want to take a chance that he hadn't seen the fireworks from so far away."

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*An entry in the general catalogue of the New York Public Library, Forty-second Street Branch*]

Cobbett, William, 1763-1835.

A grammar of the English language, in a series of letters. Intended for the use of schools and of young persons in general; but more especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices, and plough-boys. By William Cobbett. To which are added, six lessons, intended to prevent statesmen from using false grammar, and from writing in an awkward manner. LONDON: W. Cobbett, 1831.

•

Everyone seems to have forgotten that balanced economic growth can take place quite successfully even with moderately falling prices. An outstanding example of prosperity with falling prices occurred between 1925 and 1929, when full industrial activity was maintained with an average drop in wholesale prices of more than 2 per cent a year.—*Henry Hazlitt in Newsweek.*

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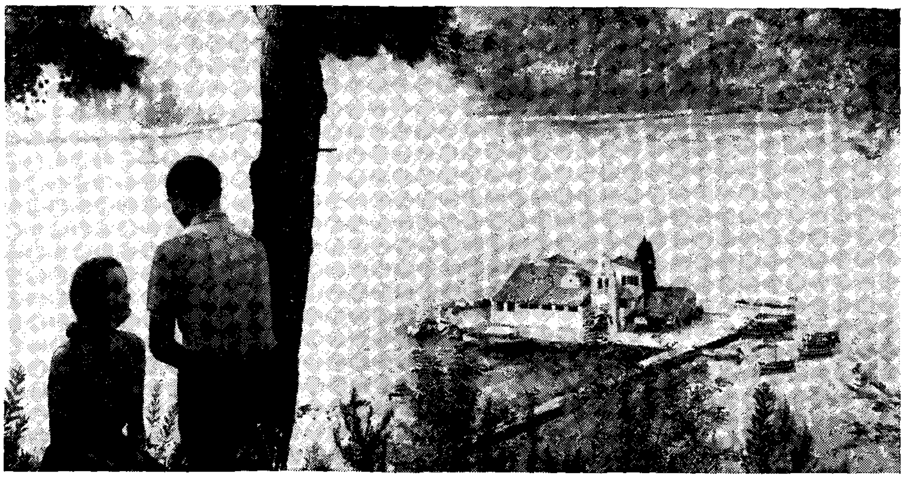

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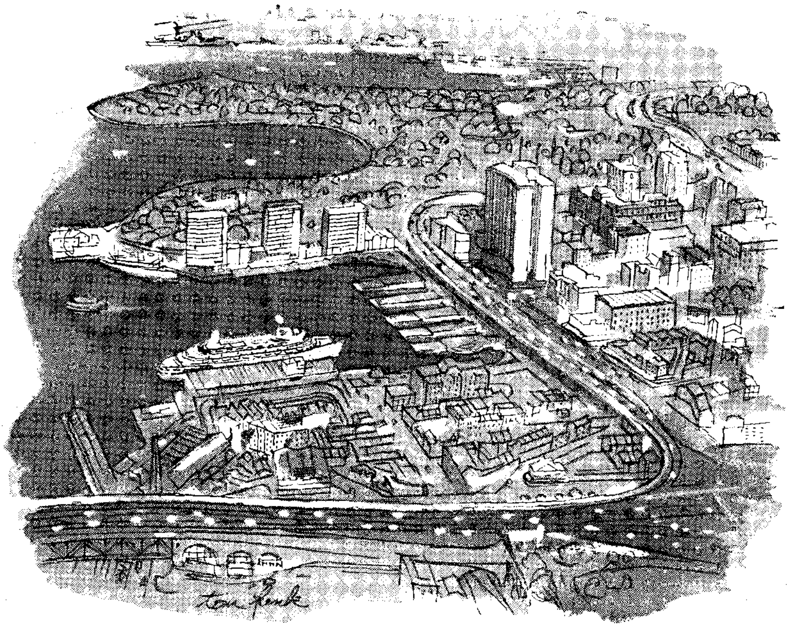

FOR an Australian like me who has lived in Europe for many years, it is a Rip van Winklish experience to return to the native heath. I hardly recognize the place. We were a pretty exclusive lot in the old days before the Second World War—a tight little community of English, Scots, and Irish perched on the edge of a continent nearly the size of the United States—and I don't suppose we saw a non-Australian (or, at any rate, a non-Briton) from one year's end to another. Things moved rather slowly, and always according to the British way of life: cricket in the summer; pounds, shillings, and pence; driving on the left-hand side; and turkey and plum pudding for Christmas dinner, even though the temperature was quite likely to be well over a hundred degrees in the shade. Our architecture was solid Victorian, our furniture (like our clothes) was durable rather than ornate, and our conversation was limited to such subjects as sports, local politics, and the fatstock prices. We also seemed to be permanently short of money. To an outsider, I suspect, we might have seemed a trifle dull.

The places and objects one knew as a child nearly always appear to be smaller and much less dramatic when one returns to them, but in Sydney, on my arrival there this year, everything was the other way about. It was not just that skyscrapers had replaced so many of the two-story buildings, or that the traffic had reached the lunatic proportions you expect in any modern city; it was the people themselves—the way they walked, the polyglot babble of voices in the streets, the feeling of buoyancy and well-being everywhere. When the office workers emerged in the evening, they did not have that slightly deadpan look that usually clouds the face of a man going home after a long day. They had a brisk and expectant air, and many of them, as I discovered later, were not going home anyway; they were going to have a swim in the sea before dinner, or take their boats out for a run in the harbor, or perhaps go on to the restaurants and the dancing haunts in King's Cross, which is the city's Greenwich Village. An acquaintance I ran into in a bank exclaimed, "How can you go on living abroad when you can come and work in an exciting place like this?" It was a somewhat precious remark, and I don't suppose it represents every Australian's point of view, yet there *is* an atmosphere of excitement in the air, a sense of *volonté*, and it is a marked departure from my young days, when everyone dreamed of going abroad and everything that was being done or thought about in Europe was regarded as superior.

Clearly, the foreign migrants have done a great deal toward making these changes. Before the war, Australia had never wanted migrants, and, in fact, went to some lengths to keep them out. But the arrival of the Japanese fleet in the Coral Sea in 1942 put an abrupt end to the notion that seven million people of purely British stock could go on holding an empty continent forever, and for the last fifteen years or so the Australian government has been welcoming all comers from Europe, and even paying their passages. Not only British but Italians, Greeks, Poles, Yugoslavs, Germans, and Dutch have been swarming into the country, and although the population is still only around eleven million, the number of births as well as the intake of new arrivals climbs every year. Sydney and Melbourne, each with more than two million inhabitants, are now two of the largest cities in the Southern Hemisphere.

It so happens that this sudden expansion has been accompanied by a run of good seasons, when high prices have been paid in the world market for wool and wheat, and new oil and mineral deposits have been discovered, and so there has been an economic boom. Even the old isolation is vanishing, since Europe and America can now be reached by air in a couple of days. The situation is not precisely the same as the one in America during the great colonizing days of the nineteenth century, and nobody thinks that Australia can go ahead as far or as fast. Mountains and rivers on the American scale do not exist, the arid center of the continent is still virtually uninhabitable, and it is doubtful whether the country could ever support a population of more than a hundred million. Yet there is a certain similarity to America here in the release of human energy that is taking place—the sudden stirring of the blood that occurs when people move from old and overcrowded regions to a young country with a dry, healthy climate where there is a chance for everyone to start afresh. The migrant can arrive without a penny in his pocket and walk straight into a job at a much higher wage than he would receive in his home country. If he knows anything about farming, he should, with luck and hard work, own a property outright in ten years and be getting a comfortable living from it for himself and his family. There are, of course, complications in this infusion of new blood. Coming, as so many of the migrants do, from an urban background, they have accelerated the drift from the land into the cities (even though they are directed to country jobs when they first arrive); some lose heart and go home, and others will not mix and instead set up minority groups. Melbourne, for instance, has its Italian district, with its own newspapers and Italian movies, and recently there has been a series of quite lethal vendettas, apparently inspired by a local Mafia. On the other hand, the migrants work hard—often harder than the native Australians. There is a story told of a Yugoslav who was employed at one of the government laboratories connected with a rocket-firing project in South Australia. He

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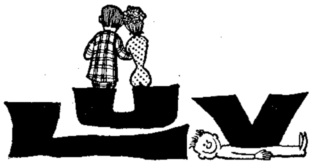

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was an excellent worker—a grinder of lenses by trade—and his boss was delighted when he announced one day that his brother, an equally skilled craftsman, had come to Australia and wanted a job. The new arrival was put on the night shift, and the first brother continued to work by day. Six months went by before it was discovered that the two brothers were the same man. When he was confronted with the matter, the Yugoslav explained that in his own country he had been accustomed to work not an eight- but a ten-hour day, and for six days a week instead of five. It had been no hardship, he said, to go home after a day's work, have a meal and a short sleep, and then come on duty again. However, it is probably in the pull that the migrants exert toward a more sophisticated way of living that they are having their chief effect. In the Australia I used to know, one washed down a cold counter lunch in a pub with a pot of beer, and the evening meal was a routine affair of roast meat, boiled vegetables, English pudding, and tea—a solid diet but not exactly enticing. One hardly ever went to a restaurant. You can now buy all kinds of exotic food, from *dolmas* to a dozen different sorts of bread; small Continental restaurants flourish everywhere; and Australia has become a wine-drinking country—and very good wine it is, too.

There has been a similar change in what one might loosely call cultural affairs. Australians have always been voracious readers—they probably buy as many books per head as the people of any country in the world—but not much interest used to be taken in painting. Nowadays, any young artist of promise—and there are dozens of them—can expect to sell most of his paintings at his first show, and it is nothing for two or even three thousand pounds to be paid for works by Russell Drysdale and the other established Australian artists. Banks and insurance companies, which once could think of nothing but marble, now commission murals and groups of statuary, and every provincial town wants a museum or a concert bowl. The new Sydney opera house is an astonishing undertaking. The builders have already been at work on it for five years, but nobody seems to know when it will be completed or how much it is going to cost; certainly the original estimate of five million pounds will be a long way short of the total sum required. But none of this seems to matter very much; whenever more money is needed, the govern-

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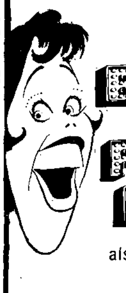

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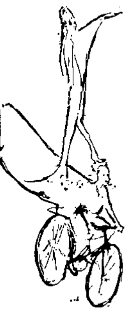

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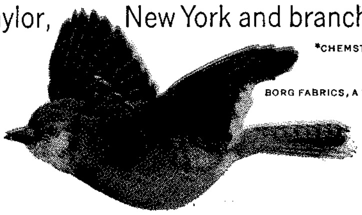

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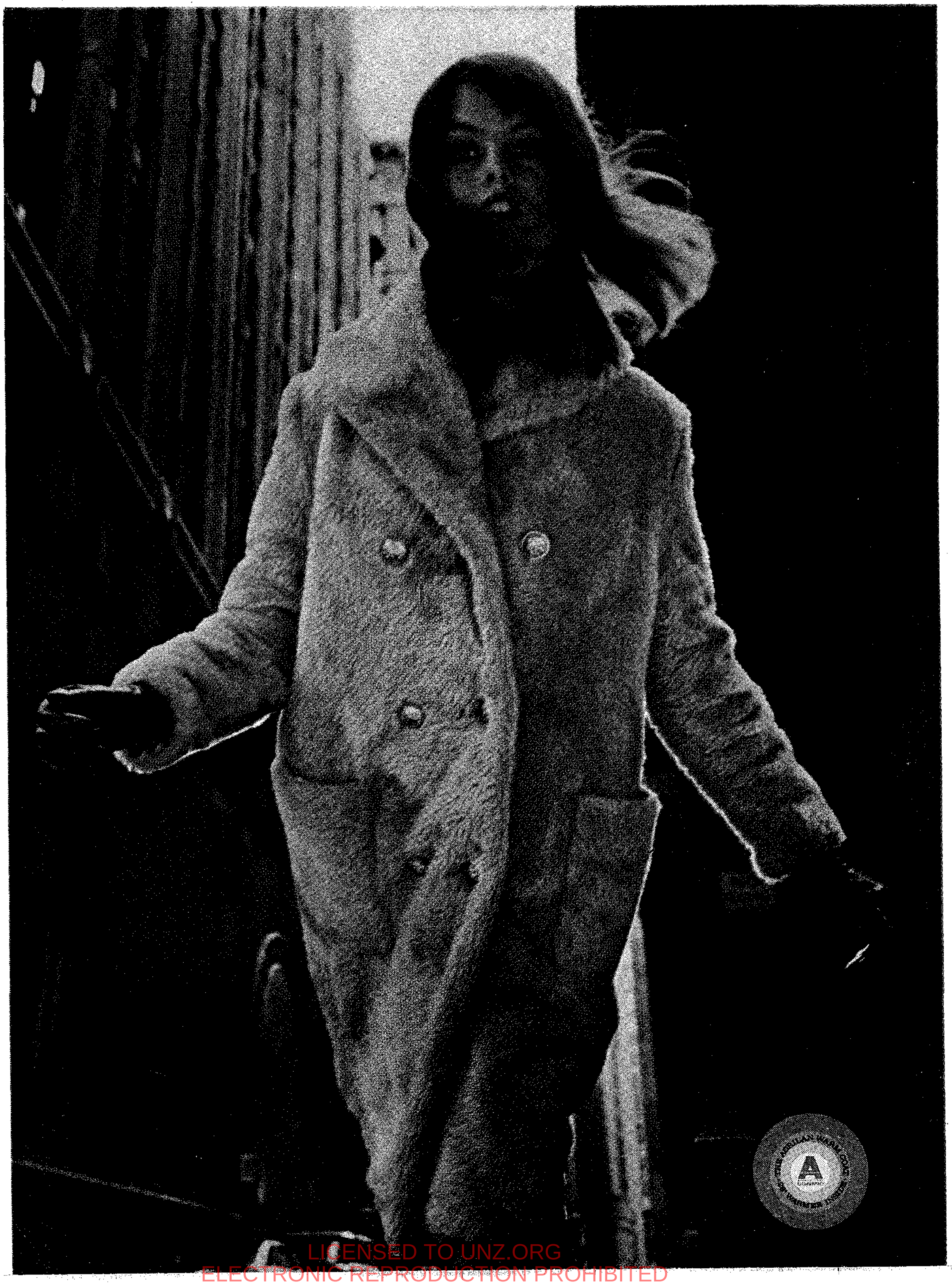

ment launches another state lottery, and Sydney people, like the inhabitants of one of those towns with an uncompleted cathedral in the Middle Ages, have grown used to living in the shadow of a vast edifice that year by year slowly pushes its way upward into the sky. In the end, they believe, they will possess the most spectacular building in the Southern Hemisphere, and indeed this may well be so, for it is like no other man-made structure on earth. Twelve huge concrete shells in the shape of yachting sails will rise to a height of two hundred and thirty-one feet near the edge of the famous harbor, and beneath this unconventional, serrated roof will be not one but four separate theatres. Sydney is a city that is passionately addicted to yachting (it is the home port of Gretel, the twelve-metre racer that went over to challenge for the America's Cup two years ago), and on any good day, especially on a weekend, a thousand small boats skim about the harbor. Thus, the new opera house is really an extension of the existing scene, and it ought to make a fine sight when it is silhouetted against the harbor bridge and the tall city buildings that rise up on the hills behind. One wonders, of course, whether orchestras, conductors, and performers of sufficient calibre can be lured to Australia to justify so grandiose a building, and whether large enough audiences will be found. But these problems lie in the future; the main idea in the minds of the city fathers (not all of them, incidentally; some of them loathe the whole conception) was apparently to create something new and grand and exciting and then see how it worked out. Melbourne, not to be outdone, is erecting a new university as well as a cultural center that will include an art gallery, several underground theatres, and a copper spire almost large enough to rival the Eiffel Tower. Then again, this autumn (autumn being in March) Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, staged a festival of arts that would have been quite impossible a few years ago. It lasted two weeks and was a wholly delightful occasion. South Australia grows some of the best Australian wine, its autumn sunshine is benign, and Adelaide is still small enough to allow a glimpse of the bush at the ends of the city streets. Thus, one strolled in a pleasant glow from "Henry V" in a tent theatre to Verdi's "Macbeth" in the opera house, and on to a performance by a troupe of dancers brought down from the Philippines. There were plays by Tennessee Wil-

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liams and by the Australian novelist Patrick White, and exhibitions by the three major Australian painters—Drysdale, Arthur Boyd, and Sidney Nolan. A new ballet was presented by Robert Helpmann, and Heather Harper was the soloist in Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem." Many people drove hundreds, or even thousands, of miles from the other states to attend these performances.

The same sort of stirring is taking place on the land itself. Everywhere one goes, one hears of ambitious schemes, which, on this dry continent, are usually concerned with water. The Snowy River, which once flowed into the Pacific, has been made to turn around and run through a series of tunnels into the interior of Victoria and New South Wales. Not only water but electric power is being provided by great chains of artificial lakes, and on the coast of the far northwest, where there are exceptionally high tides, plans are being made to harness the sea; the rising and falling water will pass through turbines and, for the first time, bring electric power to that virtually uninhabited area, which is somewhat bigger than Texas. Elsewhere, pipelines hundreds of miles long take water from the coastal rivers into the arid center, and everyone speaks of the day when nuclear power will make it possible to convert sea water into fresh water on a very large scale. Meanwhile, thousands of square miles of scrub and bush are being cleared and converted into grassland every year, and the sheep and the cattle edge their way farther and farther into regions that were once regarded as next to worthless. And everywhere, even in the hottest deserts, prospecting teams equipped with planes and travelling workshops are out on the search for more oil and minerals. Only the climate seems to have remained unchanged, and along the eastern and the southern coasts it is superb. Since snow never falls and the sunshine seldom fails, almost everyone takes to the outdoor life—to picnic in the bush, to swim for six months of the year, to play every kind of outdoor game, to watch football or go racing, to make a garden, to drive off to open-air movies at night. For three thousand miles along the coasts of Queensland and New South Wales, from the rain forests and tropical islands in the north to the dairy-farming country in the far south, you can hardly fail to find a good beach or a wooded inlet wherever you go, and it is quite likely to be deserted. There is a sparkling, effervescent quality about the great rollers that come in

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from the Pacific, and in recent years the sport of surfing has become a mania. Man-eating sharks swim in these seas, and you have to look out for them, but that does not prevent the Sydney people from pouring out of the city to the beaches in the hundreds of thousands on every fine summer day. "Summer is not a time to work," one girl told me seriously. "I never take a job in summer." Australians do work, of course—in short bursts, possibly as hard as anyone, and on the land very hard indeed—but almost half the population is under thirty years of age, and if a man loses or gives up his job he knows he can always find another.

THIS, then, one says to oneself, is the good life. It may be a little restless and a little lacking in discipline, but it is certainly bracing, and the people are healthy and very friendly. One could hardly imagine a psychologist's finding a living in this fresh wind. And yet, when one has been in Australia a short time, one becomes aware that tensions do exist, and that there are quite a number of complications in this scene that at first appears so confident and so buoyant. One discovers, for example, that the original Anglo-Saxon core is fighting a quite effective rearguard action to maintain the old austerities. Nearly everywhere, it is the descendants of the first settlers who own the most valuable land; they run the politics and the banks, and at their dinner tables you are not yet likely to meet a "New Australian," whether he is an Italian or a Greek. In Melbourne, the capital of the rich state of Victoria, they are only now getting around to the idea of allowing newspapers to be published on Sunday, and the pubs still close at 6 P.M. Melbourne, it is true, has always been the stronghold of conservatism, and its inhabitants appear very willing to sacrifice a certain amount of *joie de vivre* in return for comfortable security. Australians in other states growl about the backwardness and stodginess of Melbourne, but no one doubts its power. The great wool-brokerage firms and many of the trading banks and mining concerns have their headquarters there; its men's clubs are very influential; and it is generally conceded, even by the larger and much more volatile city of Sydney, to have kept its grip on federal politics and finance. Both the federal Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, and his party second-in-command, Mr. Harold Holt, live in Melbourne. In many other ways—and not only in Melbourne—one detects the

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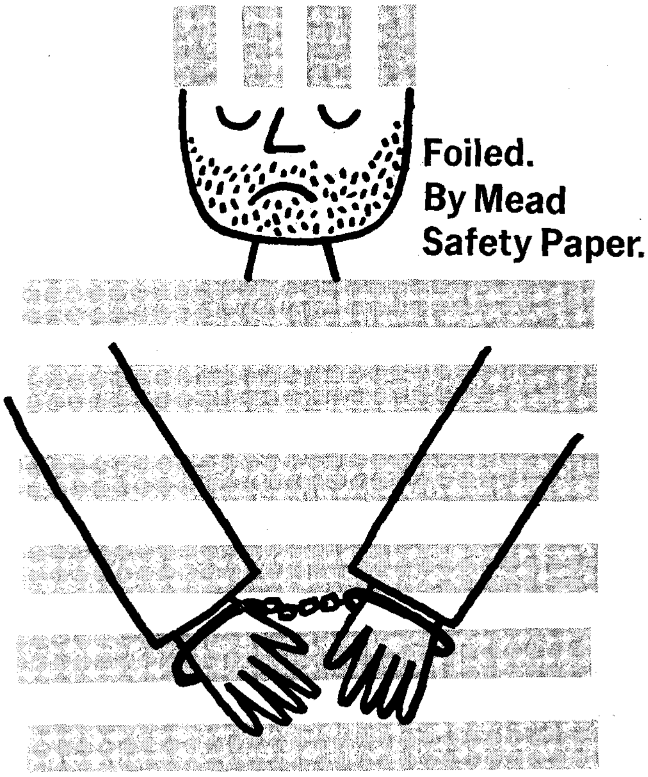

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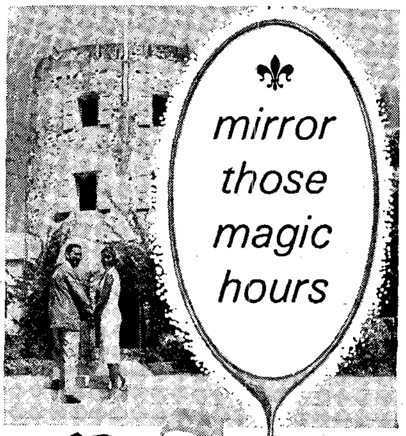
old conservatism at work. "Lolita," "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and, of course, "Fanny Hill" are still banned all over Australia, and Victoria (which once jailed a local author for obscenity) has added Mary McCarthy's "The Group" to the list. The color bar is still more severe. Despite the influx of white migrants, there is no question whatever of the doors' being opened to the colored races, even though they may be members of the British Commonwealth, and the ban on the Asians—on Chinese, Japanese, and Indonesians—is also absolute.

The traditional connection between Australia and Britain and the British Royal Family is another odd phenomenon. All the weightier evidence suggests that the connection is weakening at just about the same rate as Australian prosperity is growing. Japan, not England, is now the biggest buyer of Australian wool; China, since the famine, has been going to Australia for wheat; and because trade with Britain is declining, Australia looks more and more to her neighbors in the Pacific for markets. The impact of America, through films and television, is very great, and there is considerable American investment in such concerns as the Mount Isa copper mines and the recently discovered Moonie oil field, in Queensland. The British connection, on the other hand, has received two major political knocks—one during the war, when Australia had to rely on the American fleet to stave off the Japanese invasion, and the other more recently, when the British made it clear that they were looking to the Common Market rather than to the Commonwealth. All these things have led to a whittling away of British ideas and customs; even the time-honored pounds, shillings, and pence are soon to be discarded in favor of the decimal system. It is also true that the Queen's occasional visits to Australia are no longer the progresses in the grand manner that they used to be; it is curiosity and the ordinary human desire to see a show, rather than reverence or emotional loyalty, that make the crowds line the route of the procession.

Yet underneath all this there is a strong current running the other way. One would have thought that the European migrants would be the first to reject the British influence, but in point of fact this has not been so. Probably because they wish to identify themselves with Australia as quickly as possible, they toil over the English language, they throw themselves into the local sports, which are English sports,



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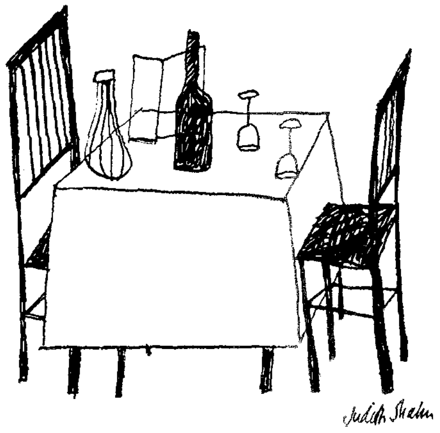
and their children throng the state schools and the new universities, where they study English literature and English history, and learn science in the English way. Moreover, there is a continuous injection of British blood; every year, fifty per cent of the arriving migrants are from England, Scotland, and Wales. These people naturally tend to join hands with the Anglo-Saxon stock who first settled in the country and who are quite proud of their British origins. It is still something of a status symbol in Australia to have a British name. Undeniably, one tends to hear more criticism of England than of America here, but that is probably because the Australians feel closer to the English than they do to the Americans, and therefore more entitled to express their opinions about them. The Americans are liked for their friendliness, their generosity with money, and their reputation for efficiency in going ahead with new ideas—in other words, for their contemporariness. The English, who are thought to be somewhat lacking in these qualities, are liked for their traditions.

What seems to be the real heart of the matter is: How do you keep a balance between the old and the new? How do you insure that the good is not swept away with the bad in the headlong rush of events? Some of the people I have met feel that much of the original flavor of Australian life is being crushed by the heavy hand of prosperous standardization. Admittedly, the Victorian buildings erected in the days of the gold rush are not very inspiring, yet the stone-built homesteads of the early settlers were agreeable places to live in, and there was a great charm about the wide verandas, with their wrought-iron balustrades, that used to line the city streets. These verandas and the high ceilings of the rooms made the buildings very cool. Nowadays, the upended-cigar-box school of architecture dominates the



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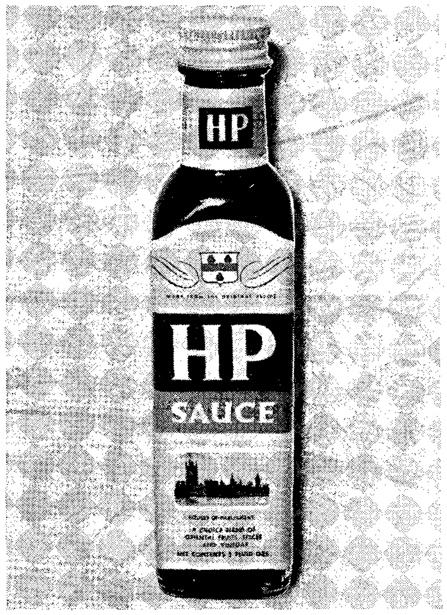

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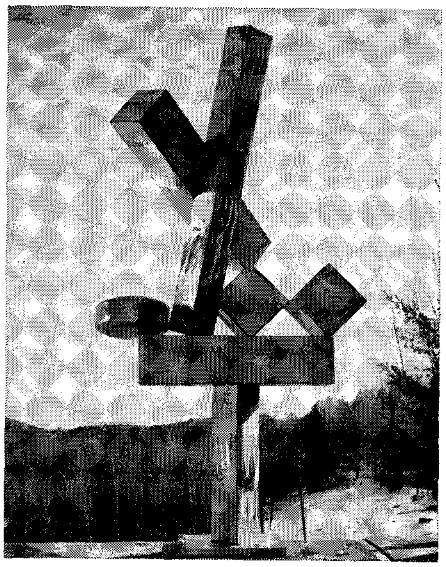
skyline, and the hot Australian sun falls directly on unshaded walls of concrete. The fact that these stark, functional designs have been adopted in every other country is no real explanation of why something more suitable to the wide spaces of Australia has not been attempted—something a little more imaginative, like the Sydney opera house. It is sad, too, that prosperity should have hit Australia at a time when the science of town planning is still without much authority. At this moment, when the whole world is grappling with the problem of how to keep traffic out of cities, Perth, the capital of Western Australia, is leading highways into its very center, and part of its beautiful waterfront is being converted into a parking lot. In Melbourne, the situation is even worse, and in Sydney, a city that is built around a harbor and thus has a God-given highway that costs nothing to maintain, they are thinking of suppressing the delightful and efficient ferries in favor of more roads and bridges. The changing of the old life in the outback excites at least a passing pang, although no one will much regret the replacement by motels of many of the old bush pubs, which were often no more than squalid drinking shops. The great cattle and sheep stations, with their family homesteads, are now being taken over by city companies and run by managers who use planes and jeeps instead of horses, and the bearded boss of other days has become a trim accountant. Then again, not everyone approves of the demolishing of the Queensland tropical rain forests, which have stood for centuries, or of the unlimited clearing of the bush in the interests of private business. The aborigines who once had some natural hunting rights in these areas have long since been driven off, and now it is the turn of the wildlife to go. One is amazed how quickly and completely it vanishes. On a journey I made from Sydney around the southern coast to Perth, a distance of some three thousand miles, not a wild animal stirred—not so much as a single kangaroo. The kangaroos that used to run here in vast droves have been driven inland, where professional hunters kill them at the rate of a million or more every year. The carcasses are sold for pet food. In many places, the pastoralists insist that the kangaroos are not decreasing and that they are doing great damage by eating the grass grown for sheep. This may well be so, yet no prudent man would wager half a decimal pound on the animals' chances of survival over the next hun-



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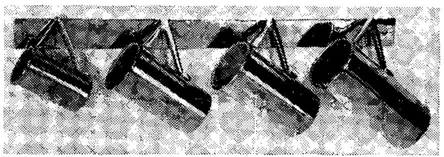

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dred years—unless, of course, game reserves are set aside for them. Australia's strange and beautiful birds have, perhaps, a better prospect, even though they are being shot up rather badly by the Italian migrants, and though the eggs of the fish-eating species, such as the pelicans, are regularly destroyed by fishermen whenever they are found. Things are not much better at sea; in the last few years, the humpback whale, which used to cruise up the coast of Western Australia, has been practically exterminated, and what remains of the sperm whales off the southern coast cannot long survive.

I have spent the last few days of my trip at a place called Esperance, in the southwestern corner of the continent. On this savage and beautiful coast, the Southern Ocean rolls in directly from the Pole, and the wind, mounting up the cliffs, rushes across a flat and featureless landscape that stretches away as far as the eye can see. A low scrub covers the land, and in the spring the wild flowers are marvellous, but in general it is a harsh, dry country, and it supports no trees of any size. Yet once there must have been forests here, for one comes on pink salt lakes, and in the limestone around them are the fossilized remains of timber and of many prehistoric animals, such as the giant wombat and the giant kangaroo. Esperance has a lively history, dating back to the earliest days of Australian exploration, and for many years the Kalgoorlie gold miners, coming down from the blistering plains three hundred miles to the north, have used it as a holiday place where they can get a breather by the cool sea. However, nothing very exciting or hopeful happened at Esperance in this present century until a few years ago, when an American syndicate arrived and bought up an enormous tract of land. Bulldozers are now clearing away the scrub, and the barren earth is being sown with grass and chemical fertilizers. Farmhouses are springing up everywhere, cattle and sheep have appeared, and soon the fields will sweep away to the horizon. Once or twice a year, the owners of the syndicate fly down from Honolulu to see how things are getting on. These men are bankers, accountants, and ecologists—experts at the business of financing the metamorphosis of deserts into gardens—and each of them, as he steps from the plane, carries with him a portable computer. At the board meeting where the local manager produces his report, these little machines click away merrily, and all the surrounding scene—the wild ocean, the fossil deposits, the sweeping plain, the

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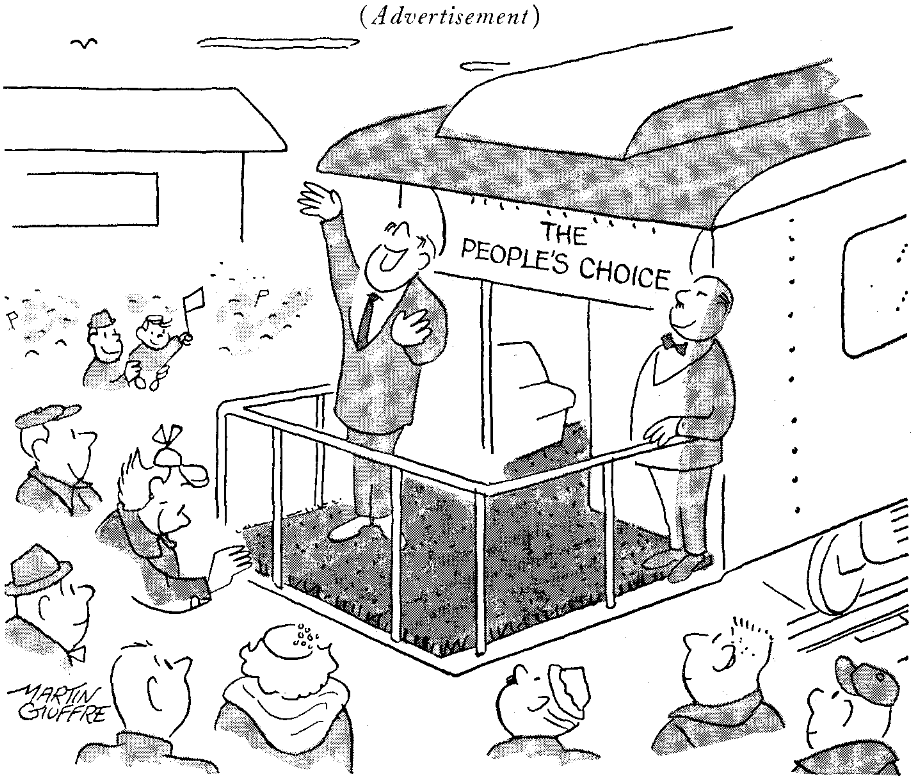

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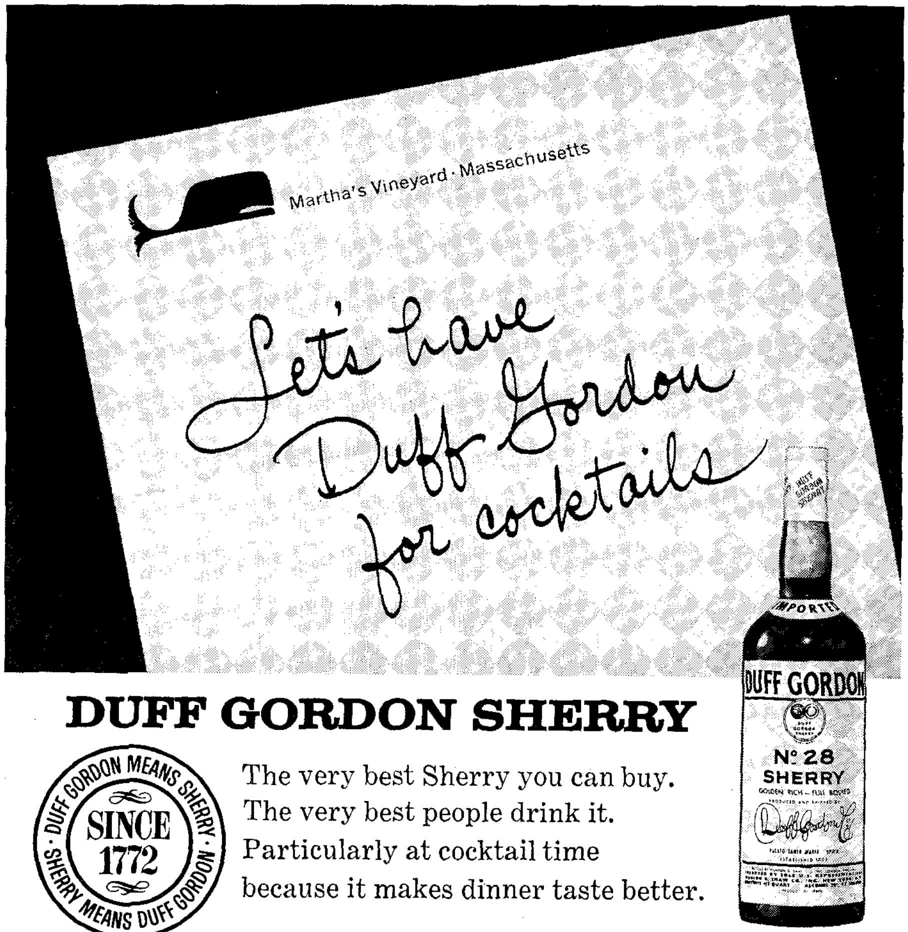
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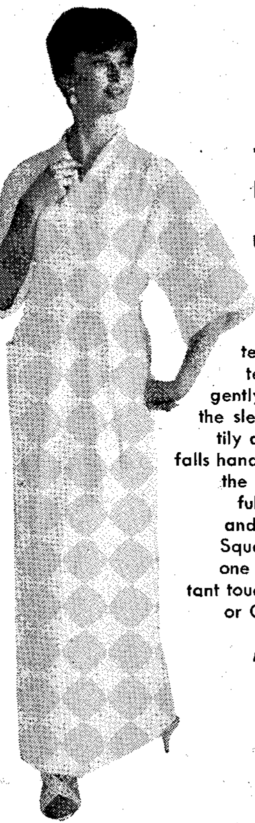

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winter rain, perhaps even the future pattern of Australia itself—is reduced to a set of manageable digits.

The middle-aged expatriate—or the middle-aged patriot, for that matter—cannot help contemplating these proceedings with a certain awe, and it is a rather reluctant awe. He can hardly disapprove; after all, *we* once railed against the dreariness of life in Australia—against its provincialism, its refusal to experiment. And yet one wonders if the unrelenting promotion of the human species is the absolute solution to existence, in Australia or anywhere else. Somewhere along the way, one occasionally wants to call a halt—to see the kangaroo bounding across the uncultivated plain, to walk among trees that are not due to be cut down next week, to be not one of an anthill but an ant alone. The point comes up strongly in Australia, because you can still get a glimpse here of the primitive past—of the bush at the end of the city street—and the country may not yet be entirely committed to the comfortable, artificial uniformity that bedevils so many other places in the world. Heaven knows, it's big enough and empty enough; anything can happen.

—Alan Moorehead

•

ON AESTHETICS, MORE OR LESS

I moved, to keep the moon
in its matrix of elm boughs un-
closeting into faint aigrettes
and stars like some thirty-ton
poised peacock or heron,

but both of them got away:
the moon into clear sky,
elm into darkness. Per-
haps, on analysis, I
was reminded of Hokusai—

some print of profiling hill,
with moon in an interval
of catkin and twig—like him,
or like Joshua in the vale
of Ajalon wanting a full

grasp of this opposition,
since elms will be sawdust soon
of the beetle that's at the heart,
and the moon's privileged, an-
cient halo could yet wink on

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But I think it was merely a sane
satisfaction by contraries.
They do say only the lun-
atic stares at the bare moon.

—Peter Kane Dufault

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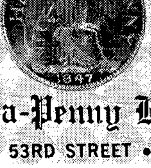

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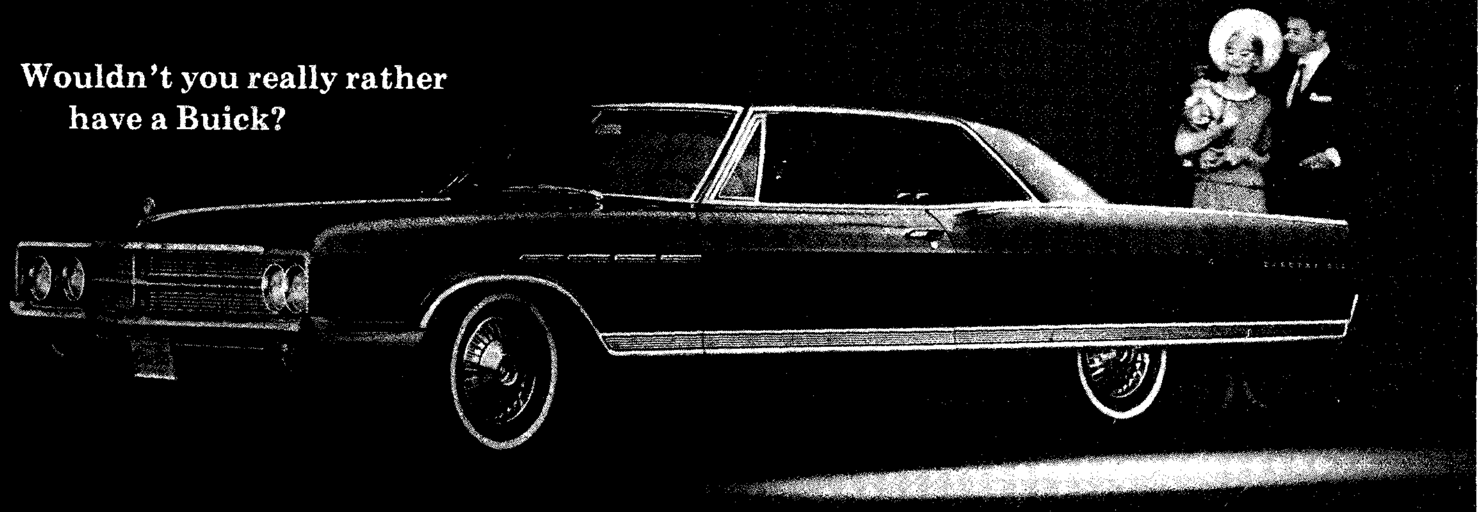

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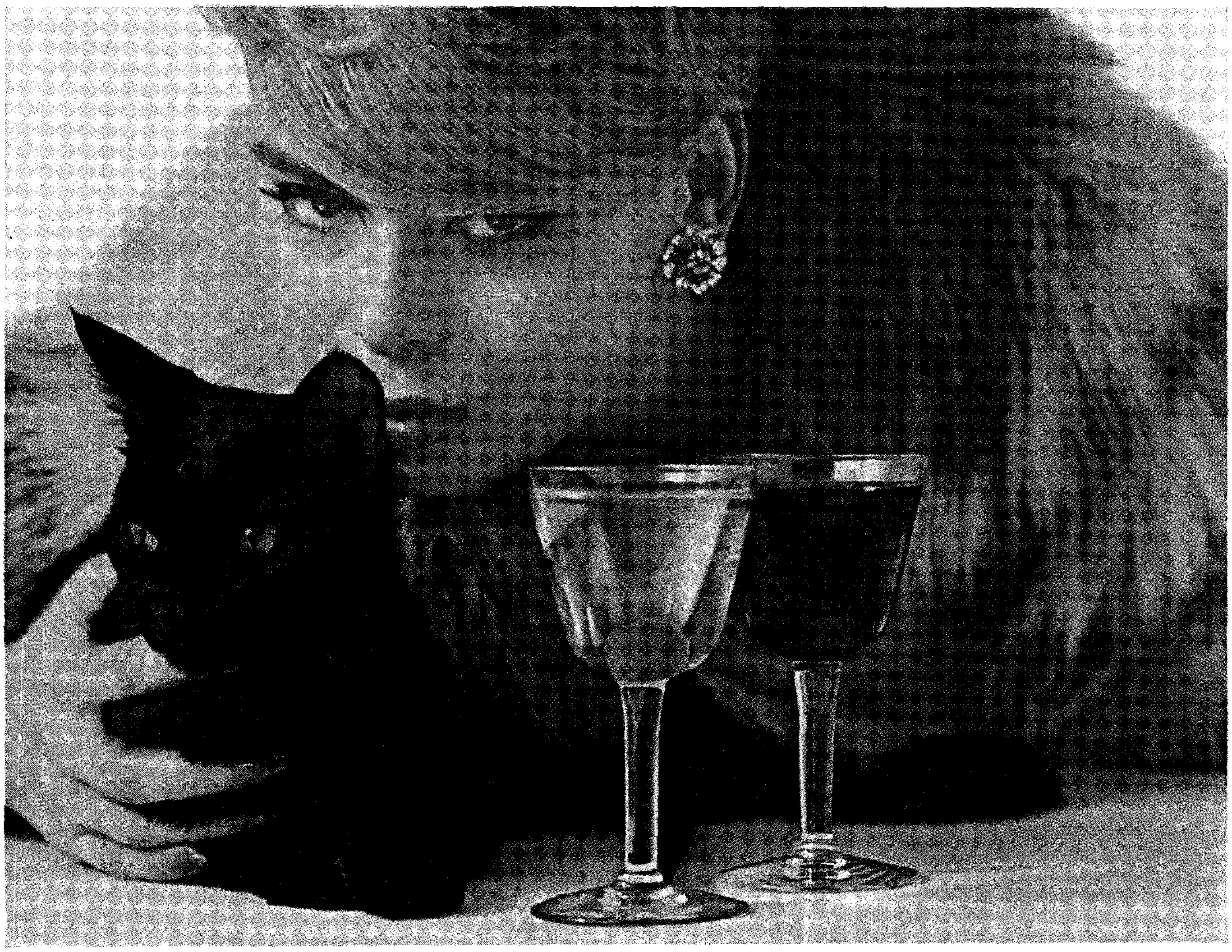

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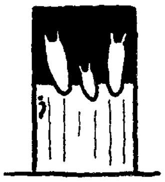
Gun Bow by a Whisker



AFTER the most dramatic struggle hereabouts this season—or, indeed, in many a season—Gun Bow beat Kelso by the shortest of noses in the Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. Quadrangle was third, four lengths behind; Guadalcanal came in fourth, a further twenty-five away; and Colorado King, the horse from South Africa, who was the only other starter, was beaten a furlong. Once more, all the applause in the paddock was for Kelso, who looked sleek, fit, and as unconcerned as ever, and it continued during the parade to the post in the warm sunshine of a fine afternoon. On appearance, however, Quadrangle was the pick of the lot in the preliminary canter. Gun Bow also looked at his best, but Colorado King, whom I had never seen before, struck me as a rather ungainly animal. As in the Aqueduct Stakes last month—when, as everyone remembers, Kelso beat Gun Bow—Gun Bow was first out of the gate, but this time Kelso wasn't so far behind, and it was soon evident that the race was going to be between those two and nothing else was going to have a chance. Kelso began his run leaving the far turn, and as he bore down on Gun Bow, the roar from the stand (fifty-one thousand horseplayers can make a lot of noise) grew in volume, seeming to reach its peak as the two went stride for stride on the turn for home. Then, in the straight, Kelso got his head in front, increased his lead to a long neck, and the race seemed over, but in the last fifty yards Gun Bow came on again, and as the two horses flashed past the post, nobody could tell which had won. Harry Albert, who bought Gun Bow last winter, watched the Woodward from a vantage point near mine, and he was as uncertain about it as I was. In the paddock minutes later—it seemed an unconscionable time before the numbers went up—I met Eddie Neloy, who trains Gun Bow, and he shook his head mournfully and muttered, "That was a tough one to lose." Incidentally, the photograph of the finish clearly showed Gun Bow the winner, if only by a hair.

Blum, who rode Gun Bow, deserves full marks for the victory. He rode as skillfully in this one as he had ridden

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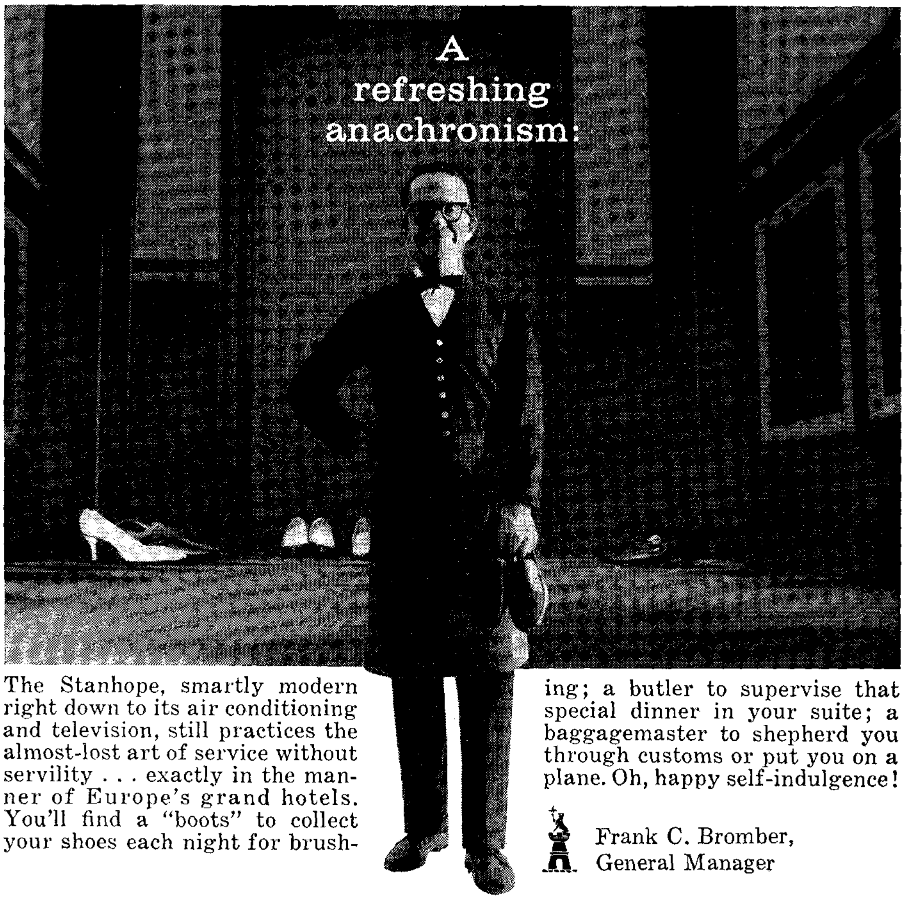

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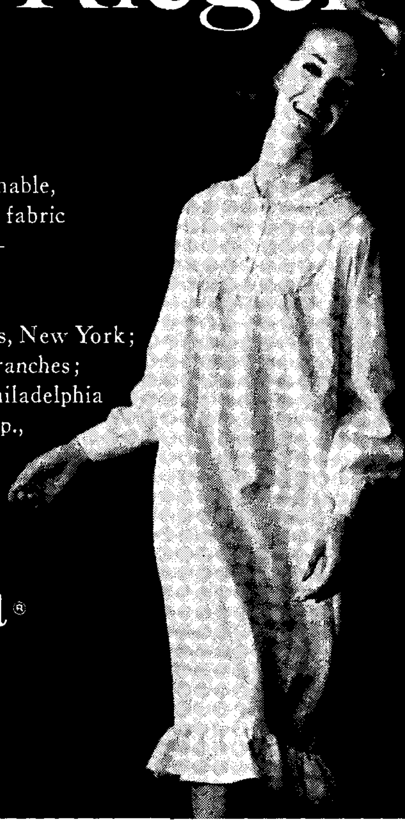

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badly in the Aqueduct Stakes. Although Kelso didn't win the Woodward, I'd say that he has never run more gallantly, for he showed speed, stamina, and courage to a high degree. It's true that he lugged in toward the rail in the closing strides, and perhaps if he hadn't he might have kept his head in front. In my opinion, what really made the difference at the end was that Kelso is seven years old and Gun Bow is four. Anyhow, it was a great race. I wish they'd finished in a dead heat.

ONLY two other races at Aqueduct last week were worth remembering. One was the Discovery Handicap, for three-year-olds, at a mile and a furlong, won by Roman Brother. In this one—a tune-up for next week's Lawrence Realization Stakes—the game little runner from Harbor View Farm had none the best of it; he was blocked and boxed in twice in the early running, but he found racing room in the final quarter and was up in the last jump to beat Lt. Stevens, to whom he gave twelve pounds, and Twice as Gay, to whom he gave sixteen. Hill Rise faded out of the picture early, and Knightly Manner was never in it. The other event was the Astarita Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at seven furlongs. In this, Queen Empress, although she had never shown the earmarks of a stayer, went to the post a heavy favorite. No doubt the double glamour of being a daughter of Bold Ruler and being owned by the successful Wheatley Stable influenced horseplayers. Well, to my surprise, she led most of the way, and passed the post a nod ahead of I Deceive, with Admiring third. Unfortunately for her backers, Queen Empress had bumped I Deceive as they came down the homestretch together. An inquiry followed, and Queen Empress's number was taken down and I Deceive was moved up into first place, paying $170.60 in the mutuels.

THIS, my program tells me, is the Belmont at Aqueduct autumn meeting. Colonel Martingale says that even so the old place hasn't changed a bit. —AUDAX MINOR

◆

SIR,—My great-grandfather was Lord Chief Justice of England.

My grandfather was a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary.

My father is a High Court Judge.

I am Sir Charles Romer's cousin.

Yours faithfully
DAMIEN RUSSELL
Brook House, Storrington, Sussex.

—Letter in the London Times.

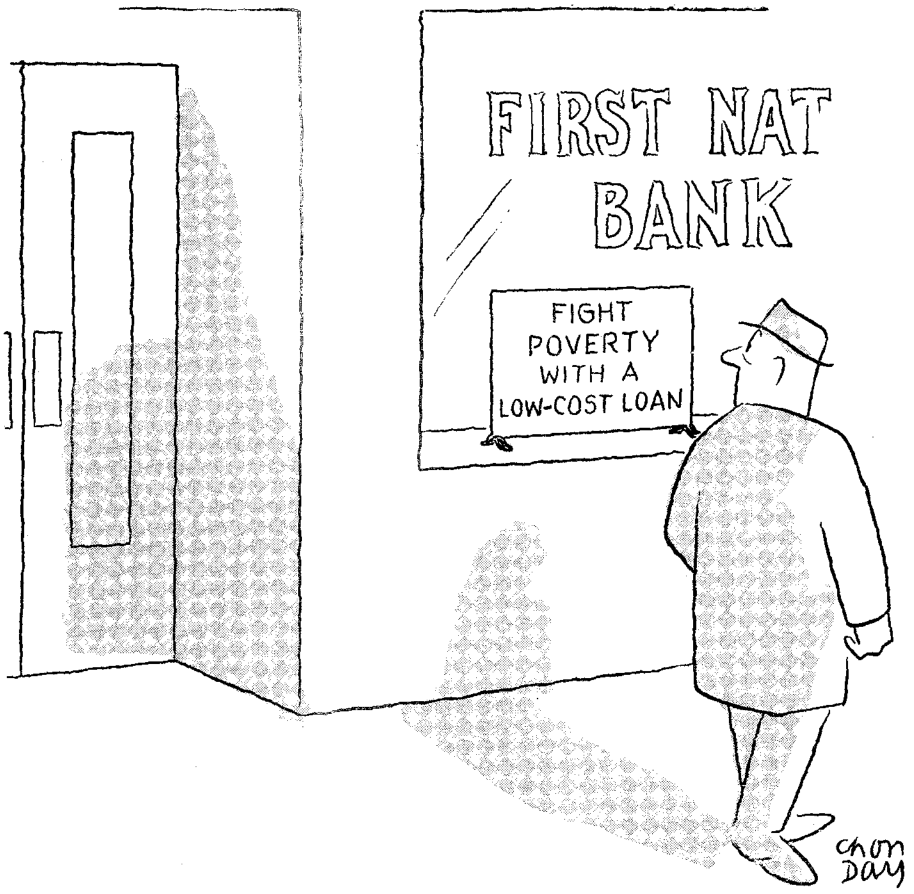
What are your plans?

BOOKS

Bright Phoebus' Shaft

TENNYSON has described how, as a boy, he went down to a lonely quarry near his father's rectory, scratched "Byron is dead" in the sandstone with a stick, and sat a long time blankly staring at the words. When Rupert Brooke died of septicemia—the result of a dirty mosquito bite's felling a constitution weakened by sunstroke—on board a French hospital ship, the Duguay-Trouin, where he had been transferred in a serious state from the Grantully Castle, which was carrying him and his unit of the Royal Naval Division toward Gallipoli, the news struck his friends in England with the same sense of incredulous shock. It was April, 1915. The quiet death in Trebuki Bay, on the southern side of the island of Skyros, ended a life that had lasted exactly twenty-seven years eight months and twenty days. Old Henry James, hearing the news, bowed his head, murmured, "Of course, of course," and wept. On the edge of the shambles that was to come, it seemed natural that death, in this almost gently absent-minded way, should begin with the best. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, characteristically found time in the acutely anxious moments of waiting for news of the Gallipoli landings to take up his stick and scratch his own grief. "Rupert Brooke is dead," begins his emotional tribute in the *Times*, which focussed the distracted national gaze and started the process of walling up the man inside the collective myth. It ends, "Joyous, fearless, versatile, deeply instructed, with classic symmetry of mind and body, he was all that one would wish England's noblest sons to be in days when no sacrifice but the most precious is acceptable, and the most precious is that which is most freely proffered." A few days later, in a very different mood of angry disgust with "the fatuity of it all," D. H. Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell his more pagan interpretation of the sacrifice: "He was slain by bright Phoebus' shaft—it was in keeping with his general sunniness—it was the real climax of his pose. . . . Bright Phoebus smote him down. It is all in the saga."

The saga was indeed inexorably unfolding. Not long before the Grantully Castle steamed toward Skyros, Brooke's war sonnets had appeared in *New Numbers*, the magazine started by Lascelles Abercrombie, and had instantly become a sensational success. To the first of what were to be hundreds of thousands of readers, often not intellectually conditioned to poetry, they seemed a readily comprehensible voice saying something that exactly fitted the need of the moment. It was one of those rare, perfect accidents of time and talent that sometimes throw writer and public into each other's arms. Soon the American photographer Sherril Schell supplied the voice with a remarkable face—the famous naked-shouldered profile portrait ("Very shadowy and ethereal and poetic . . . I think it's rather silly," Brooke's down-to-earth comment had been at the time it was taken), which became the frontispiece of the "1914" volume of poems. It was also the model, later on, for Havard Thomas's and Eric Gill's memorial medallion in Rugby Chapel, where Brooke, showing a fellow-Kingsman, Hugh Dalton, around his old school in 1908, had pointed to a bare spot beside the tablet to the poet Arthur Hugh Clough and remarked, "They are keeping that for *me*." The face—perhaps more extraordinary then than in these present days of monotonous beauty, male and female, magnified to the last pore on wide screens—became part of the growing romantic legend. Rupert Brooke was himself to be identified as bright Phoebus—the "young Apollo, golden-haired," of Frances Cornford's epigram, whom she had observed one day illuminated by a shaft of sunshine coming through a window at a Cambridge amateur rehearsal of "Comus," standing "magnificently unprepared for the long littleness of life." Before 1915 was out, the dead young man had been hoisted into the Poet's Corner of Olympus by popular emotive acclaim. The *Sphere* commented that he was "the only English poet of any consideration who has given his life in his country's wars since Philip Sidney received his death wound under the walls of Zutphen in 1586." John Masefield suggested a collection of tributes by his fellow-poets—"just a throwing of our pens into the grave, as they did for Spenser." The information that Brooke lay on Skyros in an olive grove belonging to a Greek shepherd named Aristides Psairiotis started up other elegiac trains of thought. At Cambridge, there were some dismayed and disregarded protests from his friends, who failed to recognize "the mythical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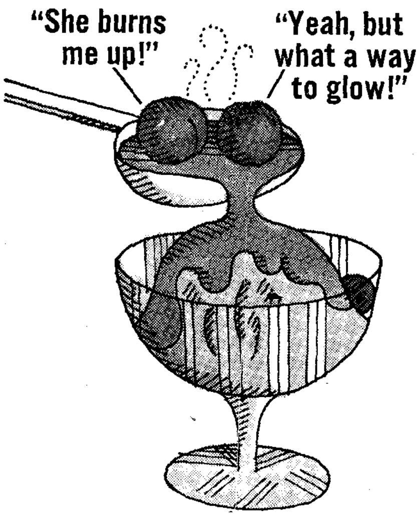
being who was not Rupert," as his old tutor at King's, John Sheppard, wrote in the *Cambridge Review*, and who were resentful of the general sentimentalizing of the man. Gwen Raverat, a close friend, complains in a letter to Stanley Spencer that everything she has seen written about Brooke "might have been written about King David, or Lord Byron, or Sophocles, or any other young man that wrote verse and was good-looking," without "the faintest feeling of his being a human being at all."

The human being has now been disinterred with a vengeance in a long, detailed, affectionately written book, "Rupert Brooke: A Biography" (Harcourt, Brace & World), by Christopher Hassall, one of the later generation of trustees of the Brooke papers, who died suddenly last year. The book was seen into print by one of the original trustees, appointed by the poet's mother on her death; without him, indeed, its writing would have been impossible. This was Brooke's contemporary and school and Cambridge friend Sir Geoffrey Keynes, who through the years had taken it upon himself to collect devotedly a mass of unpublished letters and all kinds of other material for an ultimate biography, which he did not, apparently, propose to write. The late Sir Edward Marsh's graceful but limited "Memoir," which appeared in 1918 in one volume with the "Collected Poems" and was at once a best-seller, presented the accepted radiant picture of the happy warrior, the sublimated English Dream of young manhood, who seemed, as one reviewer thoughtfully observed, "to have missed the uplifting education that the passion of love would have afforded him." Mr. Hassall's portrait of a far more disturbed and disturbing being emerges for the first time from the unpublished letters. Marsh had access to only a tenth of the Keynes collection, Mr. Hassall points out, and one feels that even if he had seen them he would never have included the letters that Brooke wrote when undergoing the education of a tormenting obsession, which, though it may have uplifted at the start, ended by nearly overthrowing his reason. Though all concerned are dead now, there will be those who will think that they should have been left in privacy. Marsh would have suppressed them, one may guess, because he would have hardly recognized their writer, who was not Marsh's Rupert. Brooke's copious correspondence reveals a curious chameleonlike quality of being able to change mental color when ex-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posed to different people. He turned to everybody a slightly different view of himself, and the recipients of these letters—even the urchin of his own age to whom he wrote facetiously in the holidays from their first day school—gathered up the pages carefully and put them away, sometimes even supplying the date, which the letter writer was apt to omit. His friends' confidence in that plaque which would one day fill the empty space in Rugby Chapel appears to have been as firm as his own.

It is also interesting to note what variations there are in the impressions of Brooke's appearance that dazzled new friends hastened to jot down after meeting him, or recalled in autobiographies long after he was dead. The impact was always sharp, but the memories differ. For instance, A. C. Benson thought that the young man he had asked to dinner at Magdalene was "strongly built but . . . sturdy, and even clumsy, rather than graceful," and that his striking appearance came mostly from his "beautiful dark auburn" hair and "richly coloured" complexion. "A young undergraduate called Rupert Brooke—isn't it a romantic name? with pink cheeks and bright yellow hair," Lytton Strachey wrote to Virginia Woolf (then Virginia Stephen), adding, "It sounds horrible, but it wasn't." Brooke and David Garnett met at a river bathing party on a summer night, when they all hurled themselves, shouting, into the weir by the light of a bicycle lamp propped up on the bank, and Garnett's fascinated observation was of someone "tall and well-built, loosely put together, with a careless animal grace and a face made for smiling and sudden laughter." It was about this time, 1910, when Brooke was leading a totally happy existence at the Orchard, Grantchester, working on a thesis on John Webster (a lifelong enthusiasm) in the intervals of bathing, canoeing to Cambridge, and taking barefoot strolls by the river, that he submitted some poems to the *Nation*, in London, and called at the editor's office to discuss them with Henry Nevinson. In Nevinson's later recollection, he was "an astounding apparition," with his "loose hair of deep browny-gold" and eyes "of living blue, really like the sky, and as frankly open" (others remember them as rather small, deep-set, and "veiled"), and to Nevinson the visitor instantly recalled "the line about 'a pard-like spirit.' " In Boston three years later, Ellery Sedgwick received Brooke in his office at the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, going home "under the spell of it," called up to his wife from the foot

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of the stairs, "I have seen Shelley plain!" To every man his own Apollo. Even with the help of the many photographs in the book, we cannot know exactly what everybody saw, but clearly it was something extraordinary. This comeliness of Brooke's could never be divided from his poetry in the minds of his friends or, later, of his multitudinous readers. (His sales after his death rapidly matched the records set up by Byron and Tennyson.) As Mr. Hassall says, for blessing or curse, it was with him for life, like a fortune to which he had happened to be born the heir.

Rupert Chawner Brooke (the "Chawner" came from a seventeenth-century Parliamentarian maternal ancestor, as though to balance the Cavalier name of Rupert) inherited his features and a certain streak of uncompromising Puritanism from his mother; the submerged Chawner in his nature would surface with some curiously harsh moral judgments now and then. His father, Parker Brooke, a Rugby housemaster, seems to have been a mild pedagogue whose highest praise was a cautious "Quite useful;" he died at the age of fifty-nine after an existence that had been just that. Mrs. Brooke was the dominant one, surviving husband and all three sons—an imperious, strong-minded woman who ran the domestic finances of the House and was not above making a profit by scrimping on the boys' unappetizing food. Mr. Hassall speculates on whether all Rupert Brooke's later emotional upheavals are not traceable directly to the classic Freudian interpretation that as a boy he had never been away from his family, which meant principally his mother. At Rugby, he was in his father's House—School Field—so he was at the same time a member of a public school and a private individual living his own life in the peace of his own bedroom under the family roof. Mrs. Brooke, who rather tactlessly confided in after years how much she had longed for a daughter before he was born—he was touchily sensitive that the people in the street who were already turning around to stare after him and his aesthetically flowing hair might be doing so because they thought him feminine—was incapable of showing Rupert the love she clearly felt for him. Her pride in his youthful poems was easier to demonstrate by the practical step of having his efforts printed by a Rugby bookshop. Their relationship was a sort of long duel in which each antagonist, critically and without understanding, respected the other, but it left Brooke crippled in his faculty of accepting tenderness quietly and un-

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suspiciously from another human being. After some rumor, apparently unfounded, that the family had a faint connection with the famous Brooke rulers of Sarawak, Rupert always referred to his mother as the Ranee. He signed his letters to her with his full names, "as if," Mr. Hassall remarks, "he were signing a cheque."

When Brooke left the ugly pseudo-Gothic, red Midlands brick world of Rugby in 1906 for King's College, Cambridge, where he had won a classical scholarship, he was, as it were, quitting the womb as an unusually youthful boy of nineteen, and the outside air seems to have been chilly at first. He was homesick. He had come up with a mind conditioned by Ernest Dowson (his juvenile poems are thick with a *fin-de-siècle* botany of sad lilies and mournful roses), Swinburne, and Oscar Wilde; full of the excitement of discovering Shaw in visits to the Court Theatre, in London, and of ecstasy (perhaps significant) for "Peter Pan;" and already toying with politics in a first flirtation with Socialism, which he had begun principally, it seems, to *épater* "that 'upper-middle class' of England," thick on the ground at Rugby, "which regards Socialists as demons only one degree in the ranks of the Pit less wicked than Artists." But soon the mists clear, and in troops the cast of brilliant characters who were to people Brooke's life and involve him passionately with the agnostic, idealistically Fabian, anti-Victorian protest of ideas that later would power the "Bloomsbury" group: the Darwin sisters; Geoffrey Keynes' elder brother Maynard; Lytton and James Strachey; beautiful Virginia Stephen, sometimes visiting the Darwins; Hugh Dalton; F. M. Cornford, of Trinity, who married Frances Darwin; and the slightly older E. M. Forster, who would often turn up at King's to stay with Lowes Dickinson. The climate of thought in which Brooke found himself was colored through and through by the philosophy of G. E. Moore, the author of "Principia Ethica." The young men endlessly discussed the nature of the good life—"the perfect state of mind," with its "extraordinary freshness of . . . freedom from all convention, its reference back all the time to nothing but what you yourself possessed, your reason." The sound of excited arguing voices floats out of the pages. Lowes Dickinson sticks his head out of his bedroom window in Gibbs's Building to implore Brooke and Dalton, engaged in late and earnest debate below, to shut up and go to bed. Next morning, asking

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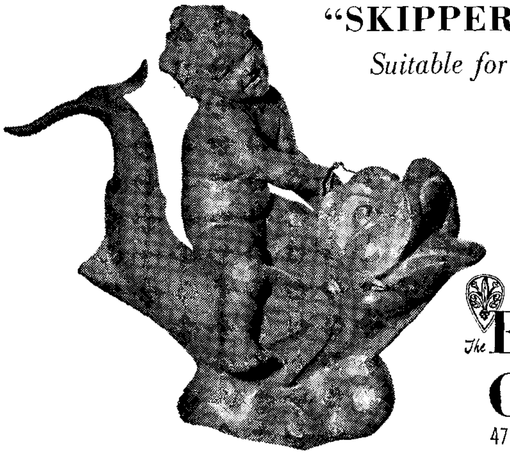

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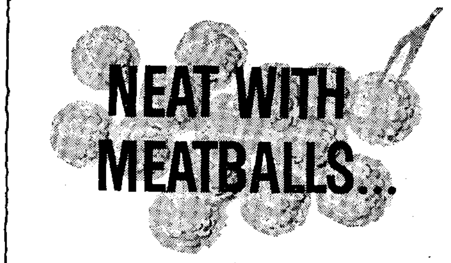
what they were talking about and being told "Immortality," he says that if only he had known that, he would have come down and joined them. After the long holiday mealtime silences at School Field, the talk must have been intoxicating.

In his second year, Brooke became a member of the august Apostles, a society of the intellectual élite that met on Saturday evenings for talk, as had been its custom since the days of George IV. At that period, it was dominated by Moore, his ideas, and his disciples. A little later, under the influence of Hugh Dalton (a future Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer) and of an emotional reading of William Morris's "News from Nowhere," Brooke signed on as a member of the Fabian Society. The Ranee, a staunch Liberal, appears to have viewed the step with misgiving. Now his life was opening out in many directions—perhaps too many. He had taken rooms at the Orchard, Grantchester—a riverside cottage outside King's (later he moved next door, to the Old Vicarage)—as recommended strongly by the Senior Tutor of King's. (He had got only a disappointing Second in his Tripos.) But the friends still dropped in from Cambridge in shoals, and even in these Arcadian surroundings, between the breakfast parties, the rehearsals for a Marlowe Dramatic Society production of "Doctor Faustus," in which he played Chorus, and the apple blossoms and the sunsets, Brooke was engrossed with Fabian affairs. Argument about immortality was not enough; the Chawner half demanded sternly that something be done about bettering life for people here and now. He took to the Orchard, as though to some green desert island, his Shakespeare, his Aristotle, and "The Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission," Mr. and Mrs. Webb's then revolutionary proposals for removing the Dickensian shadow of the workhouse from English life, which had been published that winter. It became Brooke's substitute for the Bible. We see him lecturing, organizing, bicycling off with pamphlets to deliver, meeting Sidney Webb and "the wee, fantastic, Wells," and arguing at a Fabian summer school over the efficacy of prayer with Beatrice Webb, who was constantly on her knees. (She did not feel his charm, merely recording crossly in her journal, "The egotism of the young university man is colossal.") One wonders whether Virginia Woolf was perhaps right when she wrote in 1925 her considered impression of this gay, energetic figure pedalling on a bi-



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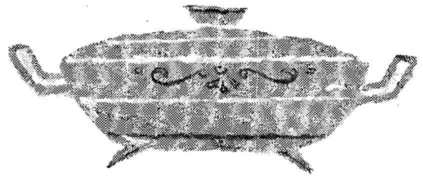

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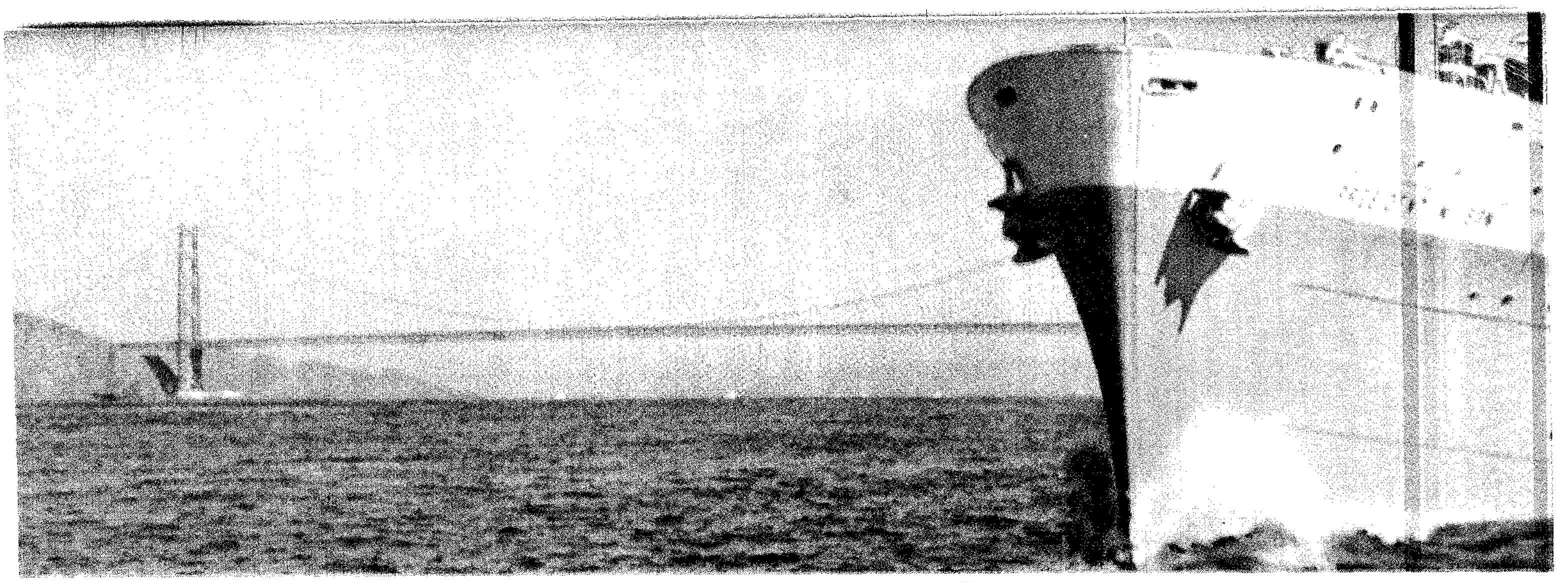

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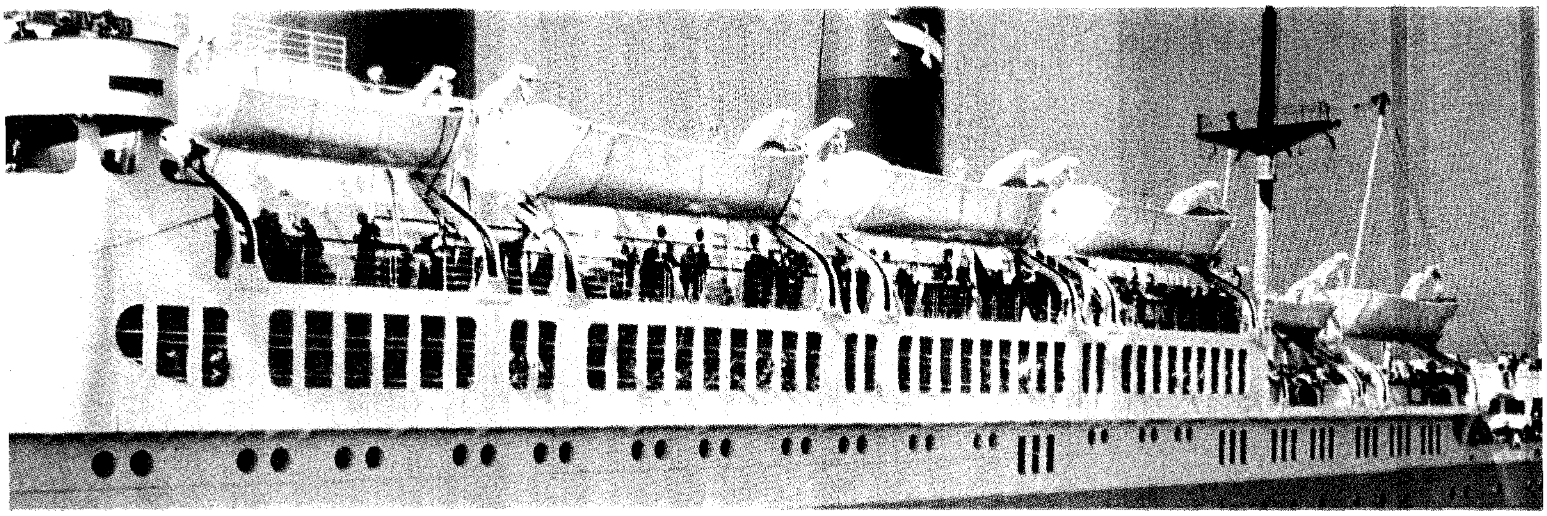

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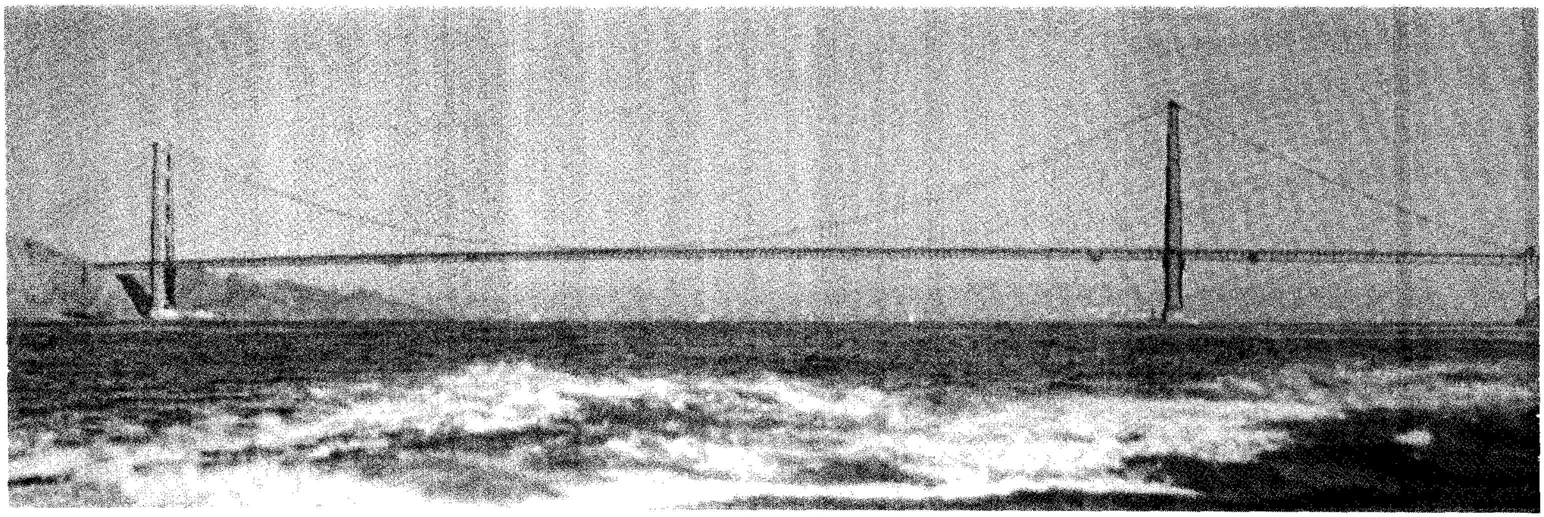

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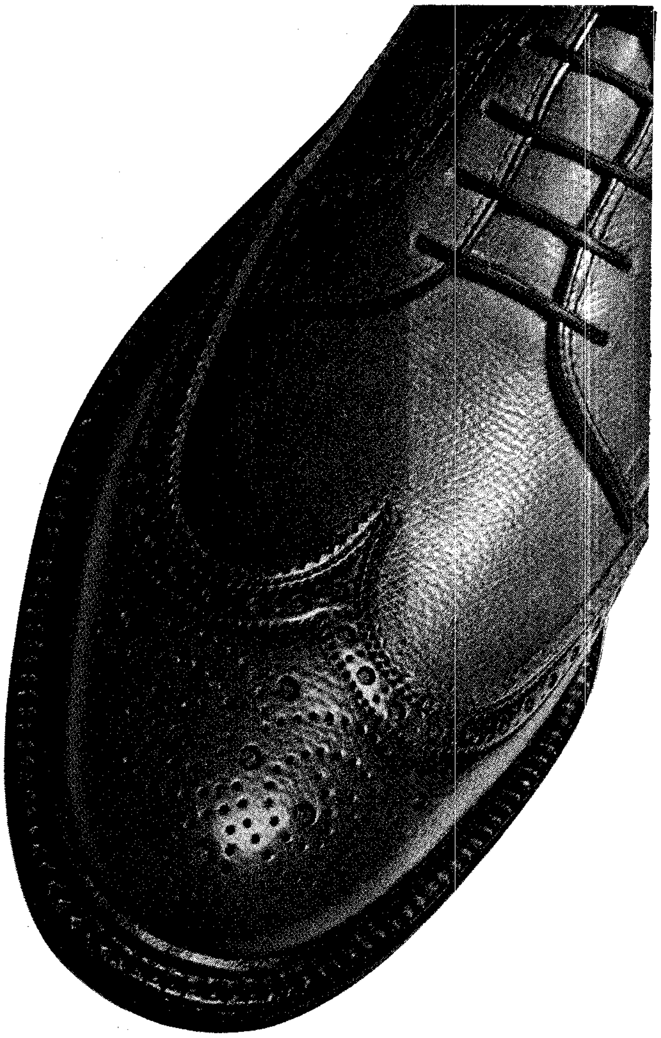

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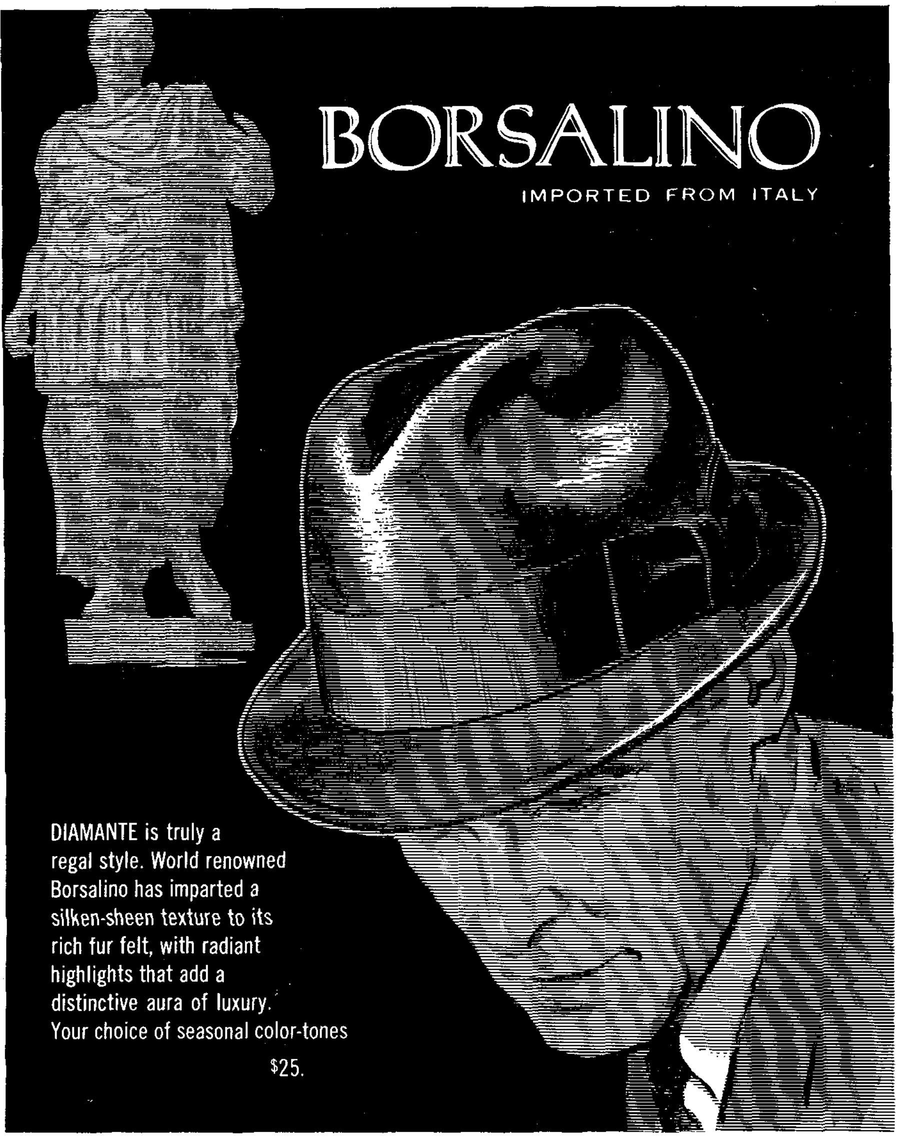
cycle between the dog-rose hedges of fifteen summers before: "He was, I thought, the ablest of the young men; I didn't think then much of his poetry"—"barrel-organ music" was her phrase for the final war sonnets—"which he read aloud on the lawn, but I thought he would be Prime Minister, because he had such a gift with people, and such sanity and force." He was, Mr. Hassall judges, "a man of public affairs with a lyrical gift," who can be compared with the Cavalier poets. Though his personal lyric poems are part of the mental furniture, dated or not, of most of the generation who grew up with them, it is even more difficult to read the war sonnets today than it was in 1925; their bugles blow as thinly across the atomic gulf as the trumpets of Agincourt. But it is interesting to speculate which would have won if he had lived—the poet or the administrator.

Now comes the part of the book that has the fascination of an accidental overhearing of some anguished private conversation. In 1908, Brooke had fallen in love, in a nymph-and-shepherd sort of way, with a fifteen-and-a-half-year-old girl, Noel Olivier, the daughter of Sir Sydney Olivier, a founder of the Fabian Society and then Governor of Jamaica. Her portrait comes out shadowy but charming—a brown-faced, calmly composed girl whose "brown delightful head" inspired the sonnet that Brooke put at the beginning of his "Poems, 1911" collection, instead of the dedication that she had refused to let him make. One gets the impression that, older in judgment than her admirer, she never took him seriously, and there was cautious opposition from her devoted family on the ground of her youth. Without giving up thought of Noel (he never did that), Brooke fell passionately in love with a girl at Newnham College—Katharine (Ka) Cox, whom he had known placidly for three years as a fellow-Fabian (she was the treasurer of the Cambridge Society) and as a much loved and depended-upon member of their set of friends. Suddenly he was infatuated with this big, plain, slow-moving, and slow-thinking girl whom Virginia Woolf affectionately called "Bruin" and whom Brooke himself, in mocking, unloverlike vein, once compared with a vegetable. The pictures of her show the broad, high-boned face and heavy body of an Augustus John drawing; artists admired and painted her. She was shortsighted, wore pince-nez, and was so practical that at her first Cambridge



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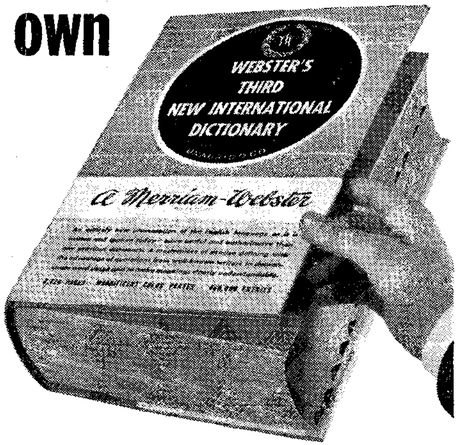

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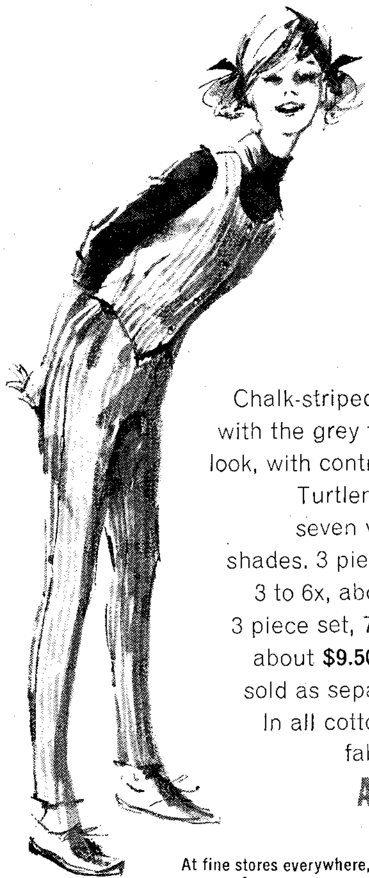
ball she had a man's handkerchief folded and tucked in the bosom of her evening gown, in case, she explained, one of her partners broke a leg. She was always patiently ready with everything her friends needed, from comfort and a ready ear for their worries to information about shopping or parcel posts abroad. Frances Cornford, who was devoted to Ka, wrote in her notes of that time, "To be with her was like sitting in a green field of clover." On the face of it, she was a curious mortal to have attracted young Apollo's brilliant eye, but the origin of this desperate attachment becomes clear enough to us as the remarkable stream of his letters (her answers are not given) start pouring out of Mr. Hassall's excellent narrative.

Their affair takes place before us like a harrowing accident, intolerable even when viewed from a distance. Brooke from the start is the pursuer, urging Ka to visit him at Grantchester, to join him on vacation in Germany. She is evasive, and finally breaks the news that she is attracted to someone else—the painter Henry Lamb. Brooke's health had always been more delicately balanced than his radiant appearance suggested; the Rugby pages are punctuated with sudden fevers and nervous throat infections. He had been overworking to finish his thesis on John Webster, on which his chance of a Fellowship at King's depended, and also to see his first volume of poems through the press. With the misery of Ka's rejection, his whole equilibrium seems to totter and crack. He implores her to marry him, or, anyway, to go away with him to Munich for a little while, or else he will go mad, and the gentle, kindhearted Ka is alarmed into consenting to go. She leaves for Germany, but a nerve specialist prescribes complete mental rest for Brooke, and the Ranee, also alarmed, carts him off to Cannes.

The letters to Ka, in Munich, from the Hotel du Pavillon, in Cannes, oddly recall the heartrending letters that Katherine Mansfield wrote to John Middleton Murry when she was ill and staying alone on the Riviera. ("Will you remember when you write that I don't go out or walk or see anybody to talk to—that you are my ALL . . . oh, darling, do do break through. DO care. It's so hard.") "Here it's always raining, and I'm alone, in a way," Brooke writes to Ka, "and I'm fighting such a bloody slow hopeless sort of fight. . . . I find I'm still so ill and weak. And oh! I'm so far from you." He is jealous of what she is doing and whom she is see-



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ing in Munich, from where her "kind, cold letters" occasionally brighten the gray days of wind lashing among the palm trees. At last, she promises to meet him in Verona; the Ranee is to be put off the track by a complicated spoof, which Brooke's practical side, for the moment reëmerging from the neurosis, enjoys organizing—that he is visiting a convenient old school friend in Germany. The frantic letters reach their climax, revealingly. "You're to be the Ranee and Dr. Craig and everything else! Good-night, dear. In a few days—" And then, "My last letter to you, I think. Hands and lips, next. Only invalids know what time is. . . . But I know that I'll find something so extraordinarily kind and lovely and comfortable. I've that long-ago feeling of a 'lap,' a place you hid your face in, and shelved responsibilities. . . . And I think of your eyes when you say something. And I think of your gentle strong soft body—" Chawner adds a sensible last injunction: "You're to travel with a RUG, because the Brenner's *cold*."

But the lovers in Verona find no right true end. As soon as he runs into Ka's arms, the fervid correspondent, promising "a million things that only I in the world knew of and could give," collapses into helpless invalidism. The troubling weight of chastity, which he had half thought was all the trouble, is still with him, but he is past caring, having reached the lap and shelved responsibilities. In ten days, he is improving, they go on to Salzburg, and there, at last, they become lovers. Ka's side of it is difficult to understand. She went to meet him, apparently, in much the same spirit in which she would have rendered rough first aid with the large handkerchief at the Cambridge dance. Brooke had fallen at her feet; all she could do was to raise him up, cradle him in her arms, and hold him until help arrived. But she was not in love with him, and just before boarding a train that was to take them on a visit to a hotel by a lake she mentioned casually that while Brooke was in Cannes she had been seeing more of Henry Lamb—with the Stracheys and at Garsington, Lady Ottoline Morrell's famous country house near Oxford. Brooke's reaction was catastrophic. Chawner shrank in puritanical distress from what he immediately conceived as the worst. After a period of anguished blackness beside the beautiful lake, they returned to Munich and, finally, to England. The poison had sunk in so deeply that Brooke never forgave Lytton Strachey for what he thought had been his part in engineer-

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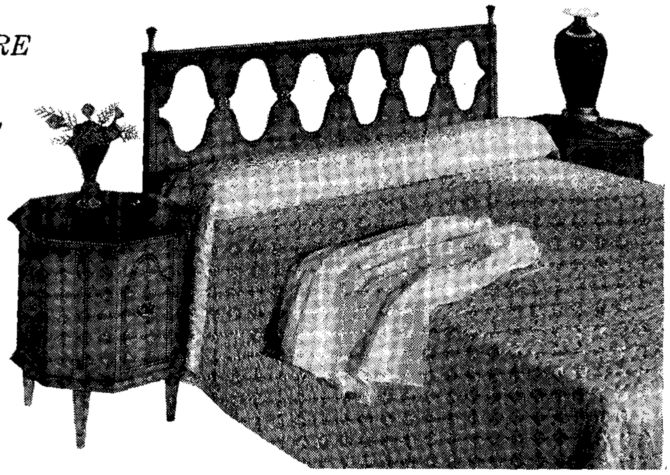

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ing Ka's meetings with Lamb, and he remained suspicious of everyone in the Garsington set, even of such old friends as Virginia and Leonard Woolf.

They tried to pick up the pieces. There was some vague talk of marriage, and another visit together to Germany, where they thought of living for a while, but this time everything was different. Ka was now the anxious one; she had fallen in love with Brooke at last, when he was in such a state of mental disturbance that he was unable to reciprocate. "I feel as if all strength or all good were burnt out of me," he writes to Ka, yet she is always on his conscience. "Please never think of me at all." A self-hate that is almost a death wish turns up again and again in letters to his friends. It is 1912, and Brooke is living in London, helping Edward Marsh with the new enterprise of *Georgian Poetry;* falling in love again—deliberately without too much seriousness this time—with the young actress Cathleen Nesbitt; meeting Violet Asquith (who became a close friend), Diana Manners, the Shaws, Edmund Gosse, and the author of his once beloved "Peter Pan." But he and Ka continued to tug at each other by post; if either of them saw a pen and a sheet of paper, they apparently felt impelled to tear off another compulsive, worried note. Was he ill again? Was she lonely? At Frances Cornford's suggestion, this extraordinary pair made a sort of pact to leave the country in separate directions. "I'll sleep a fortnight without a care in the world," writes Brooke, who was suffering from nervous insomnia, "if I can think you're out of England at last and fairly well." Ka goes to Poland and Russia, and in May, 1913, Brooke sets off for a journey to the United States, Canada, New Zealand, and the South Seas, from which he does not get home until June, 1914. He writes a final farewell to Ka from Yale, telling her that he has arranged for a little Eric Gill statuette of a mother and child to be sent to her: "You *must* get right clear of me, cease to love me, love and marry somebody—and somebody worthy of you. . . . I thought at one time I'd only learnt bad from you; now I know that before and after and over it all I learnt good—all that I have. I've got to leave you. But if ever it happens you're in ultimate need of help—it may—you know I'll come, at any time and from any place, if you want it."

As it turned out, it was not a final farewell. They wrote, and even had a

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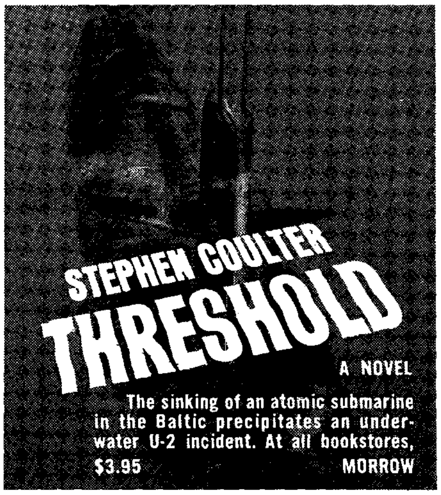
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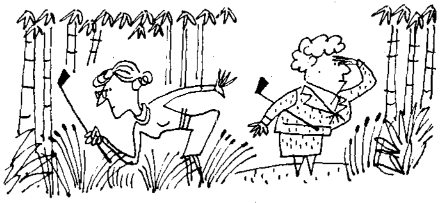

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strained meeting in a tea shop, after his return. When he joined the Royal Naval Division (Winston Churchill had promised to help him get a commission after meeting him with the Asquiths at 10 Downing Street shortly before England's ultimatum to Germany), he thought of Ka while he was in camp and wanted to brighten his men's Christmas. He had learned to turn to her as woman, mother, universal lap, universal provider, and now he dispatched to her a last, comical appeal in a telegram on Christmas Eve: "SEND MINCE-PIES FOR SIXTY MEN AND A FEW CAKES TO ME BLANDFORD STATION IMMEDIATELY GET SOMEONE TO HELP YOU." Four months later, he was dead and buried under the little cairn of pink-and-white marble lumps piled up by his friends on Skyros. Mr. Hassall writes simply and movingly of the end of the story and of the beginning of the myth that followed. Brooke's real letter saying goodbye to Ka, written to be read if he did not survive, reached her later. "I suppose you're about the best I can do in the way of a widow," it began abruptly. "I'm telling the Ranee that after she's dead, you're to have my papers." In a postscript to the letter for his mother, he wrote, "Be kind to Katharine Cox." Ka made a happy marriage four years later; she died in 1934. It is probable that Jacques Raverat, an exceptionally perceptive friend of them both, spoke the last word on the subject when he wrote to Maynard Keynes, "I still really think that he died of it, in a way." The dirty Levant mosquito had perhaps been only the agent.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WORD OF MOUTH, by Jerome Weidman (Random House). John Sayer, a colorless, joyless man, begins to commit suicide on the first page of this novel and commits it on the last page. In between—and it is a long book—we are made to feel all the boredom of his thirty-five years of life, but there is never a hint of the emotional drama that must frame any man's vision of his own existence, no matter how dull he is. Mr. Weidman writes sleepily, as though he were not quite sure that this book was worth doing. The scene is makeshift American.

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VIVE MOI!, by Sean O'Faolain (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The auto-

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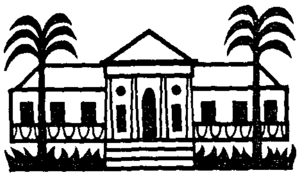

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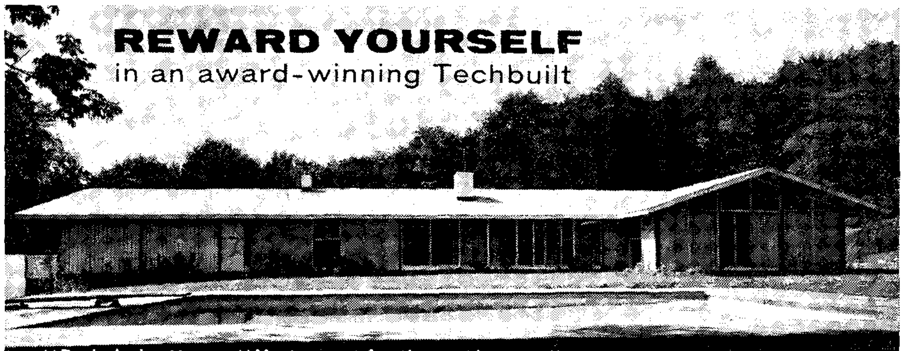

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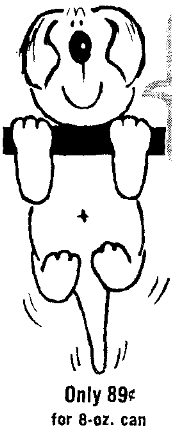

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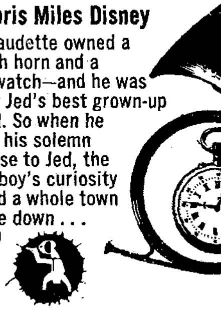

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biography—or, rather, the first thirty-four years, beginning in 1900—of one of the few important contemporary Irish writers to choose (after a taste of expatriation in the United States and England) to live in Ireland. It is a superb re-creation of a life that has fully exercised the mind, the spirit, and the body. "We cherish only what we recognize," Mr. O'Faolain remarks, and to those of us whose life has been, like his, an inevitable process of disenchantment from the highest idealism of a romantic youth, his recollections, for all their differences in place and kind (Cork, the Troubles, Harvard, religious agonizing), bring an almost overpowering shock of recognition.

BOYHOOD WITH GURDJIEFF, by Fritz Peters (Dutton). Whether Gurdjieff is nowadays considered a sage or a charlatan (or is not considered at all), in 1924, when the author of this memoir was eleven years old and first attended Gurdjieff's Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, near Paris, the remarkable Russian was taken seriously by a good many intellectuals. Largely because of tangled situations in his family, young Peters stayed at the strange, slipshod, authoritarian work camp until 1929. At first, he adored the Master; later, as he began to worry about his own future, he came to question the whole operation. In this book, he simply remembers, without engaging in hindsight or passing judgment on Gurdjieff's ideas. The man was undeniably a stunningly original character; you could never invent or suppose him, and only Mr. Peters' steady, dry style makes him and his disciples credible. Most of the time they are funny—farcical, quirky, and absurd. Unlike most memoirs of school, this book has no villains—only personalities.

THE GREAT RED ISLAND, by Arthur Stratton (Scribners). Madagascar, the subject of this book, is a strange and interesting place—the fourth-largest island in the world, the westernmost reach of the great Malay-Polynesian migrations, the home of vanilla, pepper, chameleons, and the coelacanth fish, and, since 1958, the French-oriented Malagasy Republic—and Mr. Stratton, an American Francophile who has read every word of the island's often lurid history and has travelled its length and breadth, is a bright, observant, opinionated writer. The result is a big, multi-faceted study that can be most

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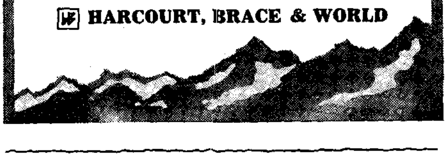

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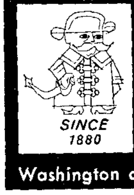

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THE INVASION OF EUROPE, by Allan A. Michie (Dodd, Mead). A good short summary of the prodigious efforts—fighting, thinking, planning, inventing, deceiving—that preceded the Normandy landings. Mr. Michie's familiarity with many of the scenes and faces (he was a war correspondent for several magazines) is a help, for his deft use of colorful details relieves the impressive but almost indigestible statistics. If he tends to treat the actual fighting as rather an anticlimax to all the planning, he does expound the unique grandeur of the preparations.

ONE MAN'S MONTANA, by John K. Hutchens (Lippincott). Mr. Hutchens' Montana is western Montana and the university town of Missoula, where, between 1917 and 1927, he grew from a schoolboy of eleven to a cub reporter of twenty-one, and where he had the good fortune to eavesdrop on the interminable conversations of a group of old-timers who had trooped with Custer, fought against Chief Joseph, seen the outlaw Sheriff Henry Plummer hanged, drunk with Calamity Jane, and watched the growth of Anaconda Copper. In this romantic memoir, he recalls those vicarious excitements and such experiences of his own as the Dempsey-Gibbons prizefight at Shelby in 1923, a glimpse at a funeral of the pioneer copper multimillionaire William Andrews Clark, an interview with the great Old West artist Charles Russell, and a night, at eighteen, in the bars and gambling halls and whorehouses of Prohibition Butte, and he does so most agreeably. There are no photographs, no index, and—inexcusably—no map.

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN REALISM, by Georg Lukács, translated from the German by Edith Bone, with an introduction by Alfred Kazin (Grosset & Dunlap). Georg Lukács has been very little published in the United States, but he enjoys a shimmering reputation here as a great Marxist literary critic. Nonetheless, this collection of his essays on Balzac, Stendhal, Zola, Tolstoy, Gorky, and a few lesser-known figures is a bore. He is tedious in talking about familiar writers, whom we understand; his originality as a critic lies in his tiresome insistence that novels are really about class characteristics and class relationships. In pursuit of this

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thesis, he wanders so far that a pertinent quotation from, say, "War and Peace" comes as a surprise; one felt that Lukács had forgotten the text in explaining its significance. Mr. Kazin's introductory praise, though qualified, is much too kind.

The Birth of Western Civilization: Greece and Rome, edited by Michael Grant (McGraw-Hill). Ten informed and up-to-date popular accounts by scholars of the classical world (from Minoan-Mycenaean Greece to Christian Rome), with an introduction by the editor showing the continuing relevance of Greek myths to artists and psychoanalysts. The glory of the book is its hundreds of superb illustrations, more than two hundred of them in color, which are keyed to the text and are so fresh that one of them reproduces a fresco discovered in 1963. The only inadequate illustrations are the modern drawings that reconstruct daily life in ancient temples and baths; as usual, it is daily life at the Baalbek Hilton. No authority is given for the book's most newsworthy statement—that the arms of the Venus de Milo (more properly, the Aphrodite of Melos) were engaged in holding up a shield as a mirror. Highly recommended. Twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents.

Note: "Other People's Houses," by Lore Segal, an account of the author's odyssey that began in Austria under Hitler and ended many years later in New York, has been published by Harcourt, Brace & World. Most of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Groaning Board," a collection of cartoons by Charles Addams, most of which appeared originally in this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

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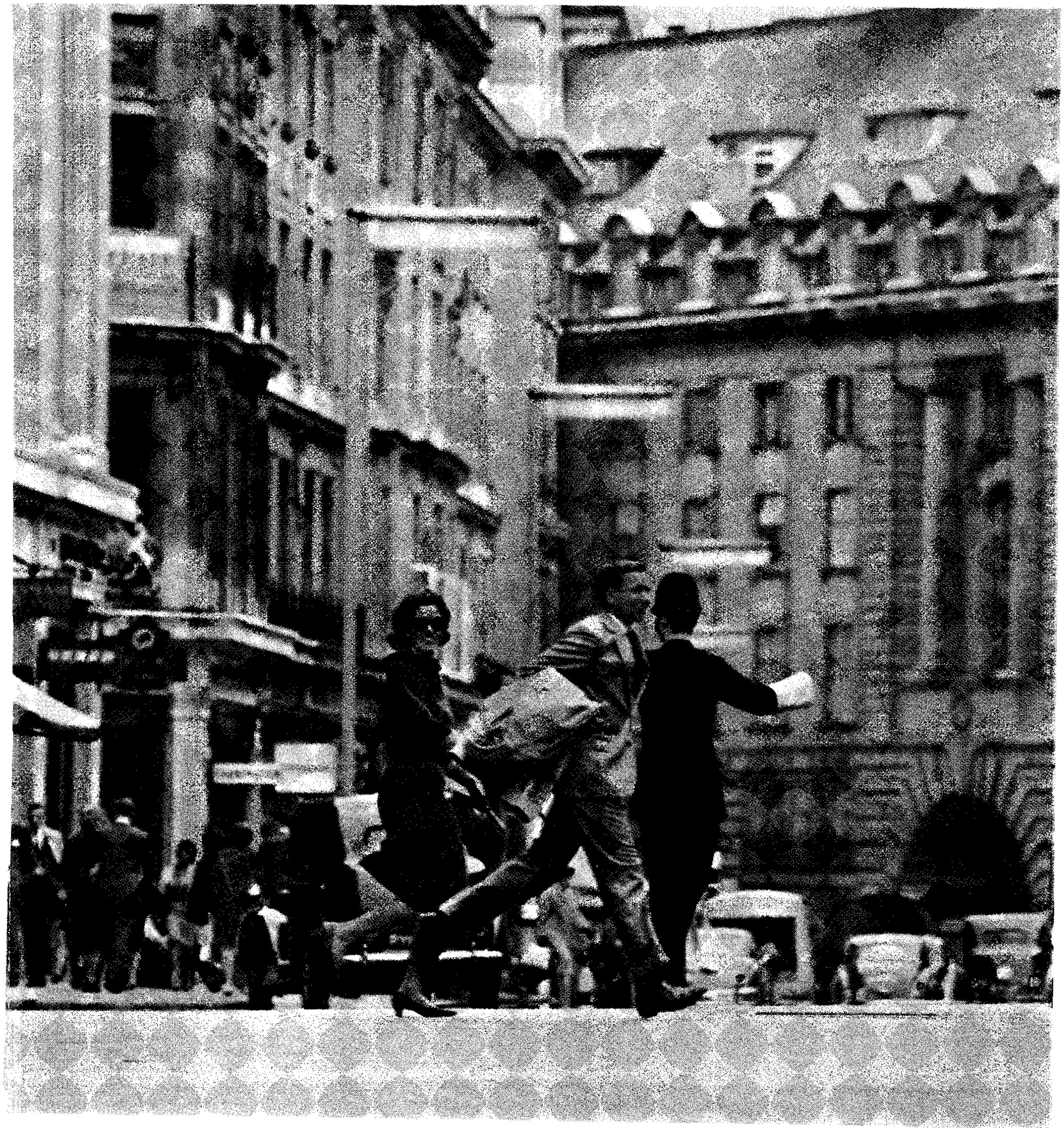

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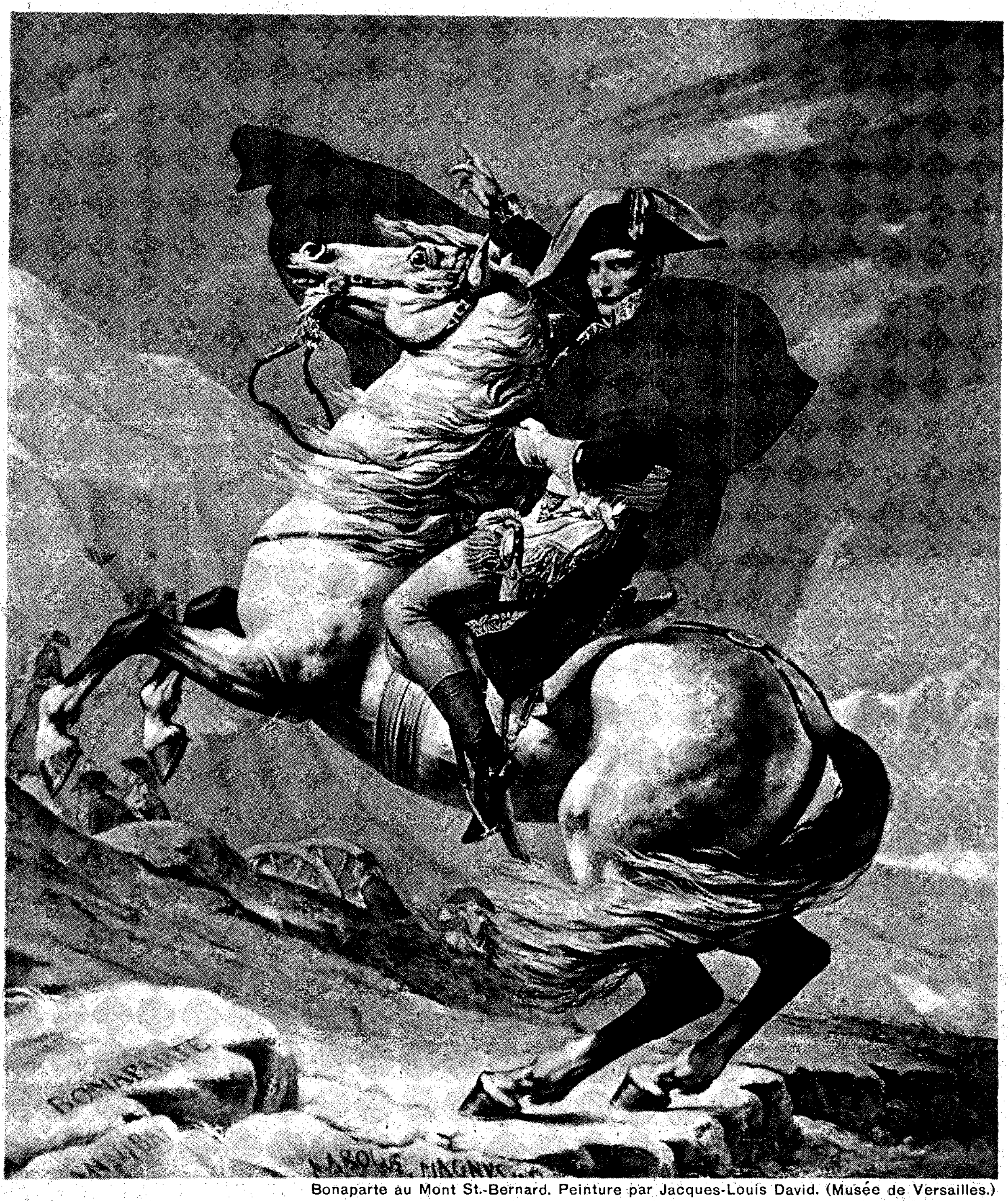

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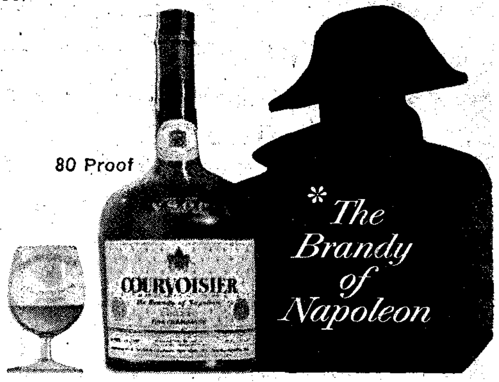

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